

異世界薬局

いせかいやっきょく

2

高山理図

Takayama Liz



MFマックス

Parallel World Pharmacy

— Isekai Yakkyoku —

- Volume 2 - Your Imperial Capital's Diversis Mundi Pharmacy (1145-1146)

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[joeglen | Paichun Translations]

いせかをやつきよく

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Takayama Liz
高山理図



ロッテ
Charlotte Soller

エレン
Éléonore Bonnefoi

パツレ
Palle de Medicis

セドリック
Gédric Luneau

ファルマ
Falma de Medicis

ブランシュ
Blanche de Medicis

Character

登場人物





サロモン
Salomon

「異端、死すべし。覚悟せよ——」



「私の火炎神術の粋を尽くして、
必ずご依頼には応えてみせましょう」

メロディ

Melodie Le Roux

Episode 1

Phlebotomy and Foundation

A month after the pharmacy's establishment.

The Diversis Mundi Pharmacy still had no crowd.

However, they had yet to receive any harassment from the Apothecary Guild.

No matter how anyone viewed the shop, it looked like a store that catered only to the aristocracy, was what Ellen said.

Diversis Mundi Pharmacy had been established for the common people, but despite that, clientele such as wealthy merchants and lower-class nobles were the only ones who sparsely visited the shop. With that said, some high-class aristocrats viewed the apothecary shop as third-rate, deemed it not suitable owing to their family status, and therefore not able to reasonably meet their demands.

Nevertheless, they often came by to purchase cosmetics and hand cream. Though in case of a serious illness, the aristocrats would still seek the service of a First or Second Class Apothecary to make house calls, and thus had no need to buy medicines.

Besides that, they would also arrive all dressed up to the utmost. They wore the same clothes they would wear when arriving at a ball. There were also some nobles who wore medals. Although the shopkeeper was just a child, he was still the second son of an Archduke. In addition, the Charter Mark in front of the store, made the shop quite overbearing.

The store didn't look like something anyone could visit while wearing just their everyday clothing. Must it be written on the signboard? Was what Falma was wondering about.

Though before that, he was troubled on how to attract commoner customers.

Meanwhile, during their daily lunch break hour. On the third floor of the store, in the staff break room, the staff members were taking a break and eating lunch. By the way, in order to have Cedric, who has a bad knee, be able to get to the break room on the third floor, they installed a manual elevator counterweight (balance weight) the day they decided to hire Cedric, and so, Cedric could now comfortably access the third floor.

While eating lunch, their topic was none other than: How to get commoners to visit the shop. It was the so-called luncheon meeting.

“It’s not like customers will suddenly come flooding in.”

Ellen handed Lotte a piece of bread while drinking her freshly squeezed juice.

“Well, since we have the time, it’s fine if the patients start coming in little by little. People who are in real need of treatment, or those who need medicine.”

Despite Falma’s high expectations, no such patients came to visit.

“Because I thought something like this might happen, I did some thinking!”

It seemed like Lotte had been giving out questionnaires regarding Diversis Mundi Pharmacy over the last couple of days. Since Lotte was the only commoner amongst the staff members, it was easier for her to talk to the people on the streets.

“I will now announce the results! I’ve asked 100 citizens residing in Royal Capital of San Fleuve! And have received multiple answers.”

“You really did well, Lotte, you’ve been a big help. Nevertheless, I’m scared to hear the results.”

Falma started clapping. At the same time, he started preparing his heart.

“Well then, please go ahead and announce it. Lottelita sure is talented!”

Ellen waved her hand in encouragement.

“Those who thinks the Imperial Charter emblem is scary – 48 people.”

Slip, the three people pretended to fall down.

“Those who don’t know how to speak formally to a noble Apothecary, and so they stay clear of the shop in order to not conduct a sacrilegious crime – a scary number of 46 people.”

Ah, so it was like that, the three people were convinced.

“Those who don’t have any noble-like clothes to wear, and feel conscious if they come to the shop – 25 people.”

There’s no need to be conscious, was what Ellen retorted.

“Those who are afraid of the Knight Gatekeepers – 19 people.”

It’s not like the gatekeepers weren’t smiling, was what Falma wanted to say in the gatekeepers’ defense.

“Those who do not trust the medicine issued by the Apothecary because he’s just a child – 18 people.”

It’s because of me! Falma fell on top of the table.

“Because of the signboard ‘price is negotiable,’ those who are scared of the high price of the medicine and consultation – 12 people.”

“Those who cannot read the signboard and are scared to enter – 10 people.”

“Lastly... those who said it’s because the manager is a child – 8 people. That’s it.”

It’s because of me again! Falma moaned. Falma, who had a strong mentality, somehow managed to reply.

“Thank you, I understand. It is as expected.”

“Okay, okay,” Ellen said while waving, and fixed her glasses.

“Somehow, we’ve stumbled on the most fundamental part.”

“When they say it’s because the manager is a child, there’s no room left for retorts.”

Ouch, ouch, ouch, Falma pressed his forehead.

“Commoners visit stores specifically catered to commoners, and they don’t want to get involved with nobles. I’ve already told you this many times.”

“I wonder if it would be better if we established a price for the examination and specific medicine, and hang it outside the shop.”

Cedric proposed. Falma started to regret writing ‘price is negotiable.’ The status of the patient and their property, they thought about changing the price of the medicine depending on their degree of poverty, but it seems to have made everyone cautious because the price is negotiable.

“We need to make it so that there are some regulars visiting the shop.”

Was what Ellen said.

Although the shop was in a situation where it’s being shunned, there’s a commoner old man, Jean, with strong mentality who comes every day. Jean approached the counter in a lofty manner.

“I’d like to get those Sailor Candies (Bonbon). I’d like 3 today.”

Old man Jean comes here every day to buy candy, drinks water from the water dispenser, and goes back by walking.

“Yes, 3 candies it is. Thank you very much.”

Falma responded kindly. Since he comes every day, Falma thought about what would happen if he suddenly thought it was troublesome, but despite that, he continues to

dutifully come every day. No matter if it's 1 candy, or 2 candies, he would still come and buy it. When mentioning regular customers, he's the regular of all regulars.

Falma took out 3 candies from the candy jar, and handed it to him. In the pharmacy, they have prepared a variety of candies. Candies such as cough candy, cold prevention candy, candies for sailors (scurvy disease prevention candy), and salt candy (heatstroke prevention). Because these candies have the same pricing as candies found in other stores, children of wealthy merchants often come by with coins clasped in their hands to purchase these candies.

"Well then, since I've purchased the goods, I'll help myself to some water!"

He said triumphantly. Although he always came to buy "Sailor Candy," but rather than the candy, his main purpose is to drink water, and everyone of the staff members is aware of it.

"Ohoho, this is it, this is it! This taste really good."

Old man Jean took a paper cup and approached the water dispenser in triumph. As for the sanitary cup, Lotte had folded them for the customers. Falma had taught her how to fold the origami cups.

"Please drink a lot of it. Since it's quite humid outside, please rehydrate."

Without even the slightest scowl, Falma encouraged him to drink more. If one buys some goods, water is free. If one doesn't buy any goods, the price of water is a small coin. Old man Jean continued gulping down water, and he will always drink 5 cups without fail.

"Since you've bought Sailor Candy, does that mean you'll be going out to sea?"

Now that he thought about it, old man Jean looked very tanned. Falma wondered if the old man is man of the sea.

"No, I don't go out to sea anymore. However, I used to go out often back then. See you later then."

Old man Jean waved his hand violently, and started to totter back.

It doesn't matter if he's a sailor. Since an intake of Vitamin C is always a good thing anyway.

Old man Jean would always have multiple men waiting for him in the alley. One of the men was holding a bag with an S.I.O. logo on it.

I wonder, are they his walking companions?

Falma, who came to see him off, couldn't help but wonder.

Soon after old man Jean left, an upper nobility husband and wife came to visit the store. The woman had a white powdered tall rococo hairstyle, while the man, also with quite a tall hairstyle, had a feather hat perched on top of his hair. The both of them wore masks. *(TL Note: A short history lesson from Cat. Back in 1770s when the Rococo period hit its peak, women had really tall, big, and heavy hairstyles.)*

It's too suspicious!

Although they were clearly suspicious, the gatekeeper Knights pretended not to notice and let them through. And when the two people entered the store,

"Dear Mother, please take care in not knocking the products off their shelves with your hair."

Falma unintentionally noted.

"Eh, oh my. How did you know it was me?"

"If you wanted to come in secret, you shouldn't have raised your voice so early in the morning."

The parents were made to sit down on the pharmacy's brand new sofa in the reception corner, and Cedric served them tea. And because wearing masks were uncomfortable, both parents took them off. It was masks that similarly resembled Venetian masks. Father or Mother, which one of them actually came up with the plan to cover their faces, did they think they wouldn't be found out; these were the questions Falma

wanted to ask.

“N-no matter what, I wanted to see how it’s like here. Furthermore, you’re still a child.”

In contrast of his Mother’s increasing concerns, his Father remained seated in a calm and collected manner.

“Shopkeeper, I wonder if it’s fine to have a look around the shop.”

“Please feel free to do so.”

He examined the pharmacy from corner to corner, and after checking out the compounding room, he turned to the table without a word. When Bruno suddenly stormed into the shop, after greeting him, Ellen stood stock-still in attention on the spot. Usually, Ellen would often talk to Falma, but when she’s in front of Bruno, she seems to be nervous. Lotte also refrained from uttering a single word.

After drinking a mouthful of tea, Bruno nodded. Well then, time for his evaluation. And Falma unconsciously stepped forward.

“It’s a good store. Although it’s very innovative, but when one slowly thinks about it, it makes logical sense.”

For the time being, Falma felt relieved and met his Father’s gaze.

“Although there are a lot of things I still don’t know about, since Mr. Cedric is here, I think I’ll be fine.”

“What about the customer flow? Do commoners come to shop?”

His Father struck Falma’s weak point, and he jerked as though he was stabbed.

“Although there are some people who come to the shop, none are in need. Such as merchants and aristocrats.”

“I-is that so.”

When the shop the son was managing isn't doing so well, it's parental love to worry. Even with that said, Falma's business sense and sense of money was better than Bruno's.

"Commoner, commoner, commoner~ It's not good thinking about only them."

Mother said brightly, dispelling the heavy atmosphere.

"Anyway, why not just sell cosmetics to aristocracy for now? As long as they are popular amongst the nobility, commoners will also use them. Put more emphasis on cosmetics."

There was some truth to this. Whatever is trendy amongst the aristocrats, merchants would want them.

"What are some of the cosmetics that are high in demand?"

Ellen has beautiful skin, so she doesn't need any makeup, let alone Lotte who needs makeup even less, while Falma and Cedric are both male, so in conclusion, none of them knew much about cosmetic trends.

"Cosmetics such as those that adjust one's skin texture, in that sense, the whiter it is the better; those kinds would be good."

His Mother was a thoroughly well-informed lady. There were some who were not satisfied with just face powder, and in search of a skin as white as snow, some women resorted to bloodletting (Phlebotomy : venipuncture) repeatedly.

"With white skin, it looks like the skin that of a baby, and if you can make it so that the face powder is long-lasting without any smell, it'll sell like hotcakes."

What his Mother had said was something like a comment from a women's magazine. How boisterous, however, when his Father heard what was spoken, he said,

“Falma. If you’re going to make face powder, don’t use any white powder.”

His Father gave him an advice with a serious face. The face powder in this world, when Falma looked at the recipe, he knew that it contained white lead and mercury which are toxins to the skin even in a different world. However, his Father shouldn’t know it is harmful.

“Why is that?”

“According to what I know, women who uses face powder excessively ends up dying a premature death. Because of that, as someone on the path of medicine, shouldn’t sell those. The white thing is bad.”

I see, so Father indeed knows about it.

The knowledge Bruno has of the medicines in this world were right on target. That was what Falma had felt vaguely. Bruno does not just immerse himself with reading books; he also diligently observes the cases he is presented with. And sometimes, he is even willing to doubt what he read in books.

“Really, it’s because of what you have said. It’s probably just your imagination! Even I want to use white face powder.”

And so, his Mother has been forbidden to use too much white face powder by Bruno. Although it is for the purpose of preserving his Mother’s health, she doesn’t know about it.

“Yes, I have yet to sell any face powder.”

What Falma has been selling were just basic cosmetics such as moisturizer, lotion, and hand cream.

“Nn, it’s for the best.”

At that time, a scream broke out, creating a clamor amongst the citizens on the streets.

“Go call for an Apothecary, hurry!!”

“B-but, the other Apothecaries available around this place...! Are for commoners!!”

Someone, who had looked at the signboard, seemed to have remembered that there was a pharmacy for nobles. A man, who was dressed up looking like an attendant, plunged into the store.

“I’m sorry for troubling you, Sir Apothecary, can I entrust you with the examination of the young lady?!”

“Examination? I understand.”

It had finally happened, and Falma rose from his seat. Bruno, however, didn’t make a move.

“Dear Father, Dear Mother, I’ll be going now. Ellen, please remain here. I’m counting on you to take care of the store!”

After saying farewell to his parents and asking Ellen to look after the store, he ran out of the store and proceeded to the place crowded with people.

“That child, even though we haven’t finished talking to him.”

While his Mother was lamenting, Cedric spoke up.

“Madam, I would like to recommend this new liquid cosmetic Falma-sama has developed while you wait.”

“Oh, it has a nice fragrance.”

Cedric, who knew how to capture the mother’s interest, was also able to lift her mood.

“I’m going outside for some fresh air.”

Bruno silently stood up from his seat, and casually stepped out of the shop.

“That person, I wonder if he’s going to where Falma is.”

“It might be as you say.”

Falma’s mother and Cedric both nodded.

“That person, he said he had something he wanted to say to Falma...”



Supported by a lady’s maid, the young lady who was leaning against the carriage looked terribly pale.

“Ah, how could this have happened. Young lady, please do put yourself together.”

Falma was being guided by the attendant through the large crowd, and they moved towards the voice in the buried within.

“Sir Apothecary is passing through, please make way! This way please, Sir Apothecary.”

“You... you’re an Apothecary?”

The lady thought that medicine has finally arrived, however, because it was a child who came, she had a quizzical expression on her face. When Falma saw her, he estimated she was a noble’s child who is in her late teens. She seemed to be a daughter of a Marquis.

“I’m a Royal Court Apothecary.”

Falma showed her the badge on his collar. Because it was essential to Falma’s work,

he placed the crown looking badge of the Royal Court Apothecary on the collar of his white coat. He decided to show off his identity, because if he didn't, he would probably be underestimated because he was still a child, and then medical examination would be refused.

"Please excuse me, I'll be entering the carriage. The complexion of your face isn't looking too well."

With just one glance, Falma immediately noticed that she was anemic. However, he couldn't afford not to look see if there were any other ailments. And so, with his left hand on his eye, Falma activated his divine skill Diagnostic Eye to look into the details of the human body. There were no bone fractures, and neither were there any glowing parts.

"There's no broken bone. It doesn't seem like there's any dislocation either."

However, despite it being hidden by the long sleeves of her dress, his ability allowed him to see myriad lights on her arm.

"Oh?"

There was an incision wound. It looks like a wound from phlebotomy.

Self-injury, is it. No, this doesn't look like she did this to herself, as I thought.

"Iron-deficiency anemia"

The color of the light changed. He finally understood that the topic of the conversation he just had with his Mother has turned into reality.

This is not any ordinary anemia.

"It looks like you've had phlebotomy done. You're suffering from anemia."

"What, such a thing. But it was done by a doctor?"

An energetic woman, who was looking down, suddenly looked up in surprise. It was as though she was asking what the problem was. In this world, it was standard practice

to phlebotomize the patients until they faint. And the repeated incision on the blood vessels, could also cause infection on the wound.

“You are currently not suffering from any particular illness. Although you’re not sick, why did you go through phlebotomy?”

Subsequently, she spoke to Falma for about 30 minutes. While on the side of the road, she began telling her life story. While Falma was listening to her life story in all seriousness, he saw Bruno standing from afar. It seems that she did it with the intention of keeping up with the trend of the aristocrat’s pursuit of beauty and whiter skin. When one looked at it closely, one can see that her face and hands are covered with white face powder. This was exactly what his Father pointed out; it was too much white face powder.

In addition to that, because she doesn’t originally have very white skin, she ardently went through phlebotomy.

Phlebotomy was also a popular practice on Earth during Middle Ages. During that era, when someone was sick, they considered phlebotomy as an effective cure, and they drained the old blood. In modern times, there were very limited situations where phlebotomy is still used.

This girl should not be doing this.

Falma guided them to the pharmacy. His parents had already gone home. He asked the girl to rest while he prescribed her with iron, and also recommended antibiotics for the wound infection. The girl let out a small sigh and said,

“Thank you, I hope I get better this way... How much is the fee?”

Before Falma had a chance to respond, the attendant handed him a large sum of gold coins, surprising him. Aristocrats seemed to like keeping up appearances.

“And so, please do not do any more bloodletting. Also, you should not put on the face powder.”

Falma was worried. As long as she kept up with her pursuit of beauty, if she continued doing the same thing, the situation would just repeat.

“It’s impossible to stop. Because you see, women, even though it’s just a little, they want to be beautiful.”

“I understand.”

Falma decided to take her wishes into consideration.

“I will prepare a cosmetic set especially for your skin.”

In one week time, please visit the pharmacy.

That was what Falma had promised her, and on that day, he shut himself on the 4th floor of the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, where his laboratory was located.

He decided to make a harmless foundation that could be used to lighten the skin tone.

Episode 2

Cosmetic Brand, MEDIQUE

After one week, please come back again.

During that period of time, I will prepare the skin whitening powder.

Therefore, please don't ever have phlebotomy performed until then.

And so, that was the promise Falma gave to the young Marquis' daughter, Chloe. It was already dark in the Imperial Capital, and the shops had already closed.

"I will be leaving soon. Master Falma, are you still working hard?"

"I am, looking at the situation right now."

Lotte went up the stairs to the 4th floor.

"Master Falma. We are going back to the mansion, why don't you leave the research for tomorrow? A carriage is coming to pick us up."

Lotte was worried, she knocked on the laboratory door to check Falma's situation. Beyond the door, *Thank you, but go home first. I will be staying today*, was what Falma told her. It seemed that Lotte was waiting for a while in front of the door. Falma locked the laboratory while researching. He must not be seen using substance creation, and it was dangerous if he inadvertently spilled some chemicals. He would only invite a person who knew how to handle laboratory instruments. Ellen sometimes came.

"Like Master Falma has told us before. Master Falma, please do not overwork too much. I am already worried that you didn't eat lunch."

Then after that, the laboratory doors suddenly opened.

“Thank you, Lotte. I’ll end today’s work. Let’s go home.”

“Yes!”

Falma remembered that he was about to become too immersed in his work again. Being completely absorbed in his work was natural for Falma, so he had to be careful. This was even a greater burden on a child’s body.

He declined, this time, to die from overworking. He wouldn’t last long if he wasn’t relaxed. Thus so, Falma self-reflected.

“I wonder what today’s dinner is.”

“Yes! You’re hungry I see.”

The two people rode on the carriage that picked them up back to de Médicis family mansion.

He continued to research during business hours only for a few days without being unreasonable with his health. When Falma appeared in the staff break room from the 4th-floor laboratory, the staff spat out their drink.

“Prrfftt! What the hell happened!?”

Ellen went back to change her clothes because her white coat got dirty after bursting into laughter.

“Master Falma, your face is too white!”

Lotte’s eyes became wide.

“How? White?”

Falma became embarrassed when he heard Ellen laugh her heart out again after returning from changing her white coat.

“Why did you apply it on your skin by yourself...!? Why did you apply it on your own skin...!? I say it’s better to apply it to a woman.”

He hadn't seen himself in a mirror, but Falma believed he looked like someone wearing a white face mask.

"That is the whitest I have seen so far. It has the sense of translucence, and the features have depth too!"

Ellen's fingers were slightly trembling as she was trying to touch his skin.

"This whiteness is surprising."

Falma didn't originally have pure white skin. Since he had been training in Divine Art outside in the sun for so long, he was a typical tanned kid. Though now, he was white as snow. Well, only his face.

Women of this world that had white skin were deemed more attractive, so his goal was to make a real medical white foundation.

Ah, but... Ellen seemed to look troubled.

"Lord Bruno told me that too much white is not good. Are you ok with that much whiteness?"

"Don't worry, this doesn't have any white lead or mercury. So this is safe."

Before I give this, I should do some allergy tests on her.

Falma remembered that he better give his mother the whitening face powder that she wanted too while looking seriously.

"Wait a minute, why are lead and mercury a bad thing?"

Bruno had understood it by intuition, but Ellen didn't yet realize that they were harmful to the human body.

"Those are poisonous."

“But isn’t everyone using the face whitening powder!? And both lead and mercury aren’t good for the body!?”

Ellen was horrified when she knew the reason.

“Both of you, will you please try applying this to your skin? I want to hear a woman’s opinion.”

Lotte was using foundation for the first time in her life and shouted with joy when she saw herself in the mirror.

“Waa... It adapts to the skin quickly!”

“You should not have applied it Lotte—; You’re still young and supple—.”

“Eh? Even Lady Eléonore is like that!”

“No way, right?”

And so, both Lotte and Ellen did their girl talk while sparkles flew.

“Let’s see, is there any stinging sensation on your skin?”

“Not at all.”

Cedric applied it to the back of his hand, and he was impressed by it. However, he was an old bachelor, so he didn’t have any use for it at all. Ellen applied it to her skin as well, and praised it. She always worried about her freckles, but now the acne scars had disappeared.

“Falma, this, I want this too.”

Ellen would not be likely to let it go now, because she was holding the cream tightly.

“Falma, how did you know about this thing.”

“Well, about that...”

He was a pharmacologist in his past life, formerly an associate professor in the graduate school of pharmacy, he frequently collaborated with pharmaceutical companies in research. He worked as a third-party evaluator on new cosmetic products by doing allergen testing. So he was somewhat familiar with cosmetics with that kind of background.

“Is this because of your past life as a Medicine God?”

He already became like such a figure to Ellen.

“No this is different.”

“So, what kind of cream is this?”

“This, this is a foundation to prevent tanning. Therefore, it will whiten skin since it prevents tanning.”

“Are you saying this will prevent tanning?”

Really? Even if you bathe in the sun's rays? Was what Ellen said as she fell in surprise.

“Yes, it can do that.”

Light is made up of waves, and there are many types. He said that this cream had special ingredients, as it contained materials that absorbed ultraviolet rays. Falma was telling them all about it.

“I wasn't able to keep up midway.”

Ellen said while yawning as she took a break. Lotte was just nodding.

“You just said it blocks the sun's light. Therefore, you aren't exposed to sunlight. So in turn, the sons and daughters of the nobles can go out without worrying about getting a tan.”

“No matter what, it's an excellent product! It's time for them to let go of the parasols,

you see!”

“No, they don’t have to let go of their parasols.”

Rather than saying that the skin of the women clientele were naturally dark, they just got tanned easily. The women were more likely to go out as they loved shopping, even if they rode on carriages, they would still get tanned little by little every day from the reflected light off the ground passing through the window. They would be whitened, just from the protection against that.

For that girl he promised, Falma was trying to make a few simple makeups, a (relatively) skin-friendly cosmetic.

1: CC Cream

Based on the medical Cream (BB Cream), it was initially used in cosmetic surgery to cover inflamed skin gently after surgery. It was further improved, and called CC cream; it had been released under various brand names in Japan and throughout the world. The ingredients of this cream carried the following effects:

UV protection, skin tone up, fixing underlying skin blemishes, moisturize, and various vitamins that cares for the skin.

Just apply this face lotion immediately after washing your face, and in 30 seconds, the makeover would be done. Just using the CC cream wouldn’t make the skin features bland. It would refract the light depending on how it was applied, so the face would not be merely “painted white”, it would be best described as “clad in the light.” The skin would achieve a sense of translucence and their facial features would be more prominent.

2: Loose powder that is a mixture of Sericite, for final touches that will give a sparkling feel.

He made the finishing powder per her request to be “white as snow.”

3: Finally, the thing that he mustn't forget; makeup remover formulated to repair the skin.

It would clean off the make-up that got stuck to the skin, this would prevent clogging the skin pores. Skin care was the basics of beauty.

There were already moisturizing facial cleansing lotions and medicinal soaps sold in bundles in the pharmacy from the start.

A cosmetic set made just for her was the only one on this world.

The day of the promise had arrived.

The carriage of the Marquis' daughter, Chloe, stopped near the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy in the morning.

"Come, quickly!"

Falma couldn't just leave her alone. Falma was already working, but had been waiting.

"How do you do, Sir Apothecary, thank you for what you did last week... Is the face whitening powder done?"

"Yes, I have it."

Falma ushered her to the counseling corner and brought out a 5-piece makeup set, placed in a box. He handed over a sample vial as an allergic reaction test. He said that if the skin got irritated, it would be free of charge.

"I want more of this, here is the money."

Chloe gave a purse filled with gold coins generously in front of Falma.

“As long as this money can fund, I will give you more of this as long as there are no allergic reaction to the skin. Now then, please try applying it.”

Falma, like a beauty consultant of a department store, encouraged her to wash her face first. He recommended soaking the cotton with the cleansing facial lotion.

“Next is the face whitening powder.”

Falma served a white cream using a spatula from the container; she was looking at the unusual thing.

“This face whitening powder, is not a powder?”

“This is much easier to apply to the skin. I have prepared it as a cream type. There are a lot of ingredients contained in here for beauty. It’s very effective to prevent tanning.”

“Oh my!... This item is incredible if it lessens tanning! It’s a face whitening powder that looks good on the skin.”

Chloe was stretching her face. The cream was not sticky, and she was particularly surprised that it wasn’t that oily.

“This powder is for the finishing touch. Let me apply it for you.”

“Oh! I seem to be sparkling.”

When Ellen applied it quickly with a brush, it was sparkling white as it reflected light, as if the woman’s skin was wearing a fine veil of light. It was different from merely applying conventional face whitening powder. It was as if it were looking at natural skin.

“This is... Me?”

Like a beautiful girl from the legends, Chloe was praising herself. She was spellbound and fascinated while looking at the mirror.

“This is entirely different... Everything is completely different from yesterday!!”

“Do you like it? Will you take this? This makeup will draw out a woman’s beauty.”

Falma was talking like a beauty consultant.

“Oh my...! What *should* we do?!”

She looked down as she felt embarrassed for being shy. And then, she grasped the precious sample set, since this was cheaper than calling a doctor every day for phlebotomizing, and it was far better than the face whitening powder she used before. She was shedding tears of joy. Another piece of advice she received was to use a hat and parasol, or even better was wearing a veil.

“Thank you, this will give me an advantage over my rival. I will always come here to make purchases!”

Chloe was delightfully bowing her head many times as she went back.

The next day, Lotte was shouting and getting the attention of the women passing by in front of the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy.

“New product! Face whitening powder and skin care set, right here! You can buy the trial pack for three coppers only.”

It was Lotte’s suggestion to sell samples of the products for three copper coins. When Lotte distributed it out on the street with a basket, hands from the women extended to her saying “Me too, me too.”

“Can I also get some?”

A hand of a feeble old woman was grasping three copper coins.

“Of course, our motto is, all women are beautiful.”

For those who couldn’t read, they were respectfully told to look at the storefront, as the instruction, using a series of pictures, were posted there.

For once, everyone couldn't hold back something called desire, and spent their money on the high-class cosmetics that were sold at the noble's shop, because they could get a sample for little money.

And then at the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy...

"10 pieces of Sailor's Candy."

"Yes, thank you very much as always."

"Well then, I will drink some water!"

They weren't sure if old man Jean was aiming for the candy or the water, but still, he was a regular customer. Furthermore, the quantity he bought was increasing little by little. Falma was guessing that he might be giving it out to someone.

He might be distributing it to his companions that were walking with him.

Falma had thought that much.

However, that was not only it; customers came to the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy little by little afterward. Mostly female clients.

The commoner women who were conscious of skin whitening started to hit an astounding rate and became repeat customers. The foundation set was selling like hot cakes. The basic skin care and make-up remover too, sold the same amount.

"The customers have increased."

Female customers. Their families and friends. These type of customers had been expanding gradually. Nobles, commoners and merchants from similar shops had come over in casual clothes.

Lotte, who was the salesperson at the counter, was very busy.

"Yes, face whitening powder, it's three right? Eh, five you say? Bulk buying is only up

to three!”

Lotte was serving the customers delightfully. The female commoners, and even the nobles devoted themselves in pursuit of beauty.

“We are sold out today—!”

When the commoners showed up at the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, they saw that the medicines arranged on the display shelf were incomparably cheap, compared to the other pharmacies. It became a hot topic among the commoners. Gradually commoners began to show up in the pharmacy in search of something other than cosmetics. Sure enough, there was a long line in front of the water dispenser.

The health consultation began to appear, they immensely requested for Falma and Ellen to compound some medicines. Even if the customers were not using honorifics, it didn’t become an insult. On the contrary, because Falma and Ellen spoke to the commoners with honorifics, the customers went back with a very good mood.

The compounding fee was surprisingly cheap, and the medicine that the child storekeeper prescribed worked well.

“Well then, I will announce the results of the 3rd survey!”

Lotte announced it loudly. It became a custom to hold public surveys in regards to the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy.

“I expect a little more this time.”

Cedric held his hands together like he was praying.

“Medicines are cheap and very effective— 44 votes.”

“Changed personal pharmacy— 39 votes.”

“I want you to produce more cosmetics— 36 votes.”

“Have seen the child shopkeeper in a new light— 25 votes.”

“Various candies are delicious— 15 votes.”

“The water was delicious— 10 votes.”

Both the number of customers, and customer satisfaction of Diversis Mundi Pharmacy gradually increased.

Customers were concentrated in the cosmetic section; women swarmed the storefront, and Lotte too, was troubled that she couldn't handle some customers. The Marquis daughter, Chloe, even suggested that aside from the pharmacy, Falma should create a subsidiary cosmetic department. This time, Chloe had completely, and splendidly, become fair-skinned.

“I will 100% invest in the cosmetic department. I will employ an apothecary, and a shopkeeper too.”

That is, she thought it was frustrating as it was also for her sake that sometimes cosmetics were sold out, because Falma didn't work in the cosmetic section.

“That's a good idea! Cedric, please proceed with the procedures.”

“Please, I entrust it to you, Master Falma, to hurry up and draw the documents.”

Falma agreed, it was decided that the sales of the cosmetics would be handled by the cosmetic department. And so, Chloe would employ a Second Class Apothecary and they would be thoroughly trained. They would be taught about the closely guarded recipe for compounding the cosmetics. It would then be possible for them to sell skin care products. Falma would then give them special ingredients for the cosmetics. As only Falma was able to produce these special ingredients.

“I have finally employed a Second Class Apothecary.”

The noble apothecaries arbitrarily decided that it was a lowly occupation. However, Chloe puffed up with pride as she did something using the power of the Marquis. It seems that they were wealthy.

“Isn’t this amazing?! Now everyone can buy the cosmetics! Being sold out will not happen anymore!”

Ellen was especially surprised that the second shop was already complete. Ellen would also show up in the second shop. Not just for supervision, but also to procure the cosmetics for herself. The resulting income was used for employee salaries at the main office, and as a working capital for the second shop. Despite the prices being low, they still reaped a huge profit.

“I wonder if we’re starting on the right track.”

For now, Falma heaved a sigh of relief.

Thus, the second shop turned into the cosmetic department of the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy. *It was just like cosmetics from the heavens!* That was the reputation of the newly established cosmetic brand, MEDIQUE, from the public.

The symbol of a crown which was the seal of a Royal Charter and the symbol M was engraved in the brand packaging.

Incidentally, it was not long before Falma advised her Imperial Majesty, thereafter products using white lead, mercury, and other specified toxic substances were banned from being sold in all pharmacies of the empire in the name of the Empress.

Episode 3

Oral Hygiene with Fluoride and Xylitol

“Hmm?..... You apply it with this first?”

In front of the mirror, she picked up the cream that very much interested her.

“Yes, apply it to your face lightly and thoroughly. Next is this. It’s ok if you just dab the powder. Just make sure to completely cover it.”

She applied the powder earnestly on her skin, that was coarse like an egg.

“Your skin texture rejuvenated like a 5-year-old!”

“By the way, Falma, from now on, if there art any new products of Medique, thou shalt come and present it to me.”

While she was dabbing her face with loose powder, using the highest quality makeup brush, the Emperor of San Fleuve, Elizabeth II, informed and reminded him.

“Hahaaaa!”

Ah, for a 24 years old woman who can use the strongest Divine Art in the empire. The Empress, is certainly sensitive to fashion trends.

Falma understood. So he worked out some praise.

“Your Majesty, your skin is already very beautiful. I think that the whitening face powder is unnecessary.”

“Hahaha, thou praises made us uncomfortable.”

The Empress seemed to be in a good mood while looking up, she held a high-quality folding fan encrusted with jewels covering the lower half of her face.

“It is a Royal Chartered shop with an investment from the Empire. Is it not only prudent for the invention to be presented to Her Majesty first?”

“Eh!?”

That was the interaction between Falma and his father. So, he went to the Empress in a panic to pay his dues. Considering the big picture, the rare and trendy 2nd cosmetic brand store should be presented to the Empress before opening. The young page beside the Empress, Noah, moved his mouth spelling out “Idiot”. The Empress was gently stroking her cheeks cheerfully, she couldn’t take her eyes away from the mirror.

“Hmm..... This is so wonderful! We should go to the next royal ball just like this. We will be more distinguished among the women.”

Falma was apologetic because all the women had bought the product too, so there won’t be that much of a difference. He appreciated that he was permitted to do the presentation this late, because of this, he presented some more beauty products to the Empress, though she was already very beautiful to begin with. Furthermore, the ingredients were safe as well.

“This is our newest product. The medical lip gloss is gentle to the lips. Your Majesty, you will be the first to try this one.”

“Ooh, This one is sparkling.”

It was a new medical lip gloss that was jointly developed by the Apothecaries of Cosmetic Brand Medique, and was based on Falma’s original idea. The natural color shined like a pearl. It was different from the flat red paste.

“Hmm, this is good.”

It seemed she liked it.

“Your Majesty, thank you for restricting the use of lead, mercury and other toxic substances in products that are applied on the human body.”

When the presentation was over, Falma expressed his gratitude over the proclamation of this reform edict. Falma had made a list of chemicals that should be prohibited

immediately, and reported it to his father. The authority of the Empress was the same as before. Ever since the divine power meter incident, as well as the pharmaceutical knowledge Falma had shown, both the Empress and Bruno began to slightly suspect that Falma was possessed by some supernatural existence beyond human intelligence. Thus they could not disregard Falma's words anymore. Incidentally, the Empress, and even Bruno have not noticed that Falma didn't have a shadow.

"We were surprised that those were harmful. For mercury and even lead, there are already numerous medicines that contain these ingredients available commercially."

"It is as you said, your Majesty."

"We will have everything that was used by the female attendants in the imperial court disposed of."

"That sounds good."

That was what Falma advised. Within the imperial court, not only the female attendants but also the infants had been smeared with makeup that was toxic. Thinking about their safety, they should prohibit it immediately.

"On the other hand, thou shop of cosmetic brand, Medique, seems to be promising."

"It is because of your benevolence that it is performing well, however..."

Regarding this, there had been a bit of trouble. Due to the fact that the cosmetics the shop sold were only perfume and soaps, there wasn't any opposition from the apothecary guild which was their main rival. However,

"Thee not need to sayeth anymore. Cosmetic stores have been appealing for deregulation almost every day. They are impassioned too."

It was as expected for these merchants who sold traditional products to be in pandemonium. If there was a prohibition of products that contained white lead and mercury. Just by removing the harmful ingredients alone, would cause the product to become a dried fine powder that wasn't white anymore and by extension, won't be the product the customer wants anymore

"We will compensate the cosmetic merchants, but we does not prefer the cosmetic market to be an oligopoly. In addition, we are worried that numerous associated

industries will go bankrupt. That's why competition is desirable."

Although the Empress was somewhat of a muscle-brain, her sense of politics was normal.

"It is as you said. Therefore, I will leave a part of the manufacturing technique to your Majesty, so please share this information. Also, I will draw up some manufacturing process of other industrial products that are using mercury and white lead. I will compile a few instructions regarding the safe handling of these ingredients."

Falma not only promised to reveal the recipe for the soap, but also the trade secret in UV reduction technology, the face powder, and basic cosmetics. The recipe will leave out Falma's name and will be released in the name of the Empress.

"After that, please find a way to raise the price of thee cosmetics. Although it's good that thee are selling it at a bargain price, however other merchants will die this way."

It was not different from dumping, well not really at that level, but a person on the same line of business selling at a higher price would go bankrupt. *A noble must be a strong person, but they must not trample the commoners who are weak*, was what the Empress taught him. (TL Note: In economics, "**dumping**" is a kind of predatory pricing, especially in the context of international trade. It occurs when manufacturers export a product to another country at a price either below the price charged in its home market or below its cost of production. The purpose of this act is sometimes to increase market share in a foreign market or to drive out competition.)

"I fully understand. I will establish a ranking for cosmetics and price accordingly."

Since it was expected that competitors would be on the verge of bankruptcy, a part of the profit from Medique (Other World Pharmacy's cosmetic brand) would be used as a relief fund for the cosmetic merchants.

Will they survive? Will they retreat?

Each merchant will need to start developing new face powder to survive, the apothecaries from Medique, who were the pioneers, would guide them. The merchants would then start manufacturing powdered and liquid foundations. They won't be able to compete with the quality of the CC cream and loose powder from

Medique, but each customer still had their own preference for brand, cosmetic ingredients, and fragrances. Thus many varieties of face powders began popping up. Merchants that sold cheaper than Medique had started to appear. Each merchant had their own combination of beauty ingredients, you could differentiate it by their ingenious way of combining herbs. There were also many conservative nobles who liked the non-translucent and flat finish.

On the other hand, there were some merchants who had withdrawn from manufacturing basic cosmetics and focused on producing perfumes.

Thus, a situation where Medique monopolized the market was more or less avoided. Furthermore, it allowed an expansion of the market since commoners were now able to afford cosmetics.

Now then, regarding the lead and mercury that had nowhere to go now. The Empress gave instruction, that she received, to develop it as a colorant for oil painting with the condition that they had to wash their hands if they made contact with it.

As for the other toxic substances, they were taught that they were limited only to industrial use.

Recently the Empress employed a sage as an adviser, although it wasn't clear the real reason why though, the sage seemed to give the Empress various pieces of advice. And so rumors began to spread.

However, they weren't able to guess who this sage was.

Who would think that the young store owner of the Other World Pharmacy would be able to establish himself into the important sections of politics, nobody would think of this. They still seemed to think that the young store owner only commercialized and sold his father's knowledge. In due to the common knowledge that his father was a famous Royal Court Apothecary who invented things. Those who had received Falma's prescriptions even just once, thought "Perhaps, it's him" but...

One day after Falma examined the Empress as always, he examined Imperial Prince Louis. Activating his Diagnosis Eye, he saw spots of blue light illuminating inside the prince's mouth.

AH..... , Falma's face became complicated. He nervously murmured silently.

"Tooth Decay"

The blue lights went out. A problem that Falma had been dragging his foot on.

Cavity, it's tooth decay.

Sugar was expensive in this world, there were few commoners who suffered tooth decay caused by sugar. However, a noble had many opportunities to eat sweet cakes. In a manner of speaking, the cavity was declared as a status among the nobles. Due to the fact that Falma was brushing his teeth every day, he never developed any cavities, however there were many nobles who didn't know the importance of brushing their teeth.

Incidentally, Simon the steward was suffering from tooth decay, it reached the point that the tooth was pulled out because of nerve pain. Falma was helpless as the cavity had spread too much.

"The crowned prince liked sweets, and disliked brushing his teeth."

Noah had a troubled expression. The silver lining was that the teeth that had cavities were milk teeth. The prince was only 6 years old, he was at the age where his milk teeth would begin to fall out.

Falma pretended to entertain Louis by playing billiards, he then broached the subject.

"Your Highness, when you were eating food and bite with your teeth, do you feel any toothache?"

"No, not really."

Only that much? Seems to be light, Falma estimated. After playing billiards, Falma stopped the Prince who was about to leave to eat candy. Fruit flavored candy was the Prince's favorite.

"Your Highness, would you please open your mouth wide?"

At Falma's words, the Prince was on guard.

"You may have cavities."

"Stoooooooooooooop!"

The Prince doesn't want to hear it and ran away while panicking.

"Seize the crowned Prince!"

Noah chased after the imperial prince who dashed with all his might, furthermore, the courtier gave chase too. It was a lively experience like it was the best time of their life. "Pursue the Imperial Prince! It's for the treatment of his cavity!" said Noah, as his yell whipped the courtiers into action. It was so much like a comedy sketch that Falma was astonished. It seems like this was happening every day.

And the manhunt began inside the Imperial Court. The prince was desperately resisting his tooth being pulled out.

"There you are!" "You're not going anywhere!" "He's trying to escape to the courtyard!"

He hid behind the fountain, pretended to be a sculpture, and tried hiding behind shrubbery. The exhausted Louis finally tripped and fell down. it was Falma who tripped him.

"Uugh, so I could only get this far! Such regret!"

The prince shouted those words as if he was a defeated and shamed warrior.

"Your highness, please open your mouth. I will not pull out anything today."

At the same time, Falma made his promise,

“Your Highness, please be prepared. Can’t believed there is a ruckus, is it your cavity? I will skillfully pull it out. Hey! stop it already.”

The Chief Court Physician, Claude, spoke out and was approaching with pliers on hand. He seemed to be confident about pulling out a tooth.

“Nooooooooooooooooo!”

Louis hid behind Falma while trembling.

“Honorable Chief Court Physician. Please leave the treatment of his Highness to me.”

Falma held up both of his hands in front of Claude and pacified him.

“Oh, so you are the greenhorn apothecary, Falma. Just watch my skills, the strength of a child can’t pull out a tooth.”

Although Claude looked like a good person, he seemed to have decided to use the pliers once.

As for Falma, he was examining the inside of the prince’s mouth, the teeth that had cavities were black but he confirmed that it only affected the enamel.

“It’s still in its initial stages, you may not need to pull them out yet.”

“It’s rapidly getting worse. If it reaches the root, it will cause a high fever. It may become fatal.”

Claude was disputing why Falma doesn’t want to pull out the tooth.

“Chief Court Physician, what do you think the real cause of tooth decay?”

Falma raised his finger as he asked the question.

“That is..... that. What?”

“That is, living creatures feeding of sweeteners that dissolve the tooth.”

“What are you talking about!?”

The Chief Court Physician looked like he was annoyed.

“But there are different types you see. When you look at it using a microscope, I think you will definitely understand that tooth decay is caused by infections from small living creatures.”

If it's in the early stages, it hasn't fully penetrated yet, don't you think you have to check it first? Is what Falma was trying to say, so the Chief Court Physician changed his mind.

“Your Highness, I will prepare a medicine to stop the progression of tooth decay tomorrow.”

“You won't pull it out?”

The prince looked at Falma as if doubting him.

“Yes, this time, I won't.”

The next day, Falma prepared the medicine and went to the Imperial Court. The Empress heard the situation, “Because thee have neglected to brush thee teeth, thee have to pull it out!” was her severe comment. Because the Empress almost never ate any sweets, she didn't seem to have any cavities. Brushing the prince's teeth was the maid's work, but the Empress was well aware that when she was not around, the prince would often try to escape, spouting selfish things, and not listen to the maids.

“I will now apply the medicine.”

The prince was lying down on a high-quality bed with canopy, obediently opening his mouth, as he left the treatment to Falma.

For early stages cavity, when applying a high concentration of fluoride at the tooth enamel, it will create a layer of fluorapatite which re-mineralize the teeth and can further suppress the progression of cavities.

It was explained to the Empress and the court physicians that it was a medicine that stops cavities and strengthens the tooth.

“Oho.”

Claude moved his face really close, as he suspiciously took notes of Falma’s hand movements.

“I will not pull it out this time. However, Your Highness, I may have to pull it out next time.”

Regarding the treatment of scraping off the cavity on the affected tooth, it would be difficult for Falma who didn’t have any knowledge in dentistry.

“Uuu..... I will brush my teeth from now on!”

The prince was trembling as he shook his head.

“I will remember what you said.”

When Falma thought the prince would say that, he pulled out a wooden box from his bag with a rustling sound.

“I prepared an oral hygiene set for you.”

In this world, they brushed their teeth with a cloth and a sponge, and it was common for them to clean the gaps between the teeth with a toothpick.

“It’s a toothbrush with bristles made of horse’s hair.”

He first took out the toothbrush.

Nylon toothbrushes were popular, but it was not necessarily the best. Even in Japan, there were still toothbrushes made from horse or pig’s hair being sold. The advantage

was that it was gentler towards the gums.

Falma then showed one after another a toothpaste containing fluoride, dental floss, and a tongue cleaner. When Falma taught the prince on how to use it, he was listening intently.

“Hey Falma, are you going to give thee a set?”

“Yes! I will at once!”

Falma forgot again to give one to the Empress, and she got angry.

This set, I wanted you to spread widely to the populace, is what he told her..... The Empress bowed, and slowly swung her head left to right.

What? Is that a catcher’s sign? Combination of pitches is that bad!?

Falma was thinking what was that all about when,

“The inventor has the right to receive the profit. However, don’t overdo it this time.”

The Empress advised him not to create a monopoly.

“Yes, I fully understand.”

There will be a plan to showcase new technology one after the other from now on, so that Falma would not provoke those so called oppositions in every industry. So the Empress established the “Technology Bureau”. New technologies and new inventions would be managed by the Technology Bureau, and if there were any requests for information (except parts that were deemed as trade secrets), they would be released given that reading charges were paid. As for registering technologies, they could do it under their real name or they could be anonymous. Falma registered the microscope, cosmetics, and fluoride products under anonymity for the local manufacturers.

And so a month after the Otherworld Pharmacy released the “Oral Care Set”, they were now prepared to sell the individual components of the set. The people who were not

keen on brushing their teeth jumped at it, lead by the nobles who liked sweets. Each time they got cavities, their tooth gets pulled out. People who had barely any teeth left had somehow run out of all conceivable means to keep their teeth.

“Some of those sets are expensive. I want something affordable.”

The commoners too, wanted to reduce their expenses. Thus Falma prepared a cheap version. It was the Fusa-yoji (A toothpick on one end and a wooden brush on the other) that was used during the Edo period in Japan, fluoride powder and dental floss set.

“If it’s this, we can afford it too!”

At the storefront and at Medique, they opened a brushing and oral hygiene lecture. The lecture was very popular, it was full every day. Instead of Falma teaching, Ellen was the one teaching the open lecture. It was because Falma wanted to devote himself to his profession as an apothecary of this world by diagnosing, prescribing, and compounding of medicines.

Because Elizabeth had said they could freely use the Palace’s forum, they held a symposium regarding cavity prevention for people who weren’t able to fit in the store. Citizens with free time on their hand gathered like it was a festival.

And so, many merchants had followed suit and made generic medicines because commoners bought an oral care set.

By knowing the proper way to brush, people’s awareness had changed. When heard it was possible to prevent infectious diseases such as pneumonia, they particularly began to do it with zeal.

Regarding the prince, he was made to control his intake of sweets by the order of the Empress.

“I have to control myself on sweets for a while. Ah, but I want to eat it.....”

A good idea floated in Falma's mind to solve the prince's problem.

It was a candy with xylitol which doesn't cause cavities. *(TL Note: Xylitol is a "tooth-friendly", nonfermentable sugar alcohol. It appears to have more dental health benefits than other polyalcohols.)*

He anonymously registered that too with the Technology Bureau.

"It almost doesn't contain any sugar that causes cavities. It will be hard for cavities to grow."

"Is it sweet!?"

"By the way, if you eat too much, you'll be in the toilet quickly."

The prince said he was exceedingly pleased about the candy with a unique refreshing sensation.

As an aside, Old man Jean, who was a regular at the pharmacy, began taking a liking in eating the sailor's candy with the mixture of Xylitol.

Episode 4

Marseille Province Inspection and the Future of Medicine

“Hmm, we finally arrived.”

The sound of sea waves breaking on the shore could be heard.

Three members of Falma’s family exited the carriage. One was Falma’s father, Bruno; another was his mother, Beatrice; the last was his younger sister, Blanche. Each one of them carried an appearance that showed they had been waiting for this day to come. Falma was the last to get off. He took a deep breath of the crisp and salt infused air, then stepped firmly on the chalky ground. They had disembarked near the Medioccanean Sea.

After travelling a whole day from the Imperial Capital via carriage, they had arrived in the Archduke’s province of Marseille.

True Era 1146, half a year had passed since the establishment of Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, Falma had become 11 years old.

A great 360-degree panoramic view spread out before the servants of the de Médicis family.

The pure white hillsides and beaches made a vivid contrast against the blue sea that appeared to be glittering to the eyes. Stone houses of the nearby fishing village dotted along the coast, their red painted roofs and pure white walls facing alongside the hill. In the emerald green ocean, trading ships came and went busily. A ship could be seen anchored at the large trading port. A scenery that certainly resembles Southern France.

“We have been waiting for you our Lord, the New Archduke of Marseille.”

“Hmm, I see that you’ve been doing well, Adam. You’re still burnt by the sun.”

“Yes, I did not neglect to patrol the province day in and day out.”

Bruno greeted his butler Adam, who was the acting Governor, also known as the manager of the province and supervisor of the farmers. Bruno received a bombastic greetings from the knights, who warmly ushered him to the Lord’s Mansion on top of the hill. There, Falma’s family was welcomed and served a light meal.

Since Bruno wasn’t a native feudal lord of the Marseille province, he assigned Adam: a young, well-behaved, and able butler from the de Médicis family (A rank lower than a Steward), as the acting governor.

Adam had dark brown hair, dark skin, and deep chiseled features. *I wonder if he’s Hispanic?*, was the impression Falma had towards Adam.

“The province has 21 villages, 47 knights, 635 farmers, and 938 medicinal plant growers...”——

“Please have a look at this map of the province. From here to here is the area that will become the medicinal herb plantation, while the farmlands and pastures will be over here. The harvest of each district will be gathered here.”——

“Compulsory labor, conscription will be done on each village in rotation...”——

And so on and so forth, Adam reported to Bruno as he showed various documents rather quickly. It appeared he had carefully practiced this presentation. Though he also seemed to be tensed too.

“What is the status of the harbor?”

While Bruno was playing with his mustache, he pointed at Marseille harbor.

There are 14 trade routes, connecting with harbors from 31 countries and 3 colonies,

“Yes, as you know, Marseille harbor is the pride of the Empire that boasts the second busiest trading port. Trade is higher this year compared to last year, our top 10 trading partners continue to transition their imports and exports to us year after year.”

“Hmm. Not bad at all. Both trade volume and tax revenue have increased.”

“It is as you said, but the Nederground East Indai Company have been showing latitude. Since this was a former province of a Marquis, but is now the province of an Archduke, my Lord should bear in mind our relations with them. Because they are a company that has been granted a royal charter by the country of Nederground, they don’t comply to tax collection, they have the rights to wage war, and negotiate treaties.

“As for foreign trade, it is desirable if there is freedom to do so. Reduce the tariff rate. But if they still don’t follow our rules, then drive them away.”

“Is this alright my Lord?”

“If we lower the tariff rate, both people and goods will flow in. As for the logistics... What are you still doing here Falma? You go play outside, the sandy beach is wonderful.”

Bruno noticed Falma, who had erased his presence and blended in with the wall to eavesdrop. He seems to be cautious as he drove Falma outside.

“Waa, I can see the sea!”

After hearing what was said, he had no other choice but to go out while being in high spirits like a child.

“Don’t go into the sea!”

“Yes!!”

*Nederground East Indai Company... Isn’t it just like an imitation to Dutch East India Company (V.O.C.)...? (TL Note: The **United East Indian Company** (Dutch: Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie; **VOC**), referred to by the British as the **Dutch East India Company**, was originally established as a chartered company in 1602, when the Dutch government granted it a 21-year monopoly on Dutch spice trade. It is often considered to have been the first multinational corporation in the world and it was the first company to issue stock. It was a powerful company, possessing quasi-governmental powers, including the ability to wage war, imprison and execute convicts, negotiate treaties, strike its own coins, and establish colonies.)*

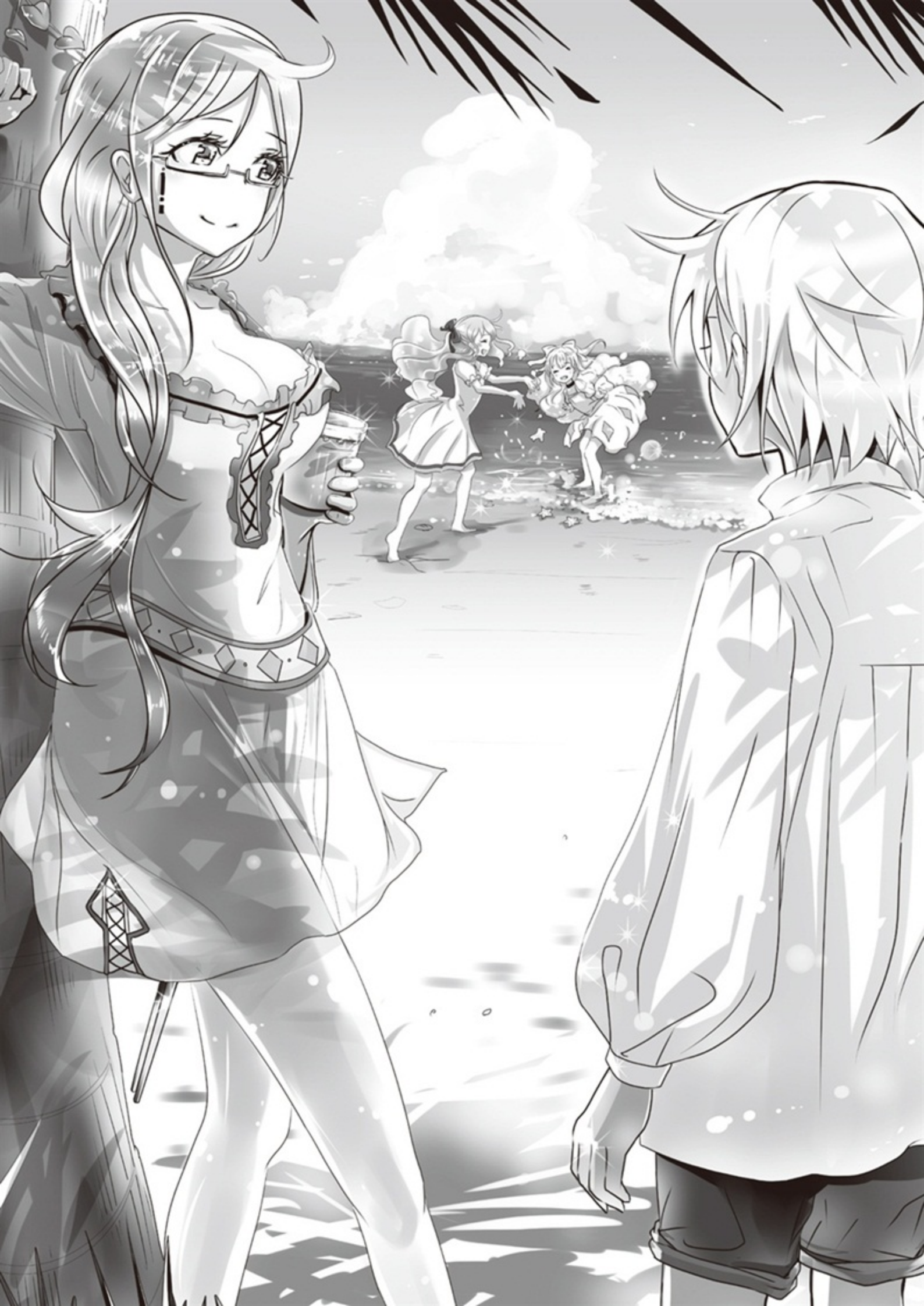
Falma was finally convinced that there was no doubt about how similar the geography of this world was to his old world.

He had already succumbed to the idea that this was a parallel medieval world if he thought about it, regardless, he was already stuck in this world.

“Aaa, this is just too beautiful, I’m dazzled! Don’t you think so too Lady Blanche!?”

“So smooth! so smooth!”

When Bruno drove out Falma from the Lord’s mansion on the hill, he saw Lotte and his sister, Blanche, greatly frolicking after they saw the white beach spread out before them. They went running down from the hill, both of them were twirling and dancing about on the sandy beach.



Those two are really kids.

Falma felt pleasant.

I'm a kid too, aren't I?

Sure enough, Blanche ended up falling flat on the sand embankment, which covered her face with both sand and seaweed.

"Young Lady! Let's make a sand castle!!"

The dry sea breeze and the smell of salt water blew comfortably through the air. The wind softly carried Lotte's pink hair as it trailed off. Falma also followed them down to the beach not too long after. He watched as Lotte and Blanche made sand castles; while Lotte's skillfully made her's such that it even had a second floor, Blanche's sand castle on the other hand broke halfway through, and she stared at Lotte's work enviously,

"Big brother! I want to splashy splash over there!"

Blanche seemed to have gotten tired of playing with the sand as she tugged at the hem of Falma's clothes.

"Master Falma, can we go near the water and watch the waves!?"

Lotte was restlessly hopping on the spot. *Should they warm up first before jumping into the sea?*, was what Falma thought.

"I don't think it's a good idea to enter the sea, as neither of you can swim. Also, did any of you bring a change of clothes?"

However, both of them took off their shoes and madly dashed along the sandy beach without caring for Falma's words.

"Really Lottelita, to have that much energy. It's probably because she hasn't seen the sea before..."

As for the smiling Ellen who had accompanied them, she took off her coat and rested

under the shade of a tree while drinking.

“So hot. I’m sweating. Should I take a plunge too?”

Lotte and Blanche chased after the waves without a care in the world, they seemed to be quite pleased as their feet soaked in the ocean water.

With a thump, the rest of Ellen’s dress fell to the ground. Instead of a swimsuit, She was wearing a see through one piece tunic. This bewildered Falma, who watched as the bare legs were flaunted in front of him. Was Ellen aware that it was see-through? Falma was clearly troubled on where to look at her shapely body.

“Come on, little Falma!”

Blanche and Lotte played out in the tide, not too far from the beach. Nearby, Falma watched Blanche shout out “Noooo!” as she was sprayed with water, their playful fun quickly turned into a water spraying battle.

“Haa, hahaha, that’s funny!”

“Nooooo!”

“Now I’ve have done it, Lady Blanche!”

At that moment, a large wave suddenly rushed toward the shore. Blanche, who wasn’t all that heavy, was carried off by the waves and disappeared into the sea.

“Emergency!”

Falma instructed Ellen and Lotte to move away from the shore, then he jumped into the sea. But the waves were tall, and he couldn’t see the small body of Blanche.

“Master Falma!”

After Ellen confirmed Lotte’s safety, she too started looking for Blanche, even though Falma didn’t want her to. Since Ellen was a Water Divine Arts user, just like young Blanche, she knew how to swim. It’s rare for aristocrats to be able to swim, but those like her had no choice but to learn.

Falma eventually found Blanche being swept away by the ocean current as if she was

unconscious. Though he swam towards her, the blowing wind and fast current made things difficult for him. The girl was steadily getting farther away, and his swimming just couldn't keep up.

What should I do!?

Falma felt an aching sensation from the keloid on his right arm that was soaked in water.

Was it being agitated? It was emitting a pale blue light.

Should I try it...!?"

He decided, then dove as close to the ocean floor as possible.

I would have given up if I had to dive too deep, but fortunately it's still shallow out here, despite being so far from the shore, therefore...!

"Erase"

He imagined the details of the states of both water and seawater in his mind, he felt the texture of the water on his skin, and was eventually able to understand the aqueous solution.

Falma activated the skill in his right hand while taking consideration for any peculiarities in the situation.

Perhaps the entire sea will disappear if I used my full power, was the stupid thought that crossed his mind.

Shortly after, Falma's imagination was materialized as seawater in a 10 meter radius around him disappeared. Within the space he had created, Falma fell hard onto the seafloor. At first a gaping hole in the sea appeared in the shape of a crater, then a column of space without water formed.



On the bare sandy floor at the bottom of the sea, fish squirmed and flopped around, while seaweed that had stood tall went limp and fell down.

All right!... But what the hell is this!?

Falma was amazed, and, despite having done it himself, it was still absurd even to him.

He took Blanche, who had also gotten caught up in his skill, and carried her back to shore. As to prevent the inflow of water, Falma created a wall of divine power as he continued to remove the seawater in his path. He walked one step at a time while dividing the sea, until he arrived back at shore.

He looked like Moses parting the Red Sea, is what would a Christian from Earth would say.

After he laid Blanche down on the sandy shore, she started to cough up water.

“Blanche!...”

Both Ellen and Falma moved to provide treatment. After applying CPR, Blanche resumed breathing and cried loudly. Falma was still worried, so he examined her using Diagnosis Eye to see if there are any abnormalities. She could’ve gotten pulmonary edema, but fortunately she didn’t drank too much seawater.

Thank god... with this childish body, it would’ve been impossible to save her just by swimming

Falma felt relieved and exhausted as he sat down on the sandy beach. Lotte, who witnessed the series of events, had been trembling and quivering so much in fear. Blanche leapt to Falma as she wailed.

However, Falma noticed something.

That... Even though I eliminated the water, the salt didn’t separate and fall to the seafloor. I didn’t only eliminated the water molecules.

Now that he had thought about it, he might not have designated just “water molecules”, as he had been in a hurry. He wasn’t certain that he could’ve entirely

erased seawater, so he thought it would only be natural for a large quantity of salt and minerals to separate from the seawater. In other words, the salt and minerals didn't accumulate on the seafloor...

That can't be, how could I entirely eliminate seawater, including even the salt within it?

"Master Falma. Do you think perhaps it's the ability of the "Negative" attribute?"

Ellen asked timidly.

"I think that might be the case, but. But what do you think it really is, Ellen?"

"Not the "Negative" attribute, that's for sure. The ability to completely eliminate seawater does not exist. This is because the ability of the negative attribute can only go as far as reducing volume. To put it simply, the domain of erasing substances doesn't exist."

Ellen had been practicing Divine Arts together with Falma, but she'd never seen the ability of the Negative Attribute. As for the time when he obliterated some uninhabited islands, he submerged those islands with the Positive Attribute of water. This was the first time she'd seen the Negative Attribute, and she was unable to comprehend the truth of the matter. Her face was twitching.

She became increasingly convinced that her theory that Falma wasn't human anymore was true.

"It would be nice if I could give a better explanation, but I don't even understand it myself, sorry."

"In the end it doesn't matter, you saved her."

No traces remained of Falma's ability, other than a huge whirlpool that could be seen offshore.

A small black shadow could be seen at the top of the hill, looking down upon the beach.



The next day Falma was brought to his father by Cedric, with the attending Knights accompanying them on 3 carriages. They went off to inspect the medicinal herb plantation closest to the Lord's mansion. There, many medicinal herbs were planted in the arable land that was compartmentalized. The farmers who were working in the fields had stopped to respectfully greet the new feudal lord and the young nobleman.

"Is the production of the medicinal herbs going well?"

"Oh, yes. We were able to supply our annual tribute as usual."

It seemed it was very unusual for a feudal lord to come directly for inspection, the farmers felt very much obliged.

"Very good, continue to work hard. Cedric."

"Yes, my Lord."

Cedric came down from the carriage with a wand and rolled up his sleeves, then he placed both of his hands on the ground. After he lightly psyched himself up with a *Hmph*, his hands began to give out a warm orange light.

"Blessings of Mother Earth (Bénédiction de la terre nourricière)"

Bubbling sounds could be heard as the ground rose up to form concentric circles, like a chain reaction...

"Let's see, perhaps..."

Falma noticed the undulation of the earth as it moved along the ground.

"Falma, don't tell me you forgot it already?"

"Hahaha, it's because I haven't shown this to master Falma before, mainly because I forgot to. Since I am a Divine Art user with the Earth attribute, I was able to give the

blessing of Mother Earth to the ground just now.”

Cedric Luneau was also a respected Divine Art user.

“I entrusted him with the important duty of promoting the growth of the herb garden in our mansion.”

“I see.”

I can't smell any manure being used as fertilizer, and the medicinal herbs are also growing at such an amazing speed, is there really such a thing? Falma was surprised. He thought some kind of fertilization would've been carried out but...

The farmers showed their gratitude to Cedric, because of him their work had become easier. *This year's harvest is going to be quite bountiful, don't you agree??*, the villagers said many optimistic things such as that. Few nobles had the Earth attribute, and those who did were quite valuable.

“Are there any other problems?”

Bruno asked them.

“We had a slight drought this year due to a lack of rain.”

“Is that so?”

“Well then, this would be my gift to you all.”

Bruno drew a simple Divine Art formation with his wand and then started to do his questionable dance, causing a haze like a mirage to envelope his entire body.

“Blessed rain of healing (Pluie bénie de la guérison)”

With a wave of his wand, Bruno's divine skill brought forth rain clouds to grace the land. It gave vitality to the medicinal herbs, it seemed these herbs would end up being quite potent. Bruno performed his dance, strengthening the effectiveness of both the

divine power and divine skill, it was his rare personal ability. It was said that medicinal herbs under the effects Bruno's Divine Art would fetch a high price.

"With this, everything should be good."

Falma watched Bruno, who had brought the rain. It had certainly been the work of a divine skill.

"We humbly thank you our Lord!"

The farmers leapt up with joy as they thanked the blessed rain while they sang and danced.

I must verify the effectiveness of the Divine Art too.

Divine Arts exist in this world, and Falma was considering whether or not they could be applied to pharmacology. As for Falma's Divine Art, if he doesn't know what the outcome of using it might be, he would rather not use it

If he dissolved medicine in water created by a Divine Art, will the therapeutic effect increase? He started to recognize his father's expertise. Since Bruno was an excellent Divine Art user, he was able to create high potency potions by mixing medicinal herbs.

Will Divine Art increase the effect, and change the physical properties, and nature of an object? This was the vague hypothesis he had arrived at.

After the graceful rain ended, a vivid rainbow containing divine power formed a large arch.

"Look at that."

Bruno wore his cloak after he finished dancing and then called out to Falma, as he pointed to the other side of the farm. His father was not pointing towards the farmland, but to a land that was previously a pasturage. A wide plain that was bathed in sunlight spread out before them. It also overlooked a nearby highway.

“Now then, that is the best piece of land that Adam chose at the other side.”

“Yes. That is a good place.”

“In addition, you will be able to produce any medicinal herbs you want over there. If it's up to you to decide, what would you do?”

Should it be a medicinal herb orchard? That was what Bruno was asking. While taking advantage of the local industry, it would also create new employment opportunities.

At this excellent location, what can he do for the future, for the sake of the people of this parallel world? Taking all of this into consideration, it was only natural what Falma's answer would be.

It would be a radical thing to do.

“If it was me, I would construct a pharmaceutical laboratory or factory, and use it to both research medical supplies and manufacture medicine”

He would construct a pharmaceutical factory, employ the locals, and arrange a system for pharmaceutical production. The goods would then be transported to the Imperial Capital, where they would be sold to each and every apothecary and pharmacy, not just to Diversis Mundi Pharmacy.

“Why would you do that? You're already making good profits at the pharmacy. Do you still intend to make more money?”

“It's not for the sake of making money. Even after I disappear, the people of this world will live on. I don't want anyone to suffer from diseases, so the appropriate treatments need to be available.”

Borrowing the body of a child, the business of the Medicine God will begin.

Bruno felt strongly the signs that the world would change.

“It’s as though I have seen medical treatment hundreds of years into the future.”

The words that Bruno said to Falma disappeared into the wind and was masked by the background noises of the grassy plain.

“Do try whatever you wish. I will help you out in any way I can.”

The son looked at the vacant land while the light shone down upon him, he thanked and nodded his head vigorously.

Episode 5

Silver and the Blue Earl

The inspection of the Archduke of Marsielle province continued.

By the time Bruno had begun eagerly listening to the citizen's story, it had already become noon. Occasionally, he would also assist with the inspection by using his Divine Art. In the evening, they ate the signature dishes that were offered up from the various regions as tribute. A few days had passed—during which, he lived a substantial life of inspection, eating, more inspection, and more eating.

One day—while spending time at the Lord's mansion—Falma received a sudden notification. It was a message from his father which said:

“This is very urgent; I have been invited to Count Chillon's castle tonight. It appears that all family members and servants are allowed to attend as well.”

Count Chillon was was a young feudal lord who ruled over a territory that was right beside the province of Marsielle.

Bruno, who had already eaten his dinner, still wanted to proceed and meet him. As he wanted to introduce his butler, Adam, as the acting feudal lord.

“Have a safe trip!”

Lotte sent them off with a smile after she heard they were going out.

“You know that Lottelita is coming as well.”

Ellen smiled wryly.

“Eeh, I can come too? But I am just a servant!? Right!?”

“This time everyone is invited, even the servants. Come, let's dress for the occasion.”

A banquet was a social gathering. It was also a way to test how generous and influential a feudal lord could be.

Thinking about all the kind of dishes and desserts that would be served, Lotte got hungry and became delusional. She almost unintentionally drooled, but she managed to gulp it down and hold her mouth shut.

“I, I, I, I, I! What if I? What will we do if the dress I am going to wear is not elegant enough for the banquet?”

“Don’t worry, you’ll be wearing this. I bought it for Blanche, but it’s still too big for her.”

“Is it okay if I wear it!?”

Lotte put on the dress that Falma’s mother, Beatrice, presented to her and became ecstatic.

“Waa, thank you very much my Lady!”

“But still... I wonder if it’s okay to go.”

After Lotte put on the dress, Ellen shifted her glasses and began to apply Medique cosmetics. She brought her face closer to the mirror and muttered those few words to herself.

“Huh? Why? I think it’s fine if Ellen comes with us.”

Falma, who had received the clothes prepared by Lotte, looked back at the rather anxious Ellen.

“But I’ve only heard bad rumors regarding that Earl. I wonder if we are going to be poisoned.”

“Ehh!?”

When Lotte shrieked after hearing this, Falma just shrugged and held her cheeks to reassure her:

“It’s going to be alright, since I will know right away if something is poisoned.”

Something like trying to poison a party consisting of the Royal Court Apothecary and First Class Apothecary would be a bad plan.

The young Count Chillon was also known as The Blue Earl (Le Comte Bleu). It was said that he’s been married countless times, but each time the wife would disappear within a month. *And that’s not all*, Ellen brought her face close to Falma and pushed up her glasses. It was a habit of her’s to do so when she wanted to emphasize her words.

“There have been rumors that there’s a forbidden room inside his castle. They say that the wives were killed there... I heard the story from a servant who had claimed to seen the bodies of his wives in there.”

“You sure do know a lot, Ellen.”

Falma thought they were just false rumors after seriously thinking about it.

“Enough already. You sure do know various pieces of information from trivial to useful though, Miss Ellen~”

Ellen was at an age where she wanted to be act an adult lady. Ellen was still a woman despite being a First Class Apothecary. She seemed to get her information from socializing with the upper classes of the nobility, like a ballroom dance party for example. Gatherings such as those, which are held regularly, provide a good opportunity to learn new rumours. Even today, she was wearing an evening dress with high degree of exposure that emphasizes her breasts.

Bodies of the wives that were killed... Falma felt a cold sweat upon hearing this. That was because,

This is completely an episode from Bluebeard(!)... The wives are missing, and there’s a small room in the basement.

Falma was bewildered after listening to the story. He wanted to believe that it was all just a coincidence.

“One more thing, there are rumors that the Earl is ghastly blue.”

Ellen put on her stylish glasses with one hand, while using the other to comb her hair. Her movements appeared to be strangely seductive.

“Doesn’t this mean he has a *bloodless* complexion?”

“You think he’s a ghost with no blood?”

Ellen scowled with a *grrr*.

“Didn’t I just say he had a bloodless complexion!?”

It was getting to the point where he was better off just being falsely accused.

“Oh, you must have misheard me. His complexion being *ghastly blue* doesn’t mean being pale, but literally *blue*.”

“No way! Those are just rumors, right?”

And like that, Falma didn’t give that rumor much more thought.

It had already become dusk by the time the twelve carriages, containing both the de Médicis family and the group of knights, arrived at the Earl’s castle near the lake. The lake served as the castle moat. The fort had tall ramparts, towers, and tall gates—a simple but functional castle.

The banquet was held at the reception hall; it became an extravagant service. Silverware was arranged uniformly, high-quality wines opened on display, and they were generously treated with roasted meat such as pork, beef, and lamb. Elaborate cuisines were carried out one after another. Acrobats, Harpist, and Dancers pleased Falma’s eyes and ears as they entertained.

It was certainly a lavish banquet, however.....

What Ellen said earlier was correct.

The Earl’s complexion was blue—it was clearly distinguishable, even despite the

dimness of the illumination. Lotte didn't seem to have a care for the world as she sat at the very corner, and ate up the food with ravenous speed. Even though table manners were firmly hammered into her, the pace at which she ate was still quite fast. Lotte said afterwards—while rubbing her tummy— the banquet dishes were not something they could eat easily. They were only possible because the place was near a harbor.

The Earl's wife was not on her seat during the banquet. Nobody inquired, however Bruno certainly heard the story of the Earl having married several times.

"See... I knew it. Even the new wife was killed."

Ellen whispered to Falma in a low voice.

Bruno completely feigned ignorance as he happily conversed with the Earl while enjoying the wine and cuisine. He introduced Adam as the acting feudal lord, explaining that Adam was the one planning for the management of the Marseille province. He lay emphasis on medicinal herb production, and maintaining the profitability of the trade surplus of Marseille harbor as well. He craftily told the Earl— despite it still being in its planning stages—the fact that there was a plan to build an innovative medicine research base.

"Really? An institute for developing medicine in Marseille province? Isn't there already a research facility in the university?"

"The medicinal herb garden, and the research facility as well, are a little too cramped within the imperial capital."

Bruno didn't mention that it was the suggestion of Falma. Instead of saying it was Falma who had planned it, the Archduke, Bruno, made it seem like he was the mastermind on the surface. That was what Bruno and Falma talked and agreed upon. After exchanging idle chatter, even though Bruno and the Earl were enjoying the music of the orchestra, they became tipsy from the wine and the Earl finally consulted Bruno regarding his health.

"I would earnestly consult with you my Lord Archduke, but..."

"So this conversation is now a medical consultation"

If Bruno didn't specifically get requested to perform a medical examination, he would not examine any king or nobleman.

"I have been troubled that my skin is becoming blue every year."

"Certainly, it's getting more blue. Have you consulted a physician?"

Bruno concluded that politely being careful on what he said didn't benefit the patient.

"I have consulted a physician."

Rather than blue, it's silver... Did he drink some silver?

While watching their conversation, Falma started to examine the Earl with Diagnosis Eye from a secluded area. He gently placed his hand to his eye. The whole body of the Earl emitted a blue light. It was as he expected.

"Argyria" (TL Note: **Argyria** or **argyrosis** (from Ancient Greek: ἄργυρος argyros silver) is a condition caused by inappropriate exposure to chemical compounds of the element silver, or to silver dust. The most dramatic symptom of argyria is that the skin turns blue or bluish-grey.)

The blue light faded away, but there was a thin red light remaining.

Usually after diagnosis, only a white light was left, but today it was different.

Red light!?

Falma perked up. There wasn't something like a miracle cure for Argyria. However, he tried to enumerate the name of all medicine he knew and it seemed there was some little effect. In addition to that, he mixed a solution with water created from Divine Art, a solvent Falma avoided using as much as possible. Still, the red light didn't substantially change even though the red light became dimmer.

Isn't there any medicine to treat it? It's no good even if I mix something with the water I created! Damn, if only I had a laser to use.

A cure doesn't exist within this realm. When it sometimes show a red light, Falma

already knew there was no existing cure. It was a cruel verdict. There were plenty of illness that can't be cured with modern medicine. It was Falma's work to destroy such illnesses within his lifetime; it was his life's work.

Once silver found its way into the body and accumulated, it didn't easily leave the body.

"What will happen to me now. The citizens of my province are afraid of me, I don't go out that often anymore. It was probably because of my appearance that those false rumors came out... Although the physician said I should go out to bathe in the sunlight."

The Earl finally said all of this, while weeping to Bruno.

"According to my knowledge, there were people who's entire body became blue in the past. But, that in itself didn't cause much harm. So it was not the cause that shortened one's lifespan. There were also also people who lived long. This is simply an aesthetic problem. For aesthetic purposes, you shouldn't bathe in sunlight for too long, it will only make you more blue."

Father's knowledge is awesome. I would have given almost the same advice.

Falma increased his admiration to his father more than ever before. Falma thanked from the bottom of his heart that he was blessed with such a father after being reincarnated.

"Because there is a good cosmetic, let's gloss it over."

He had recommended the Medique cosmetics shrewdly.

Wait a minute... isn't my "negative" ability a good solution for this like that time?

Falma had already accumulated knowledge in verifying his "positive" ability, but he hadn't used his "negative" ability that much. It was a fact the other day that Falma was able to eliminate seawater in a fixed area, all the water, salt, and minerals too, all of it was literally erased. Was *that* the cause of it?

Falma wanted to make sure. So he quietly approached a pail that was at the corner of the large hall. He filled it with water salt, and iron sand which was created by his left hand and plunged his right hand in it.

He dissolved the salt into the water, and began a series of experiments based on the fact that the iron was not soluble.

Salt was soluble in water, but the iron sand sank to the bottom because it was not soluble. The model and structural formula was really simple. It was a simple experiment to carry out.

“What are you doing there in the corner, Little Falma? Are you vomiting due to eating too much?”

Because the slightly intoxicated Ellen approached, “Bleaargh” was his response as he wave her away.

“Should I start the experiment?”

Falma imagined analysis scenarios in his mind, and he analyzed each one.

Control Group 1: Delete the pail → Failure.

Control Group 2: Delete the water → Success. Salt and Iron was left inside the pail.

Experiment 1: Place hand in salt water. Delete saltwater → Success. Iron sand was left inside the pail.

He clearly understood it up to this point. However,

Experiment 2: Place hand in saltwater, delete everything without touching the iron sand → Success. There was no residual substance left in the pail.

“So then, how about this?”

Falma had entered the final stages of his experiment.

Experiment 3: Place hand in salt water. Delete only iron sand without touching it → Success! Only the salt water remained in the pail.

And so his conclusion was,

It's the water, my "negative" ability was being transmitted through a fluid medium.

If it was like this, then since air was considered as a fluid too, he could eliminate any target as long as he had the structural formula in his mind even without touching it. To be exact, he didn't know yet if he could target an object that was shielded. So, he would check on it later, as the conditions he could prepare this time was limited.

The hypothesis was,

"If I thought of a compound in my mind and set a target, I can eliminate it even without touching it!?"

And he also noticed a terrifying thing. Whenever Falma used his "Negative" ability on his right hand, his hand will temporarily become transparent like a ghost and could penetrate objects if he intended to go through.

Because Falma was working quietly at the corner of the large hall, nobody cared and approached him as they thought he was just vomiting. Lotte would sometimes call him out by saying "Are you all right? Shall I rub your back?", Falma would reply in a disheartening way that he was all right.

"Even so..."

Aah, I, I'm increasingly losing my humanity.

Falma was quite completely at a loss. He had regrets when he died, but he couldn't complain since he was reincarnated into this world. In addition, he undertook the life of the young Falma.

"Also, I don't have a shadow. I'm a ghost that everyone can see. If I think about it that way, I can rest easy."

Since I already died, it would be easier emotionally to accept that I'm a ghost. Falma had changed his perspective.

His father was still trying to recommend the Medique cosmetics to the Earl. Falma fixed his appearance, wipe his mouth with a handkerchief and approached the Earl. He then greeted the two people.

"Ahem, Excuse me my Lords. Let me choose the cosmetics that the Count will like."

"Certainly, my son here knows all the details."

Since the Earl heard that it was Falma doing the compounding, he was intently listening to every word Falma spoke.

"Before that, would the Count show me the medicines you're currently taking? Since I have to make sure if there are any incompatibilities."

"There are several medicines that the physician prescribed to me for my health."

The Earl ordered an attendant to bring his medicine chest.

Inside, the medicine chest that was studded with jewels, was full of medicines. The Earl, despite being young, was considerably health-conscious. Even though that's how it looked inside, there were some things like food supplements and energy drinks. Falma opened the vials one by one, and altered the contents.

"This is..."

Falma's hand stopped at a certain bottle.

"Aah, Are you interested on that one? That is a high quality pill, it adjust the circulation of body fluids and prevent diseases."

Wrapped in the silver foil, what appeared was a large sized pill. He inquired the name of the pill. He also knew that there was no problem with the herb contained within the pill. Ten of these pills were being consumed by the health conscious Earl everyday, and he has been taking it for several years.

“Please stop taking this pill from today onwards.”

Falma said it to the Earl with all seriousness.

“Why? My condition is good every time I took this. I cannot stop.”

“Small amounts of silver will not cause any effects, but that amount is just too much.”

“What did you say...!?”

Bruno too was shocked in surprise. Bruno used silver foil as the capsule when he prescribed a pill. A silver foiled pill was less likely to rot and would last long, it was also pleasing to the eye. It was prevalent among the apothecaries and physicians in the imperial court.

“Come to think of it, this is only happening to the nobility.”

Bruno recalled that he had never seen a commoner that had suffered symptoms which their whole body turned blue. It was because commoners don't consume silver foiled pill.

“This silver foil that you consume little by little every day is the cause of why your skin is getting blue.”

“Why does it turn blue?”

Bruno asked and Falma answered immediately.

“When silver is exposed to the sun, it turns black.”

“How, how can I be cured? How about if I only took one pill a day?”

“First of all, please stop consuming this at once.”

Falma slightly emphasized his tone.

“I, I understand. However, does this mean my skin can't be healed anymore...!?”

The Earl was getting paler as time went on. Bruno thought he looked pathetic so he made a suggestion.

“I don’t know if this will cure you but... Please stand up. Let us first balance your body fluids.”

“Ple, Please by all means. I will pay for the medical fee!”

“Because I received a free meal, you don’t have to mind it.”

Bruno held on his wand and stood behind the Earl, he chanted some sort of invocation chant and tapped the wand at the Earl’s back. It seems to have stimulated a key point. The Earl, having received a medical treatment, had a relieved expression.

Ah, I should do it during this commotion.

Falma, who watched absent-mindedly, stopped being a bystander and quickly rolled up the sleeves of his right hand. Imagining silver in his mind, and activated his “Negative” ability.

“Hey, what are you doing Little Falma...!?”

Ellen noticed that Falma’s right arm was glowing, and felt nervous as she watch with bated breath. She clearly knew that light signifies that a Divine Art was being activated.

Falma was concentrating, as he glared the Earl.

“Ag, Ag+ Elimination”

He did it the same way as the experiment a while ago, he imagined only the space the Earl was occupying, he didn’t tamper with all the other trace elements, even the liquids and salt too, and only removed Silver (Ag, Ag+) as the target.

Because Falma’s wand was silver, it will disappear if he was too close, but his father’s

wand was made of gold.

However, one of the Earl's ring had disappeared. The jewel that was on the ring fell and rolled of the floor.

By the time Bruno's treatment was done, Count Chillon's complexion completely turned reddish. The dark bluish skin that was like alien went back to a fair skin. Nobody knew, but when you look closely, Count Chillon was a handsome young man.

"Oh my... Your complexion was restored."

Count Chillon heard the words of the family steward.

"Mi— mirror! Give me a mirror!"

He ordered the steward. The steward came back with a mirror, whom the Earl had not used for a long time. It became a bitter act for the Earl to look at the mirror. Thus, he looked at the mirror in fright.

"My skin... it's restored!"

The Earl jumped in joy right on the spot, and danced with the steward at the same momentum.

"As expected of the Lord Archduke's Divine Art!"

"Huh?"

Bruno was confused. He knew all the effects of the art that he applied to the Earl. It was to stabilized the physical condition, there should only an effect that will lift up his mood.

"I'm finally relieved with this. How much should I pay you? Actually, my wife gave up on me and left me..."

Falma heard it,

Thank god, there was no murdered wife like in Bluebeard.

And he heaved a sigh of relief.

But, what about the rumor of a small room that Ellen heard? That question still remains.

After everyone has calmed down, Falma was approached by his father.

“That was your work, wasn’t it?”

Were the words he sent to confirm as he went to took a glass of wine.

After that, the Earl was in a good mood and opened more wine, and continued the grand ball. His recovery from his illness was the attraction of the party. The banquet was not over. However with this, the children became impatient.

“Pardon us for leaving, I bid you good night.”

Falma and the children were assailed by sleepiness. They should be in bed by now anyway, but the Earl called them out.

“I know, there is a place that all of you will definitely like. By all means, follow me.”

“No, but, we must go home and sleep already.”

“It’s all good, this will be quick.”

As he said so, Falma, Blanche, and Lotte were taken to a certain place. They went down to the basement via the stone stairs, and were ushered into a small room at the far end of a spooky corridor.

“Here we go. Please don’t hesitate.”

Don’t tell me... Is this the room with the bodies of the murdered wives that Ellen talked about...!?

Either way Falma will use Divine Art when necessity arise, so he went into the room and place himself in front of the Earl to protect Blanche and Lotte.

From inside the room, he felt countless gaze. Falma inadvertently took a stance.

“Everyone, we have some guest.”

The other party that the Earl talked to were countless life-sized beautiful dolls. The small room in the basement was a doll collection room. Life-sized beautiful dolls were neatly dressed, and was arranged in various positions.

Wow —!

Falma was taken aback, and almost screamed inadvertently. The dolls were life-like. The Earl was in high spirits, and recommended a life-sized doll to Falma and the rest.

“Well, I feel good today. Take anything you like. Everyone of them are expensive, but it’s not precious if you don’t like it.”

The Earl hugged and rubbed his cheeks together with the life-sized doll.

“This one is little Alice. Look at her. I recommend her to you. Her skin is so soft. It’s like she is alive! Ah, I want to make her my wife. I recommend that you sleep with her, tonight you should share a bed with her.”

“Ha, huh...”

To Lotte and Blanche, the oversized doll was scary.

“This wife isn’t so bad too. This wife too sleeps with me. All of this, I made all this for my ex-wife.”

The Earl felt regretful as he continued his explanation. Both Falma and Lotte came to the same conclusion. It seemed that the dolls purpose was a sleeping partner.

“I respectfully decline.”

The Earl's wife disappeared, It might be because of this that she gave up and left.

One can imagine... There was enough bed space for a doll to sleep with him.

That was not the legend of Bluebeard.

The wives were not killed by the Earl, however there were numerous "wives", is what Falma told Ellen the next day.

Episode 6

The Boy With No Shadow and the Inquisition Officers

“There’s a child with no shadow?”

“Yes.”

An old man was wearing a characteristically styled hat of a priest, a cape, and a white robe with a stand-up collar where the hemming was embroidered with gold. He was the head priest of the Guardian Church of the Wind; a Marseille parish.

This Head Priest had just received a special report from a parish priest. The Guardian Church was under the jurisdiction of a larger “Church” organization that could be found all over the continent, for each guardian deity it has its own Church. This Church had a guardian deity of the wind attribute.

“Yes, an orphan from the orphanage claimed to have witnessed it personally on the beach. According to the orphan’s story, the boy with no shadow had removed a portion of the seawater to help a drowning child.”

“What? Isn’t it just a made up story from child? Ignore it.”

The Head Priest didn’t pay much attention to it, simply signing the piled up documents with a quill.

“It would be great if that was the case, but...”

The priest began to explain in a very serious manner.

“Since the orphan was annoyingly noisy about it, the priest in charge of the orphanage’s religious affairs went with the child to the beach the next day. And then... it seems that divine power had accumulated in that area.”

Accumulation of divine power means that a powerful Divine Art had to of been used there.

“You said the next day, so it still remained?”

The Head Priest was doubtful. If a large scale Divine Art was used by a powerful Divine Art user on the level of Emperor, then some divine power will accumulate in that area. Though it would only remain for up to several hours. For it to remain for a full day, that was hard to believe right away.

“I’m certain that the accumulated divine power didn’t disappear. Many priests have confirmed it too.”

That’s abnormal, the Head Priest got flustered.

“The seawater was removed...? Did he use a Water Divine Art of the negative attribute?”

“Do you really think so? The orphan said that a column of seawater was removed. Can a Divine Art do such a thing?”

If it was true that the accumulation of divine power had occurred, then it was certain that the boy with no shadow had used a Divine Art. However, he had never heard of, nor seen, such a Divine Art. The Head Priest, who had finished signing the documents, began to grin unknowingly as he listened closely to the priest’s story.

Colorful lights were leaking in through the stained glass windows, causing a fantastical atmosphere to drift into the large room where the Head Priest was located. The flame of a nearby candlestick was wavering solemnly.

“Yet he had no shadow. Wait, what does that even mean in the first place?”

“Could he be an evil spirit?”

Nonetheless, evil spirits don’t usually walk in broad daylight, nor can they accumulate divine power since they haven’t received the divine blessings of the Gods. That was the conclusion the Head Priest had came up with.

“The boy they saw was said to have light blonde hair, and his skin was slightly fair. Within the diocese of Marseille, there isn’t a boy that has blonde hair and the negative

attribute of water.”

It was a strange story. Even though the Head Priest had been in power for a long time, he didn’t remember anyone who would fit that description. First of all, the Head Priest had memorized all negative attribute users of every element within the diocese of Marseille, since negative attribute users were very rare.

“Does the orphan who witnessed still remember the face of the boy? It might be a Divine Art user from another diocese.”

The Head Priest began to press for an answer.

“They were quite far away, so the orphan didn’t get a good look.”

If he thought about it carefully, the child might have mistakenly seen that he had no shadow and can erase water because that person has a powerful negative attribute. The Head Priest decided to contact the upper echelons. He was afraid that a child with such a powerful ability might recklessly use their divine power in the city, because they are still immature. So that it would not turn out that way, centralized training from a special agency would be necessary.

“Get in contact with the Inquisition Bureau. And locate the boy.”

“As you command.”

The Inquisition Bureau of the Great Church. It was a bureau specialized in purging heretics and exorcising evil spirits.

A few days later, an order to search for the boy was sent to all the parish churches on the continent.



Such events were not known to Falma.

Falma and the gang finished their inspection of the Marseille Province and went back

to the Imperial Capital. While they were gone for a week, the pharmacy had been closed. Upon their return, the business was reopened. Just as Falma prepared to go back to work, the Captain Knight guard from the pharmacy rushed over to de Médicis mansion.

“A wagon crashed into the pharmacy!?”

It happened while Bruno was having breakfast with Falma.

“Yes my Lord, the door of the shop and some products were damaged. Normally we guard using a two-person system, however, when morning came we opened the iron gate. It was then that two wagons with no coachmen rode through the gap in the gate and crashed in quick succession. We weren’t able to stop it, even though we were there. We are very sorry, my Lord. We also don’t know who the owner of the wagon was, as it didn’t even have a registration number.”

“What about the compounding room?”

The compounding room was located behind the counter, which meant that it was isolated. It was the core of the pharmacy, and Falma would be distressed if that room was ruined.

“The compounding room is safe.”

“What cargo was the wagon carrying?”

Falma could easily eliminate the spilled cargo if the chemical compound was simple, then he would be able to immediately reopen. Also, it was the day after the holiday break, so there were many patients who had been scheduled to come in and receive their prescriptions. Their arrival would hopefully make up for the lost sales they encountered while the pharmacy was closed.

“It was dirt and sands.”

There was uncertainty in the knight’s report.

Ah, I will have to temporarily close the pharmacy, and so Falma gave up today’s sales. Before the opening time of the store, he had to quickly create a notice.

“Oh well... It’s a good thing the wagon was unmanned when it crashed.”

His mother was concerned. When Lotte and Cedric came into the room, they understood the unusual atmosphere and kept quiet.

“Someone is trying to sabotage our business...”

When Bruno was done eating, he said the same words that Falma was thinking of.

“To some, a shop that sells strange medicines isn’t amusing in the slightest. They think it’s frightening, and there are even those who think that it’s harmful.”

It was practically impossible for them to do business. Rather, the shop looked so different that it made customers think that the shop was a dangerous place.

“Perhaps...”

He had a bad feeling about it. The saboteurs might attempt to do something similar to Medique.

“We have to reopen the pharmacy as soon as possible. Our customers will dwindle the longer we dawdle.”

“This is...”

“This is terrible... The shop is a mess.”

When Falma, Lotte, and Cedric went to the pharmacy, they were met with a horrible sight. Did the dirt from the cargo rot? The shop was filled with a terrible smell, and part of the interior was almost filled with both dirt and sand. Luckily, as the knight had said, the compounding room was safe. Since Cedric’s Divine Art was Earth of the positive attribute, it wasn’t possible for him to remove the dirt and sand using divine power. However, he was able to purify the contaminated soil.

“Purification (La épuration)”

Cedric held his wand and chanted the activation spell, purifying the soil.

“Thank you Mr. Cedric, the smell has disappeared now.”

“Tis the only thing I could do.”

Cedric sniffed in vexation.

“What is the meaning of this!?”

Without knowing anything about the situation, Ellen arrived at the pharmacy after having ridden a horse all the way from the Bonnefoi mansion... Her shout resounded as she was about to get to work.

“Ellen, can you take the take the medicines in the compounding room over to Medique and start working there instead? I want to be able to send the patients there.”

Falma entered the clean compounding room that was separated by a wall, and began compounding all the medicines for the patients who supposed to come by today. After finishing, he entrusted the medicine bag and a list of the patients to Ellen. He also handed over the compounding set and vials.

“Here... This is only enough for all of the patients who scheduled to come today. So if a new patient comes in, I’ll write the prescription and send it over to Medique.”

“Uh, Uhm. Understood.”

Ellen had recently learned quite a bit from Falma, it was to the point where she could compound modern medicine by imitating Falma’s techniques. If she hadn’t learned information from Falma, then she wouldn’t be able to cope with diseases other than the standard ones. Although it was possible to prescribe medical herbs and the like using this world’s traditional pharmaceutical knowledge, Ellen believed that Falma’s medicines were more effective, so she switch her formulation techniques.

“Finally, Ellen, do not fully open the iron gate in front of Medique.”

“Why? Will that place also get attacked?”

“Just a precaution, please be careful. Also, I want you to bring along Lotte too.”

“Eeh!? I want to help you here!”

“I understand, let’s go Lottelita. You should listen to what the boss says.”

“Please do.”

“If a suspicious person comes, I’ll drive them away with my Divine Art!”

Falma decided to leave it to Ellen since she was an excellent Water Divine Art user. He remained at the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, and began formulating a plan for reconstruction.

“What the hell happened here... Who were the bastards that did this to my favorite shop!?”

Jean was an old man who always came first thing in the morning, before the shop even opened. After seeing the plight of the shop, he was outraged.

“I thought I could finally buy some candy today! So this means I can’t drink the water then either—!?”

Falma was unable to say anything after he heard the old man. He started to search for the “sailor’s candy” inside the shop; where all the products were scattered and buried inside the pile of dirt and sand. Fortunately, the candy was safe in a jar on the top of a nearby shelf, though it looked as if it could collapse at any moment. Falma took the jar and handed it to the old man, Jean.

“The jar looks dirty on the outside, but it’s clean inside. Because Mr. Jean is my best customer, I’ll give this to you. In addition, when the shop reopens, please do come and buy.”

“Wooooo...! So you are just going to give this to me for free!?”

Old man Jean’s sparkled as he ran away with the jar held in his hands. He ran in a way

that Falma didn't think it was possible for an old man like him.

"Sir Royal Court Apothecary, don't be disheartened."

"If there is anything that I can do, please let me help."

"Let us assist him."

The neighboring shopkeepers, who were all close to Falma, had come out to the street feeling sorry for the calamity. They said they would lend him their apprentices, to help remove the wreckage made by the wagon.

"Thank very much, you have saved me the trouble."

Little by little, people who came to help increased.

Around the time when the pharmacy would normally open, the customers who were looking forward to doing business after a long time began arriving one after another. Falma was greeted several times as the newcomers saw that the shop was not ready for business. He just shook his head— The patients who required medication were led to the second shop. As for the new patients, Falma wrote their prescription on the spot, and then told them to bring it with them to the second shop.

Numerous townspeople noticed what had happened and volunteered to help in cleaning up.

"Everyone... Thank you very much!"

Falma gave thanks as he bowed to the volunteers,

"It is because this pharmacy is necessary for us."

The regulars who suffered from chronic diseases, smiled and laughed while sweating from work. Cedric said, "It looks like this pharmacy has already taken root in this region." with passionate eyes.

“We will help too.”

After a while, old man Jean came back. He brought along 10 brawny men, who were muscular and half naked. Falma was taken aback.

“Who are these people?”

“They are young men from my home. This is payment for the sailor’s candy.”

Old man Jean motioned them with a flick of his chin to help out Falma. From the tattoos of anchors and port names on their arms, they appeared to be men of the sea. They looked as though they had absolute obedience towards old man Jean. Although Falma guessed that old man might be a retired fishing captain, he didn’t actually know much else about him.

Thanks to the new workers, they managed to pile the sandbags that were carried out from the store in a twinkle. Also, when the Empress had heard of their circumstances, she sent soldiers to increase the security of Medique. They also helped in putting everything in order. The Empress’ page, Noah, came to see the place.

“Her Majesty was angry you know. To make a mess of a shop that had been granted the Royal Charter seal from the empire. I was completely scared shitless—”

Noah saw her fury and wanted to run away.

“What do you think will be done? Will she retaliate?”

“I think it will be a purge. Do you have any idea who was the mastermind?”

“There are many I can think of, but I really don’t know who.”

The Apothecary Guild was the most probable one, although he couldn’t say that with full certainty. Besides, there was no evidence anyway. If Falma carelessly said that it was the Apothecary Guild, then the Empress would most likely crush them. As such, he didn’t take any action, for it could lead to a false accusation.

“Her Majesty will send some craftsmen to fix the interior. If you can finish cleaning out the dirt and sand today, then we can have the shop I repaired by tomorrow and ready for business the day after that.”

As expected of her Majesty, she was quick to act. To have the Empress' support was a fortunate thing, and Falma was grateful for it.

"Let's take a break since it's lunchtime. Everyone, thank you for your work. Truly, I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Yeah, lunchtime had arrived."

"You are very kind."

It was then that they took a lunch break. Falma and Cedric got down and dirty in the morning, so they changed out of their dirty clothes. They then went and ate their lunch at a restaurant across the street.

"Master Falma, it looks like we managed to finish just as dusk approaches."

"It's because everyone came to help."

Just when Falma and Cedric sat down on a bench outside the shop to take a break, a voice called out to them.

"Sir Apothecary, we have a patient. Please help!"

A young woman in a panicked state approached Falma.

"My father who was working under the hot sun has fallen down. He won't wake up! Please, he's just around the corner!"

"Is it a heat stroke? I got it, let's go."

Falma went back to his shop and fetched his medical bag used for house calls, then mounted a horse. The woman also climbed up on the horse.

"Master Falma, are you going to be alright by yourself?"

Cedric called him out anxiously.

"If things get out of hand, I will return immediately to ask for assistance."

“Well then, just leave this work here to me.”

“Thank you.”

Falma rode the horse while being guided by the woman. Soon, they arrived at the top of a hill on the edge of the Imperial Capital. If they hadn't been in a rush, they could've enjoyed the great view overlooking the Imperial Capital. *It should be nearby...* Falma was immediately doubtful. The area was was a deserted and desolate place.

“It's here.”

“Here you say?”

Falma got down from the horse along with the woman.

I wonder if there really is a person who had fallen down. More importantly, what is he doing in a place like this?

“That patient—”

Falma wasn't able to finish speaking before someone called out.

White clothed men riding horses climbed up from the bottom of the hill in formation. The woman had disappeared almost immediately.

It's a trap!

Falma seemed to cringe after realising he was outnumbered.

Every man who was on a horse had a wand. They were clearly combat Divine Art users, and not just thugs who just bully.

“We are the Inquisition officials from the Inquisition Bureau of the Great Church.”

They all wore white clothes with many different features, most of which appeared to be for Anti-Divine Art use. They also wore the armband of the Church Holy Knights.

“Do you have some business with me?”

“By the command of the Great Church, we are searching for a blonde haired boy with no shadow.”

That’s me! How long have they’ve been looking for me!?

It seemed that other than Falma, there were no other children without shadows.

“It was careless of me to be walking so openly in broad daylight.”

“Why don’t you have a shadow?”

The sun was still out, and the sky was clear above the hill. Yet there was no shadow at Falma’s feet. If he had layered his clothing, there would have been some shadows due to the clothes. Though if he dresses lightly, his shadow disappears. Meanwhile, dark shadows fell directly at the feet of the inquisition officers.

“Are you an evil spirit?”

“I am not an evil spirit!”

At worst, I may be a ghost. But I shouldn’t be an evil spirit at least. Is what Falma thought.

“Then what is that!?”

One man grew impatient after they had been stumped by Falma’s reply.

“Raise your hands, and move 10 steps back.”

The man had called out with a threatening voice. Falma was told to move back 10 steps, to an area with flat ground and no grass.

"Arrest! (Arrestation)"

A man shouted out as he jumped from his horse and stabbed his wand into the ground. Then he began chanting a first rate anti-evil spirit barrier. It was a precise Divine Art magic formation that was etched to the ground beforehand, and then activated by pouring in divine power. Red light gushed out from the ground, and then a flash assaulted Falma's eyes. However,

"Wha— What!?"

With a loud explosion, the barrier disintegrated.

"The anti-evil spirit barrier didn't work!?"

"Uhm, I am not an evil spirit."

Those words sounded goofy.

Another man quickly tried to find out Falma's real identity,

"Reveal your true identity!"

"Storm Flame (Tempête de la flamme)"

As soon as he said it, his chant activated a flame which he then launched.

Suddenly, the battle began.

Falma threw his medical bag on the hill, raised his left hand, and chantlessly generated a large amount of nitrogen as he held his breath. At the same time, the surrounding oxygen was also removed from the area around the flame. He had received battle training for unexpected situations from Ellen, as preparation for being a noble. As for

Falma's body which had high defensive power, even if the attack was successful he would hardly be damaged—receiving at most a few minor scratches. Even with Ellen as an opponent, he didn't shed a single drop of blood. Falma was worried as he murmured, "Will I kill my opponent if I go too far?" The flame disappeared before it could even hit him. In order to prevent fainting, he also removed the nitrogen.

"Wha... barehanded!? Negative attribute of Fire!?"

One of the Water Divine Art users fired off an Ice type attack, but Falma eliminated it with the ability on his right hand without difficulty.

"Negative attribute of water too!?"

Normally, Divine Art users don't have multiple attributes, so the men were confused.

Will scattering vaporized anesthesia make them faint? Ah, I would also faint.

*Then, can I make them faint with light dehydration and hypoglycemia? (TL Note: **Hypoglycemia**, also known as **low blood sugar** or **low blood glucose**, is when blood sugar decreases to below normal levels.)*

Falma was trying to explore and analyze how to somehow survive this encounter without hurting his opponents. Though, even if he let them go, as long as his position in the pharmacy was exposed already, the Inquisition will just come for him again and again. He could silence them here, but somebody nearby may have already seen them. Even then, killing them was not an option to begin with. However,

"The order was dead or alive. Kill him."

Ehh —!?

The order to kill was given clearly by the man who had an armband with a double line, which signified that he was the leader.

Heretics must die. That was what was on their mind.

With this, it was highly unlikely to escape without one party getting hurt.

Episode 7

Bone Fracture and the Sanctuary of the Medicine God

The Church.

It was an international group that ruled regions both within and outside the continent.

Even though they are a religious group, their influence was beyond the scope of just a religious organization.

The Church appraises the Guardian Deity of the Divine Art user during baptism which is performed soon after birth. The Divine Pulse would be opened through a blessing and will give them the qualification as a noble. In addition, to those who had been considered to lack the qualities of a noble, their Divine Pulse will be closed by force, and their social position will drop to a commoner. Any nobles who decide to rebel against the Church, are banished for eternity.

When an emperor or a king of a country was chosen, the Church too would present them their royal staff and crown, officially granting them the authority.

Therefore, the power of the Church exceeds that of an empire, and they wouldn't even mind starting an all-out war with the Empress of San Fleuve if they were determined to do so.

The fact that Falma was only a second son of an Archduke, who was only the Chief Apothecary employed by the San Fleuve Empire, didn't matter to the church, as they simply didn't care.

They decided that Falma was a non-human, and would be wiped out as a heretic.

There are a total of seven Inquisition officers riding on their horses. It was a gathering of Divine Art users from all 4 attributes.

Since Falma was feigning to be a Divine Art user of both water and wind, he was fighting back with ease without exposing his secret.

An attack from the ground from an earth attribute user would be defended by laying a thick layer of ice on the ground; the flame from a fire attribute user would be erased with the “Negative” ability; the windstorm from the wind attribute user would be met by the shield made of a wall of ice; toying with the horse using a waterspout to make the rider fall, and attack them physically with ice pebbles to destroy their wands and neutralize them... Alone against seven highly experienced users, the boy jumped around places while showing composure, while the inquisition officers began to show signs of fear and impatience.

The ice barrier that contained Falma’s divine power was much tougher than any metal, as it withstood the brunt of fire attacks and was fully insulated from heat.

In addition to that, the attacks that were known only by the Church, which were meant for crushing evil beings, weren’t of use to them, as Falma was not an evil spirit.

They could only monotonously and simultaneously attack using the 4 basic attributes in a cross fire battle formation. It was probably the first time the seven knights weren’t able to exorcise a heretic.

To prevent them from noticing that he had a material creation ability, Falma fought back with his chantless water Divine Art. Still, because the Inquisition officers exhaust their divine power every time they used Divine Arts, the power of their Divine Arts would decline over the period of battle.

“Wait, this is...”

The Inquisition group was getting exhausted, but it was the complete opposite to Falma, because as he used more of his Divine Art, his physical ability seemed to be increasing. The Inquisition officer sensed that divine power was gradually accumulating around Falma. In addition, it was to be expected that the power of his Divine Art should have decreased, but the divine power within his body wasn’t being sucked dry like theirs.

Rather, the divine power was swelling up inside of Falma, the officers suspecting that it might be flowing in from somewhere else.

“Wai— wait...”

Since a little while ago, let alone having no shadow, Falma’s body began to glow in reaction to the excitement of the divine power.

“Don’t you all look a little tired?”

However, Falma was still continuously receiving successive attacks, only barely able to take a breath. The situation was getting nowhere, and the end doesn’t seem to be in sight. Therefore, Falma decided to threaten them.

He swung his arm lightly up, and drew a line on the air with his left hand.

At the beginning, it was just a line studded with small ice crystals. Before it became enormous with amazing speed along with a roaring sound. In a flash it became an iceberg, so big that it shared the same space as the sky, making it impossible for the them to escape anywhere.

The boy was smiling as the iceberg was floating overhead.

If the boy decided swing his fingers downwards, there was no doubt anymore that everyone would be squished to death by the iceberg.

“Ah... Uwaaaa...!”

The horses began to rampage, and the Inquisition officers were thrown off their seats onto the ground. Just by its presence alone, they lost the will to fight by the pressure of the iceberg that covered the sky. Even if they fired off a large flame in desperation, it was powerless in front of the iceberg that seemed to grow much more bigger.

Ah, now I am completely the bad guy.

While Falma felt dejected, he wasn’t disheartened, since he had already threatened them, he did the job thoroughly. So that they couldn’t escape, Icicles from the iceberg dropped from the Iceberg, striking into the ground, completely surrounding them, amplifying their fear. The Inquisition officers pissed themselves and foam could be seen frothing out of their mouths.

The Inquisition officers were Divine Art battle experts that the Church are proud of. Everyone of them realized it now, in the face of overwhelming difference in ability that they were already resolved to die. Their fate now rest upon Falma's fingertip.

At that time, the body of one of the Inquisition officers was cramping in fear so much that he saw the pale colored glow of Falma's arm that was manipulating the iceberg as a halo.

"I truly do not want to do this."

He called out to them with a well projected voice.

"I came to this world to heal people."

He was granted a second life, and when he obtained numerous abilities, he was aware of his mission. Falma didn't have a wand. He was grasping tightly on his medical bag, since he didn't bring it to protect himself. He truly believed that there was a patient here, and he came alone for that reason.

"If I don't do anything, will you return quietly?"

Both arms of Falma were emitting a pale blue light. Also, it could be clearly seen over the long sleeves of his white gown something that closely resembles the divine crest of the Medicine God. As someone belonging to the Church, there was no way they wouldn't know.

"Inexhaustible divine power, divine crest of the Medicine God, and a body with no shadow... I see."

The leader of the Inquisition officers seemed to have finally realized something.

"We made a mistake. Our eyes were clouded, why weren't we able to see..."

"Wha... Don't tell me."

One after another, the men realized it too.

“A body possessed by a God doesn’t have a shadow. Because that body will glow... That gentleman, is the Medicine God.”

With that, Falma was bewildered as the men began to greatly mistake him for a god. It seemed that the lightning scar with Lichtenberg pattern was clearly visible, it was also the same case for Ellen and his father too. But for Falma, it only looked like lightning scar or fungal infection.

What’s the use of wearing a long sleeved white robe if its visible?

It seems that their guilt began to heat up towards Falma.

“This is a mortal sin. Everyone, submit your life. Because we blasphemed against a God.”

“Wha?, wha wha——!”

The Inquisition officers threw their body to the ground and prostrated themselves with force before Falma.

“God of Medicine, we have done a grievous thing, we are absolutely sorry, we offer our life in atonement, so please calm your anger.”

Because they said it while weeping,

“Well, uhm, calm down at once. Because I won’t do anything.”

They didn’t hear what Falma said and ignored him, while they aimed their wand into their forehead to kill themselves. It seems that it was in their manual that if they commit a mistake that they should commit suicide.

“Wait, you don’t need to kill yourselves! Stop!”

Falma stopped their reckless behavior.

“Just don’t tell the Church, if you all don’t meddle with me in the future, then

everything is fine.”

Falma already threatened them enough, and was about to remove the iceberg. Then, the towering giant iceberg that was floating completely disappeared, and the clear sky appeared overhead, leaving only a small puddle on the ground. There was no trace of the Divine Art at all as if they woke up from a nightmare.

“Will you be able to forgive us!?”

Perhaps because they didn’t want to die, one of the men shot Falma a pleading expression.

“I don’t really approve of reasons such as sacrificing your life to atone your sins of blaspheming against a god.”

The determination of the man prostrating on the ground, who was the leader, was firm.

“After becoming injured like this, it won’t take long anymore.”

When the leader rolled up his robe, the bone of the shin of the left leg jutted out of the skin.

When he fell from the horse, he was probably unlucky to have broken his bone.

“From here on out, my body will fester, sooner or later, I will die. I will take responsibility.”

Falma examined the man’s lower limb with Diagnosis Eye.

“Open Bone Fracture”

Falma held his breath. If a red light burns after the diagnosis, Falma won’t be able to manage it. However, the light that glowed... Was white. In addition, the opened section wasn’t that large, the wound wasn’t dirty, the main arteries weren’t damaged, and if the contamination was low, there was still a chance. If there was sufficient treatment in this case, amputation will not be needed.

“Leg Amputation”

The light was red. If he amputated it, it might lead to sepsis and infection.

“Reposition”

The light was white. It seems this can be a treatment.

Aah... This can heal him.

However, Falma was in the midst of a conundrum.

That is, “Japanese Medical Practitioners Act, Article 17: No person except a medical practitioner shall engage in medical practice.”

As a pharmacist, they are allowed to measure and visually inspect vital signs, examination by stethoscope and at most by palpitation. They are only able to cure what medicines could cure, but anything beyond that was not allowed. It was a criminal act that was prohibited in Japan.

But, should I just leave him alone and let him die? My Diagnosis Eye said that it can be healed.

However, does the Diagnosis Eye say “Falma can heal it”? It doesn’t really give out instructions like “It can only be healed by a surgeon or an orthopedist.” It can be healed in theory, but without knowing that it should be done in a certain way, was completely different than just being able to do it. Falma was a complete amateur when it comes to surgery, and the other person hasn’t gone through a procedure either. Falma was just a pharmacologist. To ascertain the medicine’s potency, it wasn’t always necessary, but he had used animals to test it. He had abundant experience in operating surgically with animals only.

“This is probably divine punishment. Please kill me, taking a glance at you before dying, I am glad to have met a God.”

Even in agony, the expression of the leader of the Inquisition was rather refreshing.

The treatment room of the pharmacy was smashed and not usable. Medique is quite the distance away. If treatment is delayed, it will develop to necrosis, should I just do it here?

Falma created a board of iron on the ground, laid the injured person on top of it and applied anesthesia.

“Forget everything you are about to see.”

Although they were shown the material creation ability, they weren’t afraid anymore. They weren’t suspicious anymore.

“Get a carriage that will transport an injured person.”

“Yes! As you command!”

Grabbing his medical bag, Falma gave a few words to the Inquisition officers, and he took out a clean vinyl sheet inside the bag and pitched a tent, he made a simple treatment room and went in.

He washed his hands with the water generated by his Divine Art, and disinfected his hands with alcohol and wore plastic gloves that was already disinfected beforehand. He took out several bottles of isotonic saline solution that was made of distilled water, and washed the open wound thoroughly. Shaving the section which was dirty with a sterilized knife, he applied an antibiotic that he chose that would work for a wide range of bacteria. While confirming it with Diagnosis Eye, he struck the pin to lock the sterilized stainless steel bolt holding the bones, and he closed the wound while putting a tube to discharge bodily fluids.

I wonder if this is good

Lastly, he examined the wound with Diagnosis Eye.

The white light was becoming dimmer and fading away, although not completely. Will it heal properly? Falma doesn’t know.

As Falma came out of the tent, the Inquisition officers, who were waiting, were prostrating themselves and was offering a prayer.

“God of Medicine, even though we had aimed at taking your life and it’s only justified to kill us for that, yet we received such compassion from you.”

“My expertise is on medicine only, so I don’t know if I have really saved him, but I did all that I can do. Since the anesthesia is still working on the injured person, he is still sleeping.”

He doesn’t know whether or not that person will die, as he can’t see the level of infection. But, he thought it was better than doing nothing. He patted himself in the back but... Him wanting to dabble in surgery without the proper skill was a crime, was Falma thought.

However, who in this world would have the skill with the highest probability of survival?

Who can administer antibiotic during surgery, thoroughly wash the wound, and can close the wound while considering for possible infection?

Unfortunately, Falma was the only one.

Falma had seen the latest surgery data of the physicians of this world from the performance records out of Nova Root Medical University. For open bone fracture, they amputate the limbs without hesitation, cover the wounds with gauze and resigned themselves to fate.

They don’t seem to mind that the wound will fester at all, as a total of 70% of the amputated died from sepsis. Taking in large amounts of potions and painkillers doesn’t make the difference in the death rate. This was common to this world. Even inspecting the surgery records of the Court Physician and the Chief Court Physician, Claude, it was all or nothing that led to unfortunate consequences.

“Anyway, it is strictly forbidden to tell anyone what you saw today. Otherwise—”

He was worried if the last line would be effective at threatening the people of the Church,

“I will curse you.”

He said it with a dominating voice and a straight face.

“Hii, hiiiiiii—!”

The Inquisition officers trembled violently, it seems that attempts to reveal what had happened had been completely discouraged.

To those who believed in God, it was very effective to say a curse of God(?).

However, Falma didn't think that he already assumed himself as the Medicine God with those few words.



By the time the Church's carriage that was summoned arrived, the page of the Empress, Noah, led an Imperial Guard Division of the empire. They rushed at full speed. Noah and the Imperial Guards were fully armed. The first thing they did was to confirm Falma was intact. After that, Noah faced the Inquisition officers and announced himself,

“Gentlemen of the Church, what business do you have to the Chief Apothecary of our empire?”

In a polite and stern tone, he checked the Inquisition officers. They looked at each other, seemed troubled on how to reply. *Something happened here that caused them to harbour guilty emotions*

When Noah was going to investigate,

“There was an injured person here, so I treated him.”

Falma, who had finished tidying up all sorts of tools into his medical bag, responded in a cheerful voice.

Other than anything else, it looked like nothing had happened.

“Why are you here Noah?”

“That over there”

One of the Imperial Guards was pulling Falma’s horse.

“That fellow told me. Horses from the Archduke’s house has been trained well as expected. Because it was agitated, I thought there was something wrong.”

Falma’s horse had received training to tell about the danger and come back to the previous place as soon as something happened to its master. Because only the horse returned to the pharmacy, Noah found something was amiss and rushed with the soldiers.

“Perchance, was it your organization which was responsible for the crashing wagons to the pharmacy? Assuming that it is, I think that our Empress would like to have a word with the Church.”

Noah asked the Inquisition officers sharply, but they denied it vehemently and swore in the name of the gods of heaven and earth. For a while they were arguing back and forth, but Falma saw that the sun had begun to wane and suddenly remembered the pharmacy.

“I will return to the pharmacy. Mr. Cedric and the townspeople are waiting, because we still need to tidy up.”

Don’t move the injured person as much as possible.

Move the carriage to the residence of the de Médicis family, is what Falma said to them.

“Well then.”

When he said it, he swung his medical bag over his shoulder while looking exhausted, and mounted his horse and tottered back home.

Noah and the Imperial Guards were surprised that the Inquisition officers were prostrating and rubbing their foreheads to the ground as they bid Falma off. It was an unprecedented story, the Inquisition officers lowered their head and prostrated to the ground to a mere noble, despite being only a son of an Archduke.

“What was that about? Hey, what was that all about?!”

Noah tilted his head in contemplation. The Imperial Guards also looked in wonder.

After that, although Noah thoroughly asked the Inquisition officers, not one of them were willing to speak out.

Everyone was awfully frightened.

After that, in the report of the Guardian Church in the parish of San Fleuve empire, it said “In the diocese of San Fleuve, there was no heretic or boy with no shadow”, and that was then submitted to the Great Church.

The story about the boy with no shadow was left unsettled, and it was treated as a mere rumor. “Divine power accumulating” and like those in the report was deemed false, so the priests in the Marsielle parish were all subjected to demotion (the accumulated divine power was disappearing recently). The Inquisition officer, who was treated by Falma, took office as the Head Priest of the San Fleuve parish, and the remaining six Inquisition officers were transferred to a different parish. Afterwards, anonymous tips about the child owner of the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy having no shadow were all suppressed by the Head Priest of the parish.

Thus, the local Church deemed the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy as a sanctuary.

At the hill in San Fleuve empire, the accumulated divine power still hadn’t disappeared even now.

Flowers bloomed beautifully there, lush grass grew thickly, it overflowed with small life, it became a healing spot for visitors.

So what else happened there? There was nothing to talk about anymore.

Episode 8

Influenza and the Circumstances of a Certain Pharmacy

It was high noon of the day. A father was carrying a young girl on his back, and was knocking at the gate of a certain physician within the San Fleuve Imperial capital.

“Please examine her! Doctor Donald! Please examine her!”

However the gate of the physician was firmly shut, the silence reverberating inside the clinic.

“I ask of you please! My child has a high fever! This is strange, she’s becoming limp, this is strange!”

The voice of the father that was screaming frantically could be heard echoing throughout the street. Although he had a pitiful expression, passersby just turned a blind eye and went on their way as nobody wanted to be involved.

“The clinic of Doctor Donald is on a holiday until next week.”

A calm boy’s voice was heard from behind the father. Behind the man called Pierre, was a boy who was holding a pouch from a bakery on his way home.

When Pierre saw the boy, he trembled. He was not a simple boy.

Although the boy wore a black coat, within it he was wearing a white doctor’s gown with a stand-up collar, while a golden badge with a crown symbol was affixed onto it. It was none other than the official proof of being a part of the Royal Court Apothecary. The child shop owner of the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, seemed like he just finished shopping and was going back to the shop. It was a pouch from a popular bakery.

Damn, of all the things, a troublesome person had appeared. As Pierre steps back.

“Is your child okay?”

The child shop owner worryingly approached and talked to him.

Third Class Apothecaries and similar of this world would rub their hands as they got closer to examine a patient and would advise expensive medicines, but this boy, he sincerely looked worried. *Is he a soliciting a business?*, Pierre was vigilant.

“We— well... You see...”

As for the father, Pierre, he was an apothecary and a member of the Apothecary Guild of the San Fleuve Empire. For her daughter who was having a high fever, he had used expensive medicinal herb and ointment from the guild, but it wasn't effective, because she wasn't responding anymore. As her state was deteriorating and her consciousness was becoming hazy, he decided to depend on a physician.

I wonder if the boy is aware that I'm an apothecary from the Apothecary Guild, the father suspects. The Apothecary Guild had been openly hostile to the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, as the Guildmaster notified all members to stay away from the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy. Also, he heard that it was the Apothecary Guildmaster Veron's plan to crash two wagons into the pharmacy, which caused the pharmacy to close for two days. Pierre thought it was unfortunate when he heard it and felt sympathy.

However, he cannot disobey the policy of the Apothecary Guild. If one's membership was revoked, their business permit will be confiscated on that same day.

Therefore, being spoken by the child shopkeeper of Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, would be trouble as it would be seen by the surroundings as being close.

“Let me examine your child. I am the apothecary of the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, Falma.”

He opened his coat, and showed his name tag. Although it was natural for pharmacist in Japan to wear their name tags, it was not common for this world. *It's probably pride in his work*, Pierre guessed.

The child shop owner said to follow him back to the pharmacy, but Pierre was reluctant.

“What’s wrong? Your child, seems to be really ill.”

Her face was flushed red, it was clear to everyone she was completely limp.

“Well, but.”

He couldn’t become indebted to the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, but where could he consult a physician? He was going to refuse the offer, but Falma strongly persuaded him to better hurry and so he put on his hat and lowered it to cover his eyes so as not to be identified by the pedestrians as he followed the child shop owner, Falma.

Diversis Mundi Pharmacy closes its gates during lunch break, the shop’s front sign being made of splendid stone. The golden emblem of the Royal Charter that was newly installed was dazzling. Probably because they encountered a surprise attack, there were three Knight Guards in plain clothes. It was a world of difference compared to the father’s dirty and sooty wooden pharmacy.

However, Falma didn’t enter the main gate, as he walked towards the alleyway to the back entrance.

“Please come in over here.”

Ah, a person who looked poor shouldn’t enter a splendid noble’s shop from the main gate, Pierre was ashamed. Upon entering the back entrance, there was a spiral staircase to the second floor. Beds were lined up upon entering the examination room, and Pierre was instructed to lay her on the bed.

“Let us begin the medical examination. First of all, the father should wear this.”

Pierre was handed a mask. To him, he didn’t understand what the meaning of covering the mouth and nose was. However, it was a tradition to abide by the person’s instructions who was conducting the examination.

“We entered the back entrance so as to prevent spreading the disease to other people.”

Falma explained. It seemed it was not because of social status or personal appearance.

Falma’s white doctor’s gown was now visible when he took off his black coat, and he

brought out his note. It was a patient's chart. The name of the child, age, medical history, when was the last time she ate, since when has she had her fever, and so forth were asked in detail. The examination ended with the father questioning the reason behind knowing such trivial matters. Pierre was impressed at the collected article of accurate information.

Falma politely told Pierre to place the little girl on the carrier at the corner of the examination room. When the little girl was placed on the box-type carrier, something like a scale attached on the side of the box moved. The shop owner was reading it.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm measuring the weight."

Isn't weight measured in a scale balance, Pierre was surprised.

"This is called a spring balance. The spring is stretched directly proportional to the weight of the load (Hooke's Law). By converting the extension of the spring to the length of the lever, you can measure the weight by reading the length. The reason why I measure the weight, is to decide how much medicine to administer."

Falma explained fluently while smoothly recording the data. Pierre couldn't believe the child's explanation. Although there was slight anxiety regarding medicine prescribed by a child apothecary, even more so when that child received special education from the nobles, nevertheless that child might be a dependable apothecary in the neighborhood, so Pierre resolved himself.

"Thi— this instrument, did you invent it?"

As a Third Class Apothecary, Pierre was ashamed for being ignorant. He seemed to have realized the difference of education level between a Third Class Apothecary and a Royal Court Apothecary. It was a convention among Third Class Apothecary to roughly calculate children's medicine to about half for an adult. However,

"I made this instrument, but it is not me who invented it, the design was given to the Imperial Technology Bureau and anyone can read it."

Falma was smiling. Falma wrote the blueprint that was on the Imperial Technology Bureau, but the design of the weighing scale was not made by Falma. He paid respect to the original inventor from Earth. "Well then, I shall start examining."

Falma quickly performed tapping, visual examination, palpation, and finally placed his fingers on his left eye. While staring at the daughter, he mumbled and started to chant something. Meanwhile, Pierre can see that Falma's eye glowed in bluish white color, it also seemed to have changed slightly. He knew that noble apothecaries use Divine Arts. But observing the boy using Divine Art for the first time, or was it really Divine Art? Either way, Pierre felt deeply impressed.

Apparently, diagnosis was done in few tens of seconds.

"It's a severe cold."

"Eh!?"

Falma declared. However, Pierre disagrees. Pierre's judgement was that it was not a mere cold.

"Her fever is too high, it does not go down at all! Is that a cold!? She froths from the mouth, and has spasms! Don't you think she's possessed by an evil spirit!?"

When asked to keep talking, Falma said "I wonder if there is a name?" in befuddlement.

"Ah, right, let's try that."

It seemed like he decided an appropriate name for the disease.

"Shall we give it a special name? How about Grippe (old fashioned term for influenza)."

It was a name Pierre hadn't heard before. In this world, common cold and influenza are just called "cold" in the same way, since they can't distinguish between them. *Is that a new name for the disease?*, Pierre swallowed his doubt.

Falma went to the compounding room on the first floor, and brought with him the compounded medicine.

"I will explain the treatment plan and the medicine."

He began to explain with an earnest look.

Pierre involuntarily straightened back. His daughter's whole body was being affected by a microbe which caused the severe cold, so her body increased the internal temperature to fight off and kill the microbes. The cure for Grippe is Laninamivir. The medicine will still work after full day when the symptoms appeared, by taking this first, he thought it was possible to reduce the time for the fever to stay when the medicine would be effective, is what he told Pierre.

"The powdered medicine is breathed in from the mouth? Why isn't there a medicine that can be administered through drinking?"

As for this too, was a medication delivery method that he hadn't heard of. As for this world's medicines, there was only two choices to administer, either by applying it directly to the affected part, or by drinking it.

"This medicine will not be absorbed by the body when drank. By inhaling this, it will stick to the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract, then it will be absorbed."

Falma said that the medicine will help the daughter's body in fighting the microbe inside. It was an anti-viral drug that can also be used on infants, as it has an effect of preventing the cells infected by Influenza virus to be spread outside the body.

"Let's practice the inhalation. A 10 year old child or younger can do it, but it will be slightly difficult."

Falma told the method for the daughter to take it, and after having practiced several times, the powdered medicine was inhaled.

"I think it went well. Next item. It's not a bad thing for the fever to surface, when the fever continues to rise, stamina is exhausted. As for that, this medicine will lower the fever a bit. Although it may not drop that much, let the body rest since the high fever will continue for a while. That is all."

The child shop owner instructed the father without any hesitation.

"Please show your daughter's buttocks and face it towards me. Sideway facing is good enough."

"What? wha, huh!?"

The father's jaw almost fell off.

In this world, it was common to perform a prayer as a folk remedy for the disease. During that time, they sometimes assume a strange pose, however, *however*. Although the father was young, he had a cute seven year old daughter. Even if it was a doctor, showing someone's buttocks to an opposite sex was nothing but an insult.

"How can you suggest that! Is that really a method to cure!?"

Suffering with fever painfully, the daughter's consciousness was faint. The gaze of the boy overlooking the daughter, only shows sympathy towards her. Any wicked intention couldn't be seen.

"I will administer the medicine to lower the fever through her anus. Because she is barely conscious, there is an oral medicine but I have provided a suppository. It would be best if the father administer it, but there is a trick to do it."

The suppository was Acetaminophen. Since she was only seven years old, he made the dosage smaller to be greatly effective. He also thought it would be a bit more comfortable for her.

"What kind of treatment is that!? I've never heard of it! Is it really no use to administer it through the mouth?"

This outrageous medical treatment would soil the chastity of his daughter.

As Pierre began to regret letting Falma examined his daughter,

"The medicines enter the blood vessels immediately because it will be absorbed by the mucous membrane. It's fine if I give her the medicine through her mouth, but it will cause dizziness and make her unconscious."

The explanation of the child shop owner was logical, and it seems he was not joking about it.

"Hmm... is that so."

When Pierre showed his daughter's buttocks reluctantly, the child shop owner quickly inserted a small medicine to her anus.

"Uwaa!?"

The daughter leaked out her voice as she was surprised at the feeling of a foreign substance.

“Aah... What else do I have to say to her. My daughter won’t be able to get a groom anymore...”

He laid the daughter to rest quietly for a while in the bed. And then, the daughter began to breathe like a sleeping person.

In the meantime, Falma poured a liquid into a feeding cup and came over.

“During a fever, large amounts of sweat will come out. This drink will soothe a parched body, please let her drink later.”

It was an oral rehydration solution made with clean filtered water. Falma still uses water made from Divine Art in limited situations when it comes to medication. He used ordinary water which was filtered and distilled. Because the potency of the medicine increases with water created through Divine Art, there was a risk for unknown side effects to occur.

“Well then, I still have business in the pharmacy. If something happens, please don’t hesitate to call me with that.”

The shop owner showed the doorbell and left the room.

Soon after, the daughter’s fever began to fall. And then, with some comfort, she began to respond to her father’s call.

“For it to be effective immediately...”

The medicine that was inserted to the buttocks seemed to have lowered the fever.

Throughout the day, the child shopkeeper even came to check on them for several times.

And he served Pierre and his daughter with food and water, he gently cheered up the daughter as he returns back to the shop downstairs. In the evening, the shop owner came with a medicine bag in tow.

“I think it’s okay now to nurse her in your home. If by chance, her condition suddenly changes, do tell the gatekeepers posted for night duty for I think it’s best they bring you to my house, I will certainly respond to your call even if it’s the dead of the night. Accept this antipyretic, please use it as needed.”

Pierre was worried that they would be abandoned because it was already evening and the store was about to close. Hospitals or pharmacies usually doesn’t accept medical examination during evenings.

It was the reason that there were many commoners who died during evenings. For Pierre, it was an unbelievable quality service.

“Thank you very much, how much do I owe you? Also, if I can’t afford it, I will borrow from my relatives.”

Because they accepted proper treatment, he wanted to ask how much it would cost. Pierre believed that the sales of his pharmacy dropped sharply was because his customers were stolen by Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, he may not be able to afford the medical cost due to running out of money.

“One bread will be enough for me.”

“That’s, that’s too cheap!”

After paying, he asked if this was really okay, the child shop owner just nods.

“Rates for children are cheaper compared to adults.”

At first children are free of charge, but the Empress said to just charge a little for the medical examination and cost of medicine.

“Hope she gets well soon.”

The shop owner said some pleasantries as he saw them off.

The medicine was effective, the shop owner was humble, and the shop was clean.

“Ah... No wonder my customers were stolen.”

“Huh?”

“Oh don’t mind it, thank you for all of your help.”

Pierre reflected upon this taste of defeat.

Rather, he felt refreshed with this recent experience.

Pierre left the pharmacy carrying his daughter on his back and disappeared into the crowd.



One week later, at the headquarters of San Fleuve Apothecary Guild, dozens of apothecary representatives were gathered in the conference room as the monthly assembly was being held.

“All of the stores experienced a sharp drop in sales across the board?”

The guild leader Veron, who was inquiring about the slump in performance of the guild affiliated stores, was not amused.

“It is the fault of the pharmacy that was off-limits.”

“That’s annoying! It may just be a hobby of a noble, but it’s really getting on my nerves.”

Diversis Mundi Pharmacy. At first they assumed that the off limits noble’s pharmacy with an eccentric name would go out of business immediately when it was founded. So the Apothecary Guild took a stance of wait-and-see. However, what they came to realize was that the opponent was very tough, as it transformed into an unprecedented threat.

Although it was a noble’s shop that was formally called a Royal Chartered shop, the pharmacy had no shortage of customers that were commoners. In addition, there were queues of people waiting outside the shop for their prescription. They don’t complain either, as they just chat while waiting in line. There was an awning outside the shop, with chairs for the patients, all lined up. They were served with water and candies while they waited.

In less than half a year, the second shop that specialized in cosmetics and skin care, Medique, was made public. It was said that a third shop that specializes in dental care would open soon.

The most humiliating thing about it was that Vernon's wife bought whitening cosmetics from Medique in secret. Recently, her white skin was always pointed out and praised. He smashed it all and threw it away.

"The re-opening of the business was strangely quick."

"I wonder if it has to do something with the financial power of the Archduke. Since that pharmacy is backed by the famous Royal Court Apothecary.

"The Empress too. Ever since that incident, Imperial Guards were patrolling that area every day."

It was said that it only took two days to recover from near total destruction. Because the wagon that crashed the shop was extremely contaminated, they estimated it would at least take the pharmacy out of commission for a month, it seemed that estimate was too optimistic. Of course, it was Vernon who hired people of the underground organization to crash the wagon.

Whether you knew it or not, Vernon's pharmacy had received a three week business suspension as pinpointed by an imperial edict. It was because it was exposed that his pharmacy was selling medicine containing lead that was prohibited. Not only that, from some reason the Church often comes to do spot inspection, the Head Priest of the Diocese of the Imperial Capital can be seen frequently in and out of Diversis Mundi Pharmacy. With these, he can't touch that pharmacy anymore.

In any case, when Diversis Mundi Pharmacy was established, the sales of the shops affiliated with the Apothecary Guild suddenly dropped.

40% of their customers were taken. Their regular customers also went to Diversis Mundi Pharmacy.

In addition, products that contain mercury or lead were prohibited by the Empire through an Imperial Edict, so they can't deal with some medicines containing those anymore.

“Her Majesty must have been brainwashed by that pharmacy.”

Veron bitterly said so. The other members also agreed.

“What do you think, Mr. Pierre of Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy?”

Among the apothecaries who were bad-mouthing Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, he asked the poor apothecary, Pierre, who just sitting on his seat and kept silent, for his opinion. Pierre’s shop was the first one to suffer from decreased sales because it was the closest to Diversis Mundi Pharmacy.

Since Pierre was silent the entire time, it naturally attracted attention.

“What is your opinion? Isn’t your store the one that got heavily affected by this?”

Pierre was suddenly cut-off.

“Who among us apothecaries have ever entered Diversis Mundi Pharmacy?”

“I won’t even dare to go there since that is business competitor.”

The apothecaries snickered.

“You should at least go and see it once. It almost looked like a sanctuary.”

Pierre stood up vigorously from his seat.

“Once you visit that place, you will understand the feelings of the customer as to why they won’t come to our shop anymore.”

“Don’t tell me, Pierre... Did you go to that pharmacy?”

A directive had been issued that they shouldn’t go near that place. Breaking that directive was going against the guild’s policy... The assembly hall was in uproar.

“Yes, I admit I went there. I went to that shop.”

Pierre said passionately.

How good was the treatment provided by the shop owner of Diversis Mundi Pharmacy? Lets just say that after Pierre's daughter recovered, he made up his mind to revisit the pharmacy. He looked at all the items that was sold in the shop, and bought numerous candies. He listened to stories directly from the patients who visited the pharmacy. The child shop owner said hello and asked "Did your daughter recover?", and they chatted for a while.

The more Pierre learned about the shop, the more he felt that this pharmacy shouldn't be ostracized and all pharmacies should become like this one. He thought that it won't be profitable because the medicines were cheap, but due to the sheer amount of customers that came, it made a profit. The apothecaries should humble themselves and insist on letting the pharmacy teach them the medical treatments and medicines sold there.

"On the contrary, just look at us. We can't even diagnose properly, we don't know proper treatment, we don't even offer words of consolation, even if we didn't know if the medicinal herb we sold could heal a patient. Deceiving people to sell at expensive prices is already akin to fraud."

"What did you say?"

Vernon scowled.

"Although we have healed some, it was just a fluke. We have left many people dead. Because we can't use Divine Arts, we are only forced to sell common medicines, and it's only a poison that worsen the symptoms if it wasn't made properly."

Pierre raised his voice.

"Everything in that pharmacy is totally different from our own! Reasonable, advanced, and really serious to the patient's well-being."

"Argh—, that's enough. I understand what you want to say, leave the guild immediately."

Veron told him in a mean-spirited manner. Pierre was expelled from the guild headquarters.

On that same day, the business permit of Pierre's pharmacy was taken away, his medicinal herbs and medicine was confiscated by the guild, and his business ruined. A dilapidated shop, Pierre sat down in front of it in an utter daze crying manly tears. At that place, a boy in black coat and a girl with pink hair, who was holding a bag of bread passed by.

"Ehehe, I bought lots of raisin bread, Master Falma!"

"Each person will have three piece, then I have one promise to do for that patient."

"Understood! Each person will have three pieces."

It was the owner and an employee of Diversis Mundi Pharmacy who passed by. Both of them were going back joyfully from shopping on a popular bakery.

"Oh? What happened to you?"

Falma noticed Pierre, who came to his pharmacy a few days ago, slumped on the ground, and called him out gently. He noticed immediately that the business permit from the Apothecary Guild was missing. Falma guessed that the business can't continue without the permit from looking at the ruined store. He also thought about the possibility that the cause might be because Pierre received treatment from Diversis Mundi Pharmacy.

Pierre was a coward who even hated being pitied upon, and was unable to face Falma.

"Without a permit, I am unable to do business. Will you listen to my circumstances?"

Pierre told him in summary what had happened in the Apothecary Guild. About how he told the other apothecaries regarding the new medicines sold in Diversis Mundi Pharmacy and how much good it would be to learn new treatment methods.

"Is that so..."

"I will move to another country and work as an unlicensed apothecary."

It was almost the only road left for him. Still, the type of medicine he can sell will be limited.

“Can you open your business if you entered another guild?”

Falma asked.

“But, only those in the Apothecary Guild can sell medicine. If I can’t join there, there’s no guild that I can join anymore.”

And Pierre drooped his shoulder. As if waiting for his words, Falma did a cheerful proposal.

“A few days ago, a pharmacy guild that manages new medicines was established.”

He got permission from the Empress to establish a guild. In cooperation with Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, they will train people on the formulation, and be able to open a store. *Would you like to join the Pharmacy Guild that manages new medicine and not the Apothecary Guild?*, is what Falma proposed to Pierre.

“Does it need an expensive membership fee?”

“It’s free of charge. You are also free to leave anytime you want.”

“Will it also require several years of internship?”

“You will be trained for 2 months, you will be able to see the formulation and a manual will be given afterwards. As for the other things, there will be regular classes so you will have to attend, and I will be periodically visiting around the shops to offer guidance.”

Formulation of modern medicine was difficult, and it’s dangerous to immediately dabble in chemistry and pharmacology without the other world pharmacist.

However, even if they aren’t a pharmacist, they can still sell it, in Japan it’s the equivalent to OTC medicines (over-the-counter medicines), a registered seller like a convenience store can even sell it. If they have mastered how to use it properly, each pharmacy that was helped with the otherworld system would be able to stand on their own. Even then, the potency of the medicine would be far higher than those in the Apothecary Guild. Also, it can be cheaply stocked.

“Bu— but...”

Pierre can't believe what he heard as his shoulder trembled.

"Yes, you can do business if you receive protection."

"I, I, I will look forward working with you...!"

It was at that moment that the first member of the Pharmacy Guild increased by one.

Episode 9

The One Possessed by Evil Spirit Left the Cage

Falma de Médicis, shop owner of the Diversis Mundi Pharmacy and the Royal Court Apothecary, was the first member of the Pharmacy Guild and also the de facto Guild Master. Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy was renovated after two months.

Now, the remodeled Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy was a pure white shop, a complete makeover from its previous state. There was no rush in opening, so they decided to take their time. The shop owner, Pierre, featured a curving mustache, a fresh hair-cut, a neatly sewn white medical gown with a nameplate and a badge signifying his status as an authorized seller. Starting from today, he will sell new medicines in cooperation with Diversis Mundi Pharmacy. He learned the knowledge on how to use the medicines, and the craft of customer service. He also learned business management. He had learned all the things that was necessary.

Knight Guards in plain clothes were dispatched from Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, their order was to guard this shop with scrutiny.

This was to prevent any potential thefts of the medicine and to hamper the potential harassments from the Apothecary Guild.

Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy sold a variety of things; more types of cough drops than Diversis Mundi Pharmacy offered, wafers with iron and calcium, antipyretic analgesics, eye drops, and all sorts of vitamins. Diversis Mundi Pharmacy specializes in compounding sophisticated medicine for specialized patients, who were seriously ill. On the other hand, Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy aims to differentiate itself by handling colds and the flu, relatively common diseases, and nutritional supplements. The number of patients had swelled in Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, to the point that it became too much to handle for both Falma and Ellen, which resulted in patients not getting examined. A decision was made to move some of the medicines to be sold at Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy.

A few days ago, to improve PR, leaflets were spread out, indicating that Diversis Mundi

Pharmacy had opened a new pharmacy which they recognized as a business partner. Patients who had relatively mild symptoms with their chronic disease would be sent to Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy.

“Ah, finally. I wonder what would happen today.”

Pierre suddenly became anxious, wondering if any customers would come. Will the customers come from Diversis Mundi Pharmacy since they were selling almost the same medicine? Will he be okay without Falma?

Will he be able to manage properly? Will he be able to explain the effects of the new medicine?

His anxiety just went on. The other day, Pierre couldn't sleep a wink.

But, how about just open it now?

Outside the gate of Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy, many visitors had lined up before the opening that it covered the whole alley.

Pierre sniffed as he opened the gates with trembling hands, and bowed to the customers deeply.

“Welcome to Apricum per Foliis Pharmacy.”

After that, Pierre was entrusted by Falma and was inaugurated as the Guild Master of the Pharmacy Guild. The new Guild Master Pierre was so dissatisfied with the way that the Apothecary Guild conducted business that he personally recruited apothecaries who were on the brink of closing due to poor sales, and increased the members of the Pharmacy Guild to seven.

All pharmacies of the Pharmacy Guild were remodeled with the same process: large open gates, thoroughly clean, and an ingenious plan to serve the patients.

The apothecaries who came to handle the new medicines from the Pharmacy Guild were lively, content, and motivated.

After all, the formulation they learned from the two months of training from Falma showed that those medicines were indeed effective.

Medicine that would be effective for everyone!

Previously, this was an uncommon occurrence.

To work or not to work, such things were almost like gambling based on rules learned through experience. It was not unusual for a pharmacy to be set on fire or an apothecary to be murdered for selling expensive medicine that was not effective. Because of theft, the risk in being resented, and exaggerated large sums of reparations, medicine costs inevitably rose. Commoner physicians and apothecaries were like moneylenders, it was a corrupt business that was hated.

However, after reopening the remodeled pharmacies that were owned by the members of the Pharmacy Guild, they had an increase in repeat customers.

The patients trusted the apothecaries with words of gratitude, as the apothecaries prescribed medicine tailored for the patient.

Even without being greedy, profits came in.

“Thanks to Master Falma’s benevolence, I don’t feel guilty towards the patients anymore.”

Pierre thanked Falma when they came across each other. It was also thanks to that day when his daughter was suffering from influenza and the nearby clinic of Doctor Donald.

Let us build a bronze statue of Master Falma for his service in the entrance hall of the Pharmacy Guild, was what Pierre enthusiastically proposed during a regular meeting,

but sadly, Falma personally rejected it.



Meanwhile in Diversis Mundi Pharmacy.

“Seems like Master Falma is getting busier...”

Lotte looked worried as she was looking at Falma that fell asleep while he was organizing medical records.

“Really. He is expanding the business to fast... Is it because the Medicine God dwells in the body of a child that the god was tired?”

While Ellen was looking down on the exhausted Falma, she was worried that although Falma had the ability to heal people, was there really a medicine that could heal him? Falma said that both medicine and poison wasn't effective on his body.

If there was a medicine that could heal the Medicine God, he would surely feel some gratitude. Ellen reflected upon it, and didn't forget to thank the Medicine God in her mind. She didn't know if it reached him.

“Eh? What are you talking about Lady Eléonore!?”

Lotte innocently asked Ellen. Lotte believed the Falma was Falma.

“No, this is nothing. Thinking about the patients who are suffering, don't you think it's an injustice to leave them alone?”

Ellen was being evasive.

“At least, we should be able to do something about the procurement of materials, we want Falma to devote himself to medical treatment and compounding.”

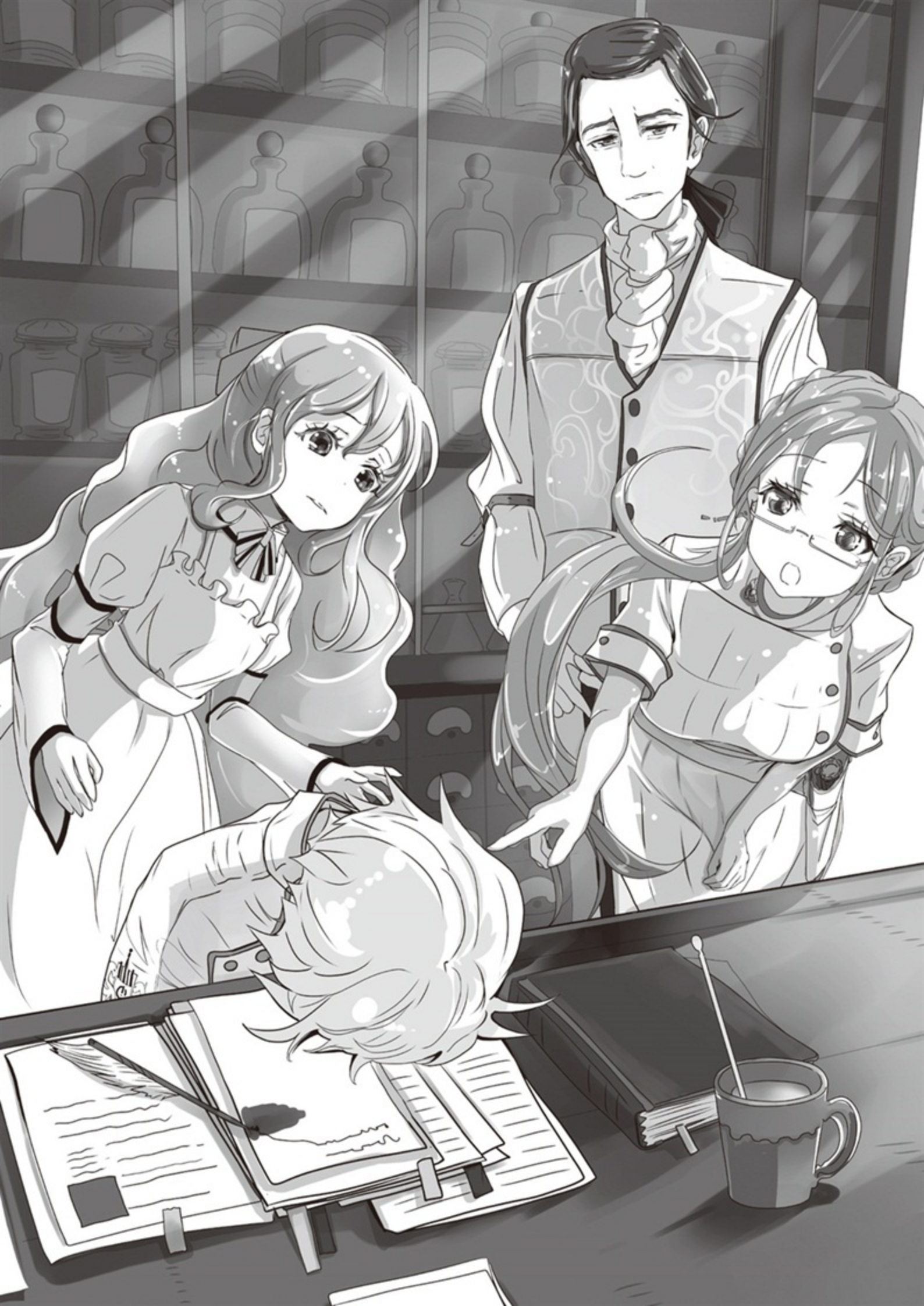
Cedric seemed to worry about Falma too. Cedric's knee recovered with Falma's medicine and had been walking without a cane for a long time now.

“Despite that, there is almost nothing that little Falma cannot synthesize. I believe I can compound alone in the fourth floor laboratory, but he won't even show me the methods or teach me. I already asked several times. Although I could help him, it's

frustrating.”

Lately, Falma was working overtime everyday. Until now, the medicines prescribed by Diversis Mundi Pharmacy was created alone by Falma using raw materials supplied by business partners. Because there are also medicines mixed with herbs supplied by the Marseille province, some compoundings are left to Ellen. Falma also works on Saturdays and Sundays, working overtime until late at night, and would come early in the morning to stay at the laboratory to produce materials for the medicine, and would accommodate off hours medical treatment for patients who took a sudden turn in their condition. That was his daily routine.

Although Falma has a wellspring of divine power that was inexhaustible, his body still gets tired.



“Did I fall asleep?”

Falma raised his half asleep face while the desk left a mark on his forehead. Lotte covered Falma’s shoulder with a stole so he won’t get cold. *(TL Note: A stole is a woman’s shawl, especially a formal shawl of expensive fabric used around the shoulders over a party dress or ball gown.)*

“You had a long nap, did your consciousness fly off? You looked tired.”

Ellen was rubbing the mark on Falma’s forehead with her fingers.

In his previous life, he had the habit of gathering work immediately as soon as he becomes idle. And then, he was overconfident with his physical condition as a pharmacist. As a result he made a big mistake.

So although this time he should be spending his life not overworking, Falma admonishes himself for not doing it that way.

Am I working too much?

As to Falma’s daily work schedule,

Diagnose difficult patients that Ellen can’t handle, then write a prescription and give it to Ellen

Make raw materials to be used on medicines for Diversis Mundi Pharmacy and each member of the Pharmacy Guild, the specialty cosmetic store Medique, and the specialty Dental clinic 8020.

Regular examination for the Empress, the Prince, and the courtiers.

As for the things that occur irregularly:

Public health lecture hosted by the Empire.

Management of Pharmacy Guild

Holding of training for junior apothecaries, and distributors lecture.

Coaching the member stores of the Pharmacy Guild.

“Hey, aside from me, you should increase the apothecary in Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, why not take in an apprentice? Once you put up a system to teach the next generation, your life would become easier.”

Ellen gave such a proposal. Falma had a brain with the pharmaceutical knowledge of new medicines, and being the only one on this world was the only fatal flaw. In this situation, this put too much burden on Falma, as he felt that he was close to collapsing from the pressure on his shoulders.

“That is my intention. Because once the pharmaceutical company is done and it’s able to operate, I will begin to make chemosynthetic medicines. I also intend to do other things too.”

Soon, the pharmaceutical pharmacy will rise, so Falma was thinking of attracting local and foreign talented engineers and researchers, and will try to teach them little by little the necessary pharmaceuticals to manufacture medicines.

The sales of Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, funding from the Church, financial assets of the Archduke family and funds from the Empire was all invested unsparingly to the pharmaceutical factory in Marseille Province. It was being constructed at a fast pace. Once it was constructed, it would be possible to distribute from the production base, giving Falma some extra time.

“In San Fleuve Pharmaceutical University where my teacher, Lord Bruno, is the president, have many excellent students. Even I have taken some apprentice there.”

Ellen was Bruno’s best apprentice, she was also an excellent First Class Apothecary that she had three apprentices. Because she was busy helping in the pharmacy, she didn’t pay attention to them anymore and entrusted them to Bruno, she said that he may employ them for the pharmacy.

“All right, I will talk to my father about this now.”

Since Falma became an independent Royal Court Apothecary, he thought that he was ready and it might be okay to borrow his father’s influence and position. His father also may mutually benefit from him.

“By the way, isn’t there anything else that’s necessary for the pharmaceutical factory? I should get it now before it’s too late.”

Ellen wanted to push forward the preparation much earlier.

“Sophisticated glassworks, and after that I want to hire some engineers with blacksmithing skills.”

Without the laboratory equipment for organic synthesis to make medicines, the factory won’t operate.

“Those aren’t sold anywhere?”

“Because I want to request something of unusual shape.”

In Japan, a graduates of pharmaceutics and organic chemistry have skills in simple glassworks. But, it’s not possible for them to create flasks, test tubes, adapters, funnels, condenser tubes and the likes. Professionals in the glassworks were necessary.

“Little Falma, only the best of the best engineers can realize your ideas.”

Ellen was worried. Falma would want to employ an excellent engineer so she thought he would definitely spend lavishly.

“It doesn’t need to be the best, an engineer that have high degree of workmanship will be enough.”

“There is an Archduke, who is a Medical Flame Engineer, an expert in making laboratory tools for physicians, an alchemist and an apothecary too. That person can make glassware and also metal works, and made the tools of my teacher. But doesn’t accept request from the commoners, but I think that person will take it with the connections of my teacher, Lord Bruno.”

They decided to be introduced at once using Bruno’s connections. Because it takes time to make the tools. The factory wasn’t complete yet, but if they don’t place the request now, it won’t make it in time.

“Archduke Mélodie Le Roux.”

It was a lovely name that belies a remarkable engineer.

“A female Archduke?”

When he inadvertently mumbled it, Ellen responded in shock.

“I think you should have known it, Archduke is a title bestowed to an individual person rather than the head of the family. It doesn’t matter if you are a man or a woman.”

“Is that so...”

“That’s why it’s possible that two or more Archduke can appear in one family. Little Falma, once you become an adult, you might get the rank of Archduke.”

“That is awesome, Master Falma! Once that happens, let us have a party! With a grand feast!”

When Lotte heard that he could become an Archduke, she was in high spirits. Lotte was filled with strength when it comes to grand feast.

“Enough Lottelita, you are too hasty.”

Ellen seemed to be convinced that it has already been decided that Falma will be conferred the title of Archduke. While she was at it, Ellen expects that after Falma’s death, the Church will canonized him as the incarnation of the Medicine God or might be deified.

Archduke Mélodie Le Roux was residing in the suburbs, it seemed she had not received any work for this year. Falma and Ellen exchanged words with an old steward acting as the mediator at the entrance of a splendid castle

“Just a moment, she is resting right now since her body was ill.”

The butler wasn’t very clear with his words.

“We are apothecaries, if there are no family physician or apothecary, let us examine the body of Archduke Mélodie.”

They already came at the right place, so Falma suggested to do the medical examination.

“No, for such a reason...”

“But, isn’t her condition bad? Is there a family physician?”

Ellen approached the steward. As an apothecary, she yearns to be able to help some patients, so she ask how bad the condition was.

“Whatever the condition of Archduke Mélodie is, we will keep it a secret.”

Falma guessed that there are some complicated circumstances at the other side, so he promised to adhere to strict confidentiality.

“Well... I understand. If... If you can sincerely help Lady Mélodie, I request that you please do so. Please don’t be surprised when you see our Lady.”

They were guided to a tall circular tower in the middle of the castle. Climbing the long spiral staircase, they finally arrived at the summit.

“How come this place exists?”

No matter how you look at it, that place was a prison tower. At the center of the double-layer stone jail was a chair and the young Archduke Mélodie was restrained with a chain, crestfallen and dejected, she was sleeping. Her hands were tied behind her back, and her body was bounded tightly to the chair.



“Why is she such in a state!? What caused her to become like that!? Isn’t she a sick person!?”

Falma yelled when he saw the inhuman treatment.

“It’s not what you think, Little Falma. Look at it closely...”

Ellen felt something different, and argued against Falma.

“Lady Mélodie is possessed by an evil spirit.”

One day, Mélodie began to scream cryptic messages. Arguing and being violent towards guests, breaking things, hitting her head on the wall, and going on a rampage. Mélodie was a powerful Fire Divine Art user. When she goes on a rampage, it was said that she burnt everything.

“If there is an Inquisition, she will be subjected to torture or will be killed. That’s why...”

They had to unwillingly do this.

“But, isn’t she able to use Divine Arts? That is, she wouldn’t be able to use it if she was possessed by an evil spirit.”

Falma precisely pointed it out.

“I don’t understand it... How can the appearance of the gentle Lady Mélodie changed so much... I really hate evil spirits.”

The steward was wiping the corner of his eye.

“I want to lay her down in a comfortable position, but the bed, and even the quilt was unwittingly burned.”

Mélodie’s glossy silver hair was cut short. It was said that when she went on a rampage, her long hair was burnt.

“Is she like this all the time?”

“Not all the time. Her condition changes from day to day, when her condition is bad,

she is like this... Today her condition is not good. Her using fire arts when she goes on a rampage will lead to her self destruction, so she had to be confined to this double-layered room.”

“And I assume when she does terrible things, it gets more and more worse.”

Falma asked the steward and wrote down Melodie’s medical history, age, eating habits, lifestyle, and the likes. He then activated his Diagnosis Eye. Falma suspects it might be an illness that concerns the brain.

As expected, blue lights were glowing around the brain.

Schizophrenia, nervous-breakdown type

The light turned white. When he recited several antipsychotic medicines, the light completely disappeared. The medicines were effective for schizophrenia of the violent type.

“We can cure her.”

Falma said so, while rustling inside his medicine bag.

“Eh?”

It was common sense on this world that once possessed by an evil spirit, it cannot be cured. There was no choice but to have the Inquisition officers torture the person to exorcise the evil spirit in the Church. If it fails, it was almost impossible to recover. There were also people who lost all hope and died in the middle of torture.

“You are going to exorcise the evil spirit? With the power of the Medicine God?”

Ellen whispered to Falma.

“It’s not an evil spirit, it’s an illness. There is a cure for that.”

“That is an illness!? Are you crazy!?”

No way!, Ellen was astonished.

“It’s a mental illness. With these symptoms, it will fall under the mild category. Therefore...”

He turned towards the steward.

“Please untie her chains and let her out of the prison. Also, serve her warm food and please lay her down on the bed.”

Falma was a godsend to her since that day, as he prescribed antipsychotic medicines to her.

Falma went to Mélodie’s place almost everyday listening to her story, doing delicate counselling, and made a rehabilitation program. Little by little, Mélodie began to regain her original personality. She stopped acting violently. By the time her hair grew a bit, she became gentle, and she began to show a smile.

Now, her condition entered the recovery phase from the acute phase. Ellen said “There was really no evil spirit as it was an illness...” with an astonished face.

Mélodie, as the steward said, had a very gentle personality.

“Thank you, Lord Apothecary. I already thought that since I was possessed by the evil spirit, that it was better to just die.”

“I will do some follow-up to prevent relapse, I will prescribe an appropriate medicine if there are signs of relapse.”

“With this, I am relieved.”

Mélodie was satisfied.

“Perhaps Lord Apothecary had some business with me.”

And so, one day, Mélodie asked Falma. Because she heard from the steward that Falma asked for Mélodie as the Medical Flame Engineer. During the time he was doing treatment to her, he never mentioned about the important matter.

“If I am mentally stable, will you give me your request?”

Being told that by Mélodie, Falma handed the request form that he had prepared. At that moment, their relationship was not of a patient and an apothecary, it became a relationship between an engineer and a client.

Glasswares and metal instruments that she had never seen before were drawn on the request form. Because the dimensions, materials and methods were all there, she understood how to make them.

“I think these instruments are very difficult to make. So I understand if you can’t make these things.”

Falma was aware that it was a very hard challenge for her. It was good enough to make her aware of these things.

However, Mélodie shook her head to rebuke him.

“I will show you my best fire Divine Art and will definitely meet your demands.”

Mélodie looked at the request form and declared with self-confidence.

“All your orders will be delivered.”

Few weeks later, complex glassware to be used for organic synthesis that was requested was delivered to Diversis Mundi Pharmacy. The workmanship wasn’t inferior, it was more splendid than what Falma imagined.

Episode 10

Divine Medical Wand and the Homecoming of Palle de Médicis

“Master Palle will return home the day after tomorrow. The Head Chef had informed me!”

Lotte told Falma cheerfully as she was cleaning his room.

“Eh!? Brother is coming back!?”

Palle de Médicis, aged 17, was the older brother of Falma who had the misfortune of his first name literally being ‘pills’, was coming back.

“It’s been almost a year already. He has been busy with studying and training.”

“Because of that, there will be a feast the day after tomorrow! There will be lots of desserts too.”

Um, I should ask the Head Chef. And Lotte was smiling from ear to ear. She decided to be hungry tomorrow and was enthusiastic. *However, the Head Chef will heartily feed me bread before the feast, because I will be hungry at that time,* as Lotte became cautious.

“Good for you, Lotte. Since it’s your growth period right now.”

Falma felt pleasant talking back to Lotte.

“It’s also your growth spurt, Master Falma! Do you still remember Master Palle?”

“Is that so?”

Falma sometimes recalls the memory of the previous host of his body, but they were only fragments and didn’t have any memory regarding his older brother at all. He may recall something if he meets him directly.

“Master Palle had inherited our Lord’s excellent Water Divine Art and used it to train hard Master Falma. Lady Blanche too.”

Terrifying, so terrifying, mumbled Lotte as she shivered.

She spoke about the terrifying matter, saying that Palle had beaten them viciously without holding back and that Bruno scolded him saying “You went too far”.

“He trained me and Blanche so hard? Be that as it may if it was me, but even Blanche too?”

“Master Palle said it was a whip of love. However, Master Falma’s and Lady Blanche’s Divine Art had tremendously improved all thanks to Master Palle.”

It had become like an annual event. Every time Palle returned from Nova Root Medical University, it was to conduct harsh training on both of them in the name of checking progress.

Falma wanted to be spared from suffering, but escape was futile; according to the information from Lotte, Palle would chase him to the ends of the earth if he tried. By the way, it was said that Falma had received broken bones when Palle was at his worst.

“By the way, I thought Ellen was the one teaching me Divine Arts?”

“Both of them are teaching you. Ah, while Master Palle and Lady Eléonore are childhood friends, they are also eternal rivals. Please be careful not to talk about it while both are present if you can.”

Palle and Ellen are of the same age. Both of them are very prideful, each of them thinking that they are the best apothecary and Divine Art user, so they would naturally compete against each other.

“Thank you for your valuable information, Lotte.”

It would have been a disaster if he stepped on that land mine.

“Come to think of it, my body is getting dull.”

It would be vexing if I get beaten up overwhelmingly, so I should train again, and so he went out to the courtyard and fired off many water divine arts repeatedly with his

silver wand.

Unfortunately his wand broke right in half during his practice.



“Eeeh!? You want a new divine wand? You don’t have one now?”

The next day, Ellen heard the story in the pharmacy and yelled in a loud voice.

“When I was training alone yesterday, it broke. I only have that one, that’s why...”

If you do not have a wand, your elder brother will beat you half-dead, was how Lotte threatened Falma, so he was in a hurry to procure one by the end of the day.

“If it isn’t a combat-grade divine wand for high-caliber Divine Art use, it might just get broken again.”

The wand was primarily used for medical care, with little focus on actual combat use. The structure of the apparatus was delicate, to the point that it wasn’t able to handle Falma’s divine power. And so Ellen came to the conclusion that, the Imperial Capital didn’t have a divine wand that was suitable for him.

“Little Falma, why do you want a wand right now? You can still make use of your Divine Art and Skills without a wand. Wouldn’t it be just an obstacle because a combat-grade divine wand is too big to carry?”

Certainly, Ellen always carries around a big divine wand which can be used for both medical and combat purposes. It was constructed to be folded so it would be easier for her to carry.

“Didn’t you always tell me that a noble who doesn’t carry a divine wand is not a real noble?”

Divine wand is for creating Divine Art by transmitting divine power and invoking divine skill, if you can use Divine Art without restriction, it is not necessary, explained Ellen.

“Well, but I really want it.”

“If you want it so much, why don’t you look at the divine wand shop that made Her

Majesty's wand? But I think it's very expensive."

"I will go there during lunch break."

"You're awfully in a rush, it's not a good thing to choose a divine wand in a hurry. You should mull over it for quite a while over several shops."

Why is he so adamant about this?, Ellen wondered. He didn't tell Ellen that it was necessary because his brother was coming back. Because every time she heard anything about her rival, it just invites trouble.

"Excuse me, Medicine God. Are you in search of a divine wand?"

The Head Priest of the Guardian Church interjected as he was listening at the corner of the pharmacy. Every time the Head Priest was on break of his duties in the Church, he would come to the pharmacy almost every day. And, for some reason, offer a prayer (probably to Falma), buy a medicine and drank the free water. Although he was a respectable customer because he buys medicine, both Ellen and Falma cannot help but feel that his main purpose coming here every day was to offer his daily prayers.

"Ah, yes. Please stop addressing me that way."

No matter how many time Falma had heard it, he couldn't accept it. Of course he was never called in a way that the other customers could overhear. Every time the Head Priest called him, Lotte just stared blankly.

"I have called upon a treasure worthy for the Medicine God in our Church. I shall bring it immediately."

There was a secret treasure called the "Divine Medical Wand", as it could withstand all four attributes of Divine Art, and was also able to function as an offensive weapon and a medical wand. There seems to be a tradition to change the treasure enshrined at each guardian church in rotation, the Head Priest did a huge favor.

"You are going to lend it to me? I'm afraid I might break it. It might also be stolen because it's very expensive."

“It is impossible to be stolen, that genuine divine wand is a thing that cannot be touched by a mere human.”

“I can’t use it then.”

Falma became worried. He needs a wand that he can use in front of his brother by tomorrow. Even if he has a wand unusable by humans, it won’t help. He will be beaten half-dead.

“Ha ha ha, that will never happen. You’re just joking. I will certainly be pleased if you use the Divine Medical Wand.”

On that same day, the Head Priest took along 20 Guardian Priest and rode a carriage to the pharmacy. The Head Priest was quick on what he said. It seems it really was a treasure, the number of guards and level of security was on a whole different level. The patients were in an uproar over that thing.

The Head Priest entered the store from the back door, and offered to Falma something like a treasure chest. Inside the treasure box, geometric patterns were drawn tightly, and a chain was coiled around the wand several times, as if it was sealing the divine wand. It was said that the contents of the chest could not be touched by humans.

The Divine Medical Wand was as tall as an adult person, it was made of bluish crystal material, there were beautiful decorations, and there were several clear crystals in the part of the handle.

“It is an entrancing beautiful wand. There are also five clear crystal gems attached to it.”

Ellen leaked a sigh as she looked at the expensive jewels.

“What are these crystal gems?”

According to what Falma had heard, the crystal gems stored divine power, making it convenient when applying *boost*. You could call it something like a divine power battery. It seems that the bigger and more clear the gems that were attached, the more powerful the Divine Art that could be invoked. That being said, the gem was almost entirely transparent.

“Weeeelll, will you accept it little Falma? Will it be free? Aren’t you glad your old wand got broken?”

Wand enthusiast Ellen was being immature and jealous. Because she devoted herself to collecting rare wands, it was a given that she’d be envious. Right now, the one she was carrying to use everyday was a long wand which had two blue crystal gems, but the size of the gems were quite small.

Falma put his hands inside the treasure chest and took off the chain that bounded the wand tightly, and then picked up the wand with both of his hands. The wand was surprisingly light. As soon as Falma held the wand, the wand brilliantly glowed like a pale blue neon.

“OOOh, it is as I had expected. That wand is rightfully yours my Lord.”

Strong feeling of gratitude came out from the Head Priest. Even though there was religious meaning that an owner of the wand had appeared, Falma wasn’t concerned about it.

“Would you like to hold it too, Ellen?”

“Eh!? Are you sure!? Wa—! Let me feel it just a little bit—!”

When Falma gently gave the wand to Ellen’s willing hands, the wand lost its glow, slipped through Ellen’s hands and and fell on the floor with a thud.

“Huh!?”

Falma and Ellen raised their voice at the same time. Ellen was taken aback in surprise that her glasses dropped on the floor.

“This is why I have said that the wand cannot be touched by humans.”

The Head Priest laughed with relish. He said that wand was not something of this world. It seemed that the wand can be retracted from as tall as an adult, down to a dozen centimeters.

“I see—. As I have really suspected little Falma, you are indeed—”

While looking at Falma picking up the wand uncomfortably, Ellen nodded suggestively.

But the Head Priest saw Falma as eager to touch the wand.

Lotte was the only one who didn't understand the situation, "I wonder why Master Falma can touch the wand that couldn't be touched by humans" as she looked puzzled. After that, because she didn't understand even if she pondered over it, she went to the third floor kitchen, prepared tea and served it to the Head Priest.

"Holy Father. Perhaps this wand has the power of levitation?"

Falma had noticed it immediately. When he was holding it, he felt that the levitating power was enough to lift his body.

"Yes, It should be able to give you the ability to fly if you applied strong divine power. It was written on the ancient texts, everyone tried but no one has accomplished the feat yet."

Witches soar through the sky straddling a broom, would the wand also fly if he sat on it? So Falma sat on the wand and applied divine power. Then Falma began to float in the air. All the people who saw it were surprised as as they screamed in a loud voice.



“How can a wand fly? I never heard such a thing.”

Ellen stepped back a few steps unsteadily.

“I guess there was no precedent since there was no human who can pour out that much divine power.”

“Leaving that aside Lady Eléonore, you have stepped on your glasses, again.”

When Cedric pointed out the unfortunate event, Ellen screamed with a “Kyaa—” as expected. It seemed that Ellen would drop her glasses every time she lost focus. *If the temple of the glasses was firmly secured over her ears, it wouldn't fall off so easily*, Falma thought. Even so,

“It seems that I can save time going to Marseille province or to a house call.”

Travelling using a horse takes time.

“If an apothecary visits for a house call by flying, wouldn't the patient die from being shock and awe?”

Ellen was seriously worried about that.

“Thank you for this wonderful gift, Holy Father.”

“I am happy that you are pleased. That is a very precious treasure of the Great Church. Oh, that reminds me, perhaps the Medicine God can read the divine letters of the Great Treasure. No matter how many scholars have gathered, we still don't know what it meant.”

The Head Priest excitedly spoke about it.

“Great treasure...?”

Eeh!?, both Ellen and Cedric was in awe. Even those two were unaware of its existence...

“Please take a look at the Great Treasure in the Great Church just once. A small plate-

like translucent treasure, bluish color, it had an elaborate picture of a black haired person with a holy crest.”

“Huh, it does sound like an ID card.”

Falma was intrigued. Thinking about it, he had yet to meet a person with raven black hair in this world. As for what was pictured in that card, would that be of Asian descent?

“But if I went marching to the Church headquarters, wouldn’t I just get killed?”

He wanted to make peace with the Inquisition. He fights as not to gravely injure his opponents, and having constantly being troubled by any threats would wear him out. *If I explained it to them, there won’t be an Inquisition anymore*, the Head Priest would like to make an introduction,

“If it is known that the Medicine God lives in your body, there is a possibility that the Great Church will worship you.”

“Damn.”

Falma unintentionally showed his disgust.

Being identified as something like a Medicine God , I better stay away from the Great Church., Falma reminded himself.

“I will order my subordinate, who is an engineer in the Great Church, to make an exact replica of the great treasure, so you will definitely see it at least once, I want you to read the characters.”

He was told it would take several months for the replica to arrive.



“Palle de Médicis. I have returned home.”

The next day. Accompanied by three servants, the brother of Falma, Palle, came home triumphantly after a long journey riding a warhorse. A boy with long silver-hair and blue eyes, but unlike Falma, his lean toned body gave off an intrepid atmosphere.

He greeted his parents first.

Bruno concealed from Palle the fact that Falma became independent with the Empress personal approval as a Royal Court Apothecary and founded a Royal Chartered pharmacy, until Palle graduated from Nova Root Medical University and earned his qualification as a Royal Court Apothecary.

Palle will be home for a week, let alone him being the heir, if he learned that Falma became a Royal Court Apothecary without graduating from college, Palle will lose motivation to study and may drop out from the university, was what Bruno said. Falma too thought the same and he agreed.

Palle, who was oblivious to everything, came to Falma's room acting all arrogant as the big brother.

"How are you doing, my little brother!"

"It has been a long time, dear brother."

Falma wanted to hear the details of Palle's journey, what he learned and his dormitory life in Nova Root Medical University, but first, there seems to be a tradition for the older brother to rough up of the weaker younger brother.

"All right! I'm going to toughen you up until dinnertime! Have you gotten a little more bite to ya?!"

"It's raining outside, can we just do it when it's sunny?"

There was torrential rain with roaring thunder outside. Falma wouldn't catch a cold, but his brother definitely would. This was because his big brother had a bit of nasal voice.

"You think I'm going spare you because it's raining? We are going to get soaked anyway since we are going to exchange Water Divine Arts. I thought Eléonore taught you something, but you're getting weak-willed. I'm going to whip you up to be strong willed!"

So the older brother was a hot-blooded man, or rather, a terrifying muscle-brain.

Falma was taken by force by his brother to a wide open field within their residence

while there was still a downpour. It seemed that Blanche succeeded in escaping. That was because she always played a very enduring battle of hide-and-seek with Lotte a lot.

At least I'm going to spare us from competing in this downpour.

Falma suddenly stopped the heavy rain with the negative ability of his right hand.

"Huh? The rain stopped. Well this is more appropriate anyway. Take out your wand, I'm going all the way."

Palle pulled out an expensive looking long black combat wand attached with two red crystal gems, while Falma took out the Divine Medical Wand, which he obtained yesterday, from his waist and it attracted his brother's sight as the wand extended. Palle didn't know its value,

"Don't tell me you bought that glass wand that's only good for decoration? It seems that you only focus on appearances. I will break that glass wand along with your will."

He got angry. The five clear crystal stones in the Divine Medical Wand can be hidden if it was held with both hands. It seemed that Palle only saw it as a long glass rod.

"Come on, Falma. Let me see your power!"

Palle hoisted his black wand up high, and did a big swing.

"Water Play (Jeux d'eau)"

The big brother was clearly fluent in his spell, he kept waving the wand as he chanted the invocation. According to the Information from Lotte, Palle's Divine Art skills was ranked 1 or 2, even in Nova Root Medical University.

Countless bullets of water attacked Falma while the bullets generated shock waves as it moved passed the speed of sound. Falma seemed to held back his power but he hopped lightly, avoided it, and sometimes striking back with the wand as he defended himself from the attack. Feeding divine power to the Divine Medical Wand made the opponent's attacks look very slow.

“Seems like you’re getting tougher. Great, I’m increasing the pace.”

When Palle saw what Falma did, his fighting instinct started to throb.

“Water Nymph (Naiade)”

The divine skill that Ellen was struggling to use, was activated easily. The water that shot out of the wand became a water giant, its attacks trying to crush Falma.

“Water Tornado (Tornade de l’eau)”

Falma also chanted a spell, the tornado absorbed the attack of the giant. The water just rose up unaffected as it won over the giant,

“Water Sanctuary (Sanctuaire de l’eau)”

Falma surrounded his brother with a water barrier. As soon as Palle’s movement was sealed, he created a water cannon inside the barrier and broke through with sheer force. This brother isn’t bad either.

“Master Palle, Master Falma. It’s time for dinner.”

By the time sunset came, the butler, Simon, came to call them over with horses. The brothers attacked each other until they became soaking wet. They fought on for approximately an hour. The older brother was badly bruised while Falma was unscathed.

“You’re... quite... good.”

While pointing at Falma, the older brother fell, sprawled out on the grassy plain.

His face was blushing red and was running a high fever. It seemed he had caught on a

cold from earnestly training while soaking wet. Although Falma treated his brother's bruises on the spot, he thought that it was better to let the fever run without curing it.

"Oho, it seems like it's Master Falma's victory this time."

The butler was twiddling his mustache with a smile.

"I don't think I could say this is the end of it."

Although a powerful accumulation of divine power occurred in the grassy plain, no priests were present, so nobody took notice.

"*sigh*, the Head Chef has done it again."

That day, Lotte ate freshly baked bread as part of the Head Chef's strategy, she thought. She said "Great Feast" but her stomach wasn't able to hold it all.

Episode 11

San Fleuve Grand Market and the Dark Rumor

“And you see, I went along with it because Maria insisted, but...”

It was the third day after Palle, the older brother, came home. Palle had repeatedly told the story about how he parted with his 9th girlfriend; Falma was already fed up with hearing it and cut him off immediately, while Blanche already went back to her room stealthily and slept.

“Anyway, tell me about the stuff you learned in the lectures at Nova Root Medical University.”

Falma cut to the main topic after patiently listening to his brother, who was like an honors student at his university, talk for three hours about his chivalric romance with a woman late into the night. It’s true that his muscle-brained brother was a young man so enviably beautiful that it can cause nosebleeds and easily enjoyed a successful social life. He had so many relationships with women that having a strange name that can also mean The Pill was appropriate for him.

It seems that in this world, women will praise you more if you are skillful in Divine Arts, hot-blooded, and manly. That said, Falma doesn’t have an assertive personality except when it comes to pharmacology.

If I reached a marriageable age, I think I won’t be popular.

He was somehow expecting his youthful days to be ashen. But actually, there were already a lot of marriage proposals for Falma from daughters of very important nobles that Bruno received. As for the person in question, he had no idea whatsoever.

“Oh! The lectures? You really want to hear it? Anyway, I’m learning the world’s most advanced lectures. I think you wont undeeeeeerrstand, I think this is too eeeeeeearly for you. Brother, I totally don’t understaaaaaand, is probably what you will say and then start to cry. Bwahahahaha, little brothers get cuter the more stupid they are.”

“Please teach me.”

Even though Palle keeps on doing it, Falma has the personality to endure even when provoked. Palle would probably be beaten up if he was intolerant. And there was Ellen too, who had no tolerance to being provoked, had previously beaten up Palle after making fun of her. And so it became common knowledge to everyone that they will quarrel with each other every time they meet.

“Very well, this the hottest topic in Nova Root right now.”

Palle took out a textbook with undue importance. The title of the book was “Mystic Elementology”. Falma took it and slowly turned the pages.

“...This is great!”

“I know right? Wait you understand that?”

“Not entirely!”

Falma was impressed. Nova Root Medical University, where the world’s greatest minds gathered, is attempting to establish a field of study based on observation of phenomena instead of speculation by temporarily demolishing the existing Four Elements Theory which was the foundation of Divine Arts, and then replace the mysterious language used in alchemy with a simpler symbols table.

Although myths, lore, Divine Art, and science were treated as a single entity, it seemed that some scholars began to think that deepening their understanding of each individual component would lead to better explanation of phenomena.

For the first time, the genius scholars and the medical alchemists have begun research into the most basic unit of matter.

From alchemy, it became Chemistry.

The bud of Chemistry began to appear. Just like the history of science back on Earth.

You finally did it, Nova Root Medical University. As expected of the place where the world's greatest minds gather!

Falma welcomed this development.

If it reaches to a point where they are able to write chemical reaction formulas, Falma will write chemical syntheses of compounds and send it to a far away place. Those will become manuscripts and anyone around the world can synthesize modern medicine with these recipes.

“Right now, there are 26 elements that have been discovered and corresponding symbols had been created.”

“Really!?”

There are 118 back on Earth, so even if there are only 26 that have been discovered, it is still a big deal.

The text written on the first page was the list of chemical symbols and their names.

Ah, but it has light and caloric in there. Those are not elements, and these 4 are not elements, these are all compounds. Almost got it! So there are only 20 elements that had been discovered.

They made various mistakes like back when chemistry was at its infancy.

If I could just fix the errors... Falma thought about it frustratingly, because the amount of errors were just too many.

If this is how it is, it would be better to quickly write a new textbook. In that case, it would be accepted much easier if I use the symbols that's already being used in this world. Should I copy this?

That being said—

“My dear Brother, is it okay if I copy this book?”

“Huh? This is too early for you. It's because you don't even understand the basics. You see, if you neglect it, you can't put anything to practical use.”

The older brother looked at the younger brother like he was a fool. You're right, therefore I would like to improve my basics, was the refute in Falma's mind that he didn't voice.

"Please my dear Brother, I will definitely study hard."

It can't be helped theeen, don't you dare dirty it! And don't stain it with ink or your dirty fingers! And so Palle lent him the book in a haughty manner. He was a type of brother that was easy to incite to do something.

Back on earth during the medieval period, the center of advanced medical science and pharmacology was in Europe.

However, that position is held by the USA presently.

Probably, no one would mind if the research center of medical science and pharmacology shifts from Nova Root Medical University to the Imperial Capital.

Bruno can gather excellent talents from San Fleuve Royal School of Pharmaceutics, where he is the president, and train them for modern pharmacology. In that situation, Falma will not have to bear the endeavor alone as he can entrust the medicinal drug research to the many specialists. He would also make progress with his own work. Science will grow at a faster rate if there was more manpower available.

"After that, when it comes to a ground-breaking discovery, it would be the Microscope. With the invention of that device, it is now possible to see small organisms that we had never seen before! Can you imagine that!?"

"Eh, really—"

"Your reaction is too weak. Don't you understand its value? Can you even imagine the microscopic world? Bwahahahaha, you probably don't—!"

"That's amazing. I wonder what kind of a world is that—!"

Palle sneeringly laughed at the pharmacologist, who in his previous life, operated on

microscopes of all performance from optical microscope to electron microscope, and was able to observe atoms if he wanted to. It was like he was pushing at an open door.

Even so, it's unlikely that he will know it was me all along.

Palle wasn't aware that it was Falma who sent the single lens microscope to Nova Root. It was no doubt that Bruno and the Royal Court Physician, Claude, pressured Nova Root Medical University to stop inquiring on who invented it.

"Oh, and one more thing. There was a rumor that a special medicine exists for the White Fatal Disease (Tuberculosis)."

Falma was startled.

"As for the recipe, it has not been released yet. Don't you think it's great? There is a possibility to cure someone who contracted the White Fatal Disease, an incurable disease!"

"Eeeh, that's wonderful—"

It seems that the story of San Fleuve's Empress getting sick from the White Fatal Disease didn't spread all the way down to the students of Nova Root. Probably only the upper echelons knew the truth.

It seemed that the private information of the patient didn't leak out.

After that, Palle boasted of Nova Root Medical University's achievements like they were his own.

"It's a good thing to have pride in your Alma Mater", Falma thought to himself.



"Today is Sunday, we will go to the Guardian Deity Church for the Sunday service!"

It was early morning when Palle took Falma and their younger sister, Blanche, to the Guardian Deity Church in the parish of San Fleuve Imperial Capital, where Guardian Deities of all attributes are enshrined. Speaking of which, not once did Falma's father bring him to worship in the Guardian Church, while his elder brother, despite his

looks, was very religious. It was Falma's first time to set foot inside the Church ever since he came to this world. However, it had been a while for Blanche as she looks around restlessly.

"If you don't have the divine blessing of the Guardian Deity, both your study of Divine Arts and academics won't go well!"

I see, no wonder my very self-confident brother was very adept at using his Divine Arts, perhaps it's the result of his continuous worship.

On that subject, even when Falma has the Divine Medical Wand, which increased Falma's physical ability, and Palle having a fever, Palle was able to hold out for a long fight. Falma had glimpsed at his brother's effort.

The Sunday service ceremony was held at the shrine of the Church. Both the nobility and the commoners will visit the shrine.

There was a familiar figure at the altar, it was the Head Priest, who frequently visits the pharmacy.

The ceremony consisted of reading the bible, the sermon, and the blessings, all performed by the Head Priest. The Head Priest became aware of Falma after the ceremony, and was trotting towards him delightedly.

"Has master Falma finally come? I humbly welcome your arrival!"

The Head Priest always tries to persuade Falma to come visit the Church. He said that just by Falma entering the Guardian Church, the church will be purified and it will become a sanctuary. Every time Falma took a step, the patterns embedded on the floor of the Church began to emit a pale light.

Whaaa... It's shining somehow.

Not knowing what was happening, just seeing the eerie changes he caused only made Falma feel some inexplicable anxiety.

"Wai一, you!? Why is the Holy Father addressing you with master?"

Palle was surprised and whispered to Falma asking why the Head Priest of the Guardian Church, the person with the most authority in the Imperial Capital, was

talking to him with such respect. Falma held back the Head Priest as he was about to carelessly blurt out “Medicine God” and told him “Hold on, come with me”, as they distanced themselves from his siblings.

“I am concerned about the condition Divine Medical Wand, how was it?”

The Head Priest wasn’t able to ask about it because the pharmacy was closed for a few days due to Palle’s homecoming.

“I’m very pleased with it. I felt my physical abilities improved just by holding it.”

“That’s good to hear. Please use the wand as much as you want.”

The Head Priest was too generous in lending the wand, which was a secret treasure, to Falma without any strings attached. Falma was a bit suspicious that there might be some ulterior motive. It was certain that part of it was for the treatment of his bone fracture.

“Can I really just use the secret treasure of the Guardian Church? Won’t the leaders get angry that the treasure was forfeited?”

“It will be beneficial to us too. You already create a small sanctuary around you, but with the Divine Medical Wand, it will spread that area more because of its sacred power, that in turn will expand the sanctuary. In fact, this is the proper way to use the secret treasure.”

“Sanctuaries are created!?”

It was the first time he heard it.

“Despite the sick people coming in every day in Diversis Mundi Pharmacy, your personnel had not experienced even a cold. They shouldn’t even be getting minor injuries. This should also be true for the people living around the pharmacy.”

According to what the Head Priest told Falma, evil spirits can’t come near him, which in return will make the people near him less likely to get sick. It seemed that the Head Priest had observed that it was not just a simple case of buying and using the medicine.

“Don’t you think that not catching a cold is just coincidence? Besides that, do evil spirits exist?”

He can only think of it as occult. But the Head Priest said—

“What are you saying, evil spirits exist.”

Like it was just a normal thing to respond.

Falma didn’t want to believe it. Since it was a world where Divine Arts exist, it would be wrong to completely deny it. However, Falma hasn’t seen an evil spirit.

“You know, you don’t need to hide it from me. For I am a priest.”

The Head Priest was being considerate in his own way.

“sigh”

“Is it not inconvenient for you not being able to use your power as much as you want if you keep hiding your true identity?”

“What do you mean?”

The Head Priest seems to be really concerned about Falma, who was purposely evading the issue.

“I am just a humble priest studying theology. If you have anything that troubles you, do please request this Head Priest, Salomon, to help you.”

I may be able to offer you some advice was what the Head Priest, Salomon, told him.

“Although this world has too many impurities, I would like you to stay here for as long as possible.”

According to legends, reincarnations of gods only descend upon this world briefly. They conceal themselves as they hate the impurities in the world.

Falma already planned to live his whole life in this world, but as per what the Head

Priest said, he thought about the possibility that his existence, which was alien to this world, will disappear someday.

Will I disappear in the near future...?

With an unspeakable feeling, Falma returned to his brother and sister.

“What did you talk about?”

“It’s not that big of a deal. Brother, do you believe in evil spirits?”

“Now that you mentioned it, I haven’t seen any since I came back here. Holy Father might have exorcised them already.”

It seems that it was inherent to Palle to see them.

“There are no evil spirits these days. I don’t see them anymore.”

Blanche said the same thing. They said that these evil spirits were black shadows that can be found everywhere, when they make physical contact with a person, unfortunate events occurs on that person. *I have seen a person come in contact with an evil spirit and they died immediately*, Blanche added on.

These siblings are spiritual... Oh! Is my existence then spiritual?

Falma was doubtful.

“This is all because of the gods’ blessings. Let us pray to the Guardian Deities.”

“Yeah.”

Blanche raised her hand too.

They went inside the shrine where the statues of Guardian Deities were worshiped. It was a spacious and quiet place for praying, the light from the stained glass was magical.

Palle closed his eyes in front of the statue of the Medicine God and was seriously

praying. His Guardian Deity was the Medicine God. Because Blanche's Guardian Deity was the Water God, she went in front of the statue that was further down.

As if reacting to Palle's prayer, the hidden lightning-like crest on Falma's both arms began to throb, and the Medical Divine Wand glowed brighter. It seemed like Palle's prayer became Falma's nourishment. *Maybe there is a correlation between the Medicine God and my real identity*, was what Falma had to admit to himself.

Just why am I really in this world?

Falma felt really anxious and lonely that he wasn't able to determine his identity and even his real self was unknown.

Because he died due to wanting to help the people, it might be the reason that it had something to do with the Medicine God.

I don't know anymore. I'll stop thinking about things that I can only speculate on.

...Falma decided to put it off for now.

A week had passed since Palle's homecoming and it was now the day that he will return to Nova Root Medical University.

Falma, Blanche, their mother, and all the servants sent him off. Their father left home early for a medical house visit.

"Well then, dear Mother. I will diligently continue my studies."

"Make sure to study hard."

Their mother was sending off the brother that grew up splendidly while holding back her tears.

"Falma, Blanche, both of you stay healthy. I have to return quickly."

"Is there something you need to do?"

Falma asked.

“If I can’t meet Natalie at least once a week, she will definitely cry from loneliness! It’s so hard to be so popular, Bwahahaha.”

Damn that womanizer, was what Falma was thinking while waving goodbye to the horse. But as he was about to send him off,

“By the way, Falma. The San Fleuve Grand Market will be in the Imperial Capital next month.”

Suddenly, Palle remembered something as his expression became serious. The San Fleuve Grand Market was a yearly grand market exhibition that lasted for a month. Merchants from all over the world would gather and conduct a large wholesale market that last throughout the night.

“You need to be careful.”

As for what Falma needs to watch out for, he had no idea at all. Because the pharmacy’s reputation had began to spread outside the empire, he had to be careful about theft of medical supplies, but Palle didn’t know that Falma had opened a pharmacy.

“It seems that an epidemic of a strange disease has occurred in one of the large island colonies of Nederground. It looks like that 10,000 colonists died.”

“Was it a local disease, or something else?”

“I don’t know the details yet. The Nova Root Investigation Team had brought back some samples and were researching it at the university. But the two scholars who were researching it had died.”

Was it something infectious?

Falma became more vigilant.

“Since the bodies of the scholars and the specimen samples were incinerated there were no more victims, and the colonists ended up being wiped out, therefore Falma, you have to be careful. Since commodities will come from all over the world in the Grand Market. I heard that a ship of Nederground loaded with tradable goods from that island is missing right now.”

He was insinuating that payloads loaded with pathogens might have mixed within the trading vessels of Naderground and might be coming to the Imperial Capital. The only place in the empire where Naderground trading vessels are authorized to dock was in the port of Marsielle.

It definitely must be stopped before it docks.

Falma became anxious.

“Brother, about the sample taken from the patient, was that completely incinerated and nothing remained?”

“Nothing was left, it was incinerated using Flame Divine Arts. Not even bones were left. Even the specimen room where they worked was purified with Wind Divine Arts and was sealed.”

Nova Root Medical University probably decided that it was something they can’t manage.

It was certainly safe to incinerate the samples. Falma asked Palle about the symptoms and how the scholars died. The more Falma listened to the symptoms, the more he felt something bad will happen.

Don’t tell me...

“Now that you mentioned it, there still exists a sketch of that organism from the specimen samples using the microscope.”

Falma’s single-lens microscope had unexpectedly become an immediate and effective asset in Nova Root’s repertoire.

“Dear brother. Will you somehow be able to copy the sketch and send it in a letter via a carrier pigeon?”

“You want it? For what purpose?”

“I would like to investigate it with father.”

“Is that so? Certainly, father might know something.”

It seemed that Palle greatly revere their father, who was an Archduke. They said that Bruno's reputation had even reached Nova Root.

Nova Root was too far to fly to using the Divine Medical Wand. Since Falma can only levitate at best with the wand, it would be faster for a carrier pigeon to do a long-distance flight.

"I will copy it when I get the University President's permission."

Falma entrusted Palle with getting the most important information.



It was 2 more weeks before the San Fleuve Grand Market. Even if he advises the Empress to stop the Grand Market now, cargos from all over the world would still arrive.

Even if the worst doesn't come, Falma thought they should start taking countermeasures against infectious diseases as early as possible. Even if the outbreak had ended on that island, there must not be another outbreak started by the cargoes that reach the Empire.

Falma went back to his usual work in the pharmacy, just dealing with the critically ill patients and sending the milder cases to the guild affiliated pharmacies, as he directed the establishment of a quarantine station at Marseille harbor. He also hastened to complete the compilation of basic chemistry and modern pharmacology textbooks. Even if Falma disappears from this world, the people of this world will still be able to heal other people if there are textbooks to help them. It was all because he expects trouble.

The carrier pigeon that he waited impatiently for from his brother had arrived. Opening the letter, Falma was petrified.

So, it even exists in this world...

He wasn't certain though. They said that the specimen of the pathogen had been

incinerated, and there are bacteria that were similarly shaped, perhaps this was another type since this was a parallel world's pathogen. He didn't want to declare any conclusion until he checked it with his **Diagnosis Eye**.

Nevertheless, Falma was able to recognize it.

Deducing thoroughly from the symptoms that he heard from his brother, the drawn sketch of the long cylinder bacterium was—

Plague Bacillus (*Yersinia Pestis*).

It was the cause of the once feared Black Death that was widespread during 14th century medieval Europe which caused the death of 30% of all its population, the most horrific pathogen to torture mankind in its history.

The mortality rate of the Bubonic Plague was at 50% to 70%, and it will develop into a more serious Pneumonic Plague.

At this point, the mortality rate is 100%.

Episode 12

The Landing of the Black Death

“What an amazing achievement, and yet, it has not been a year yet”

Empress Elizabeth II, she raised a voice of admiration after receiving the report of the annual statistical report on the birth rate and mortality rate of the imperial city from her aides at the seat in the large conference hall inside the court. The Empress was very content. It is because, the mortality rate of the imperial city this year has decreased nearly 20% compared to last year.

The mortality statistical number of deaths in each regional city has the same standard as last year as usual, but only the imperial city has suddenly changed.

“This number, only in the imperial city, is this not the result of the different world pharmacy and the dispensing pharmaceutical guild that cooperating their business?”

“Is this not clear even if you do not see it with a favorable eye”, Elizabeth claimed.

It means that since pharmacist Falma had become a royal court apothecary, starting from the invention of the microscope, he did all of this within a year.

The foundation of the Different World Pharmacy • General Head Office, and numerous invention of new medicine.

Regulation on human body use of products containing toxic substances such as mercury and lead.

Opening of the medicated cosmetic specialty store”MEDIQUE”and oral care specialty store”8020”

Establishment of the Dispensing Pharmacy Guild, and the sales of new drugs at guild franchise stores.

Opening public health lecture.

On top of that, he visited the free dispensary operated by the Empire, prescribed medicine for patients, and also instructed doctors about treatment.

Taking account those, each one of them is a merit of good service. And to be able to do all of that for a mere one year, it is not a human's skill.

And also, did the public health lecture and invention of the microscope revealed the idea of microorganisms prove to be successful; the people began to pursue cleanliness, and the number of epidemics that had occurred in the imperial city is now considerably low. They have been worried about epidemic cold every year, but this year, this also became limited to a small scale.

“Ha! I can not speak lightly, but, I also agree”

An elder subject who was conservative and hard to please, Secretary of National Affairs, Sir Philipp also finally recognized Falma's achievements.

“You Sirs also think like that”

“It is very natural, Your Highness. If the success in the imperial city spread through the regional cities, the prosperity of the empire would be solid”

Even Secretary of the Interior Sir Yoan, nodded to the Empress's question. Yoan is, a minister that was reluctant to give a pharmacy that a child shopkeeper would run the Imperial Sanction of the empire.

Noah who has been promoted to a semi-knight from the Empress's page, was relieved that Falma's accomplishments which were being strongly reproached to the Empress by her aides were finally recognized in public.

“If that is so, I need to give rewards once again”, the Empress started to leave aside the meeting, and ponder in her head.

“Is granting Falma a noble rank too early, Berenice?”

“Mr. Falma has yet to be an adult, so under the Empire's laws, granting ranks to minors

are not permitted”

Berenice, the beautiful female Minister of Justice who have been just inaugurated this year dissuades the Empress in a hurry. With the intention, “We will be troubled if the Empire’s laws are changed so easily”. By the way, Berenice favors using MEDIQUE’s medicated soap.

“Umu, it is still really too early huh”

It looks like the Empress reflected that it was too rash.

“The reputation from the citizen of the imperial city is also excellent”

Secretary of National Affairs Philipp, he hears its popularity to the mass. Patients treated by the different world pharmacy, other than those seriously ill and were on the verge of death, there are almost no deceased. Also, Philipp himself has a sickness of goat, and it has become his family pharmacy. In the position of a patient going to take medicine every week, there is no way that he could criticize the main doctor.

There is an inhuman thing that possesses the boy apothecary Falma.

Elizabeth was gradually gaining the conviction for that. Elizabeth, she has known Falma who had frequented in the palace following his father Bruno to train since he was 8 years old. However, she could only look at him as if the personality he had at that time itself was a different one.

“The thing that possesses him should not be made clear”, that was Elizabeth’s view. There is a guarantee that the out of standard divine powers that is hidden within him is not evil, and if the thing that possesses him is a God or a sacred spirit, they would dislike it if their identity was exposed by humans. And just because their identity was found out, it might leave the human world.

So there, Elizabeth, she made all preparations so that Falma was able to easily move in the imperial city. And when his will was followed, this quick results also did.

“Well then, is the preparation for the San Flueve Market organized”

“Ha! No change over last year. The guild in the imperial city and the merchants, they are busily preparing their goods. Foreign merchants has also started to gather”

Minister of Finance Sir Elman, while adjusting his black-framed glasses, he reported the situation of the preparations to the Empress together with his market inspector subordinations. The Empress, she suddenly remembered and asserted.

“Keep in mind to not allow any mess of public morals in the imperial city. Additionally, the ones who would cause problems, beat them out of the imperial city regardless of their status”

“Ha, we will strictly regulate them. There is one thing, that bothers me”

Elman has seen through the foreboding that did not exist last year beforehand.

“Looking at the peddler registry that we have, it seems that there are many foreign medicinal wholesale dealers and advanced apothecaries this year”

“Is it not for purchasing the medicinal goods of the Different World Pharmacy and the pharmacies affiliated with them.”

It could be seen that their aim is to bring back the medicinal goods to their country, and sell them at a high price to royalty and titled nobility. However, the Different World Pharmacy where Falma is the shopkeeper is a prescriptive pharmacy, so he would look at the patients, then prescribe medicine. If the patient is not present, he would not treat them, and would not sell.

On the other hand, on the dispensing pharmaceutical guild, even though they are not selling medicine that is not as high as the Different World Pharmacy’s head store, they ones that they handle are drugs that have good effects, so the merchants probably aim to buy those and return.

“While the market is opened, the medicine from the Different World Pharmacy should be targeted by apothecaries coming from other countries. That pharmacy is our Empire’s treasure, and wealth. Pharmacist Falma and the ones affiliated with him, we shall not let them go. Send the best guards to Falma as an individual, and secure each and every one of the pharmacy’s staff”

The Empress's aim is to bring Falma on her side, let him freely create medicinal goods, and maintain the Empire's external competitiveness and national interest. The Different World Pharmacy, and the medicinal products of the related pharmacies, they shall bring the Empire enormous wealth.

"As you command"

The aides completely agreed to the Empress.



"The black plague might come, mixed within the cargo of the San Flueve Market"

At that time, Falma ran into the San Flueve University of Medicine's president's room, and told his father about the looming threat of a terrible plague. His father is busy with his administrative work and research as the president, and has not returned to their mansion.

"Umu, the country of Nedale's colony island was eradicated because of a mysterious plague huh. It has also reached my ears. The origin of the disease has yet to be found even in Norbatz, you think that it is the black plague"

The pest, the black plague it is called in this world, it is an epidemic that lastly appeared 210 years ago. Bruno has deciphered past literature, and recognizes the fear of the black plague. It is said there were dark violet colored stigmas that would remain on the patient's skin, and that which was called as the black plague had tremendous infectivity, and it was only when several cities including the patients were burned to destruction using flame divine arts that it was settled.

"I am thinking that it is the black plague"

"The black plague is deep-rooted. It is written in literature that it would seem that it had settled, but would relapse many times. Some of the cargo that was traded from the plagued island, it might have entered the imperial capital through the land. The

merchant's ship that would sell directly from that colony should arrive at the port of Marseille”

“It would be post fact report, but I will instruct to set up a quarantine station in the port of Marseille”

“Umu, a good decision”

Bruno assessed Falma's measures.

“If the black plague enters the imperial capital, it would be the end of the imperial capital”

Bruno said, medicine that heals the black plague does not exist, and the only thing the doctor and apothecaries was only to count the number of deaths. If the black plague occurs in the densely populated imperial capital, the reality of the downfall of the empire will increase.

The empire's calamity would be needed to be scorched by the flames of divine arts.

“After all, we do not have a way to fight against the black plague”

“No, we can fight”

Falma answered immediately.

“Is that true?! That is an incurable deadly disease that no one knows its true nature”

It looks like Bruno was overwhelmed by Falma's words.

“We can fight. Just like the time with the white plague, I have a weapon”

The effective drug for the plague is an antibiotic (anti-bacterial drug), there are many drugs that was developed on Earth, and there are even many choices..... however, in this situation where the Marseille Pharmaceutical Factory has yet been completed, in the level of this world's laboratory, there was no drug that can be mass synthesized that can be prepared within a few days. Since antibiotics are things that can be extracted from microorganisms like fungi or bacteria, as long as this world's

culture technique are prepared, any country would be able to handle it.

But, the preparation time this time is only several days. They could only rely on Falma's substance creation ability.

"H-How are we going to fight....."

Bruno couldn't think of how at all. This world's scholars does not even know what the black plague uses as an intermediary to spread.

"The specific medicine, has already been prepared."

Falma prepared synthetic antimicrobials.

The one he chose was Sparfloxacin (SPFX).

It is a drug that prevents the bacterial growth, by preventing the synthesis of Pestis' DNA.

It wasn't an injection, and could be taken orally, so that made it convenient. The risk of using an injection is high, so Falma did not want to use it before the technical foundation is in place. Taking this drug once a day is enough. There would also be cases where side-effects would occur, but that would be photosensitivity, and as long as they would not be exposed to sunlight, and as long as the pharmacist controls the medication, it is not something very serious. With this, he would be able to leave the medicine guidance to the pharmacists of the dispensing pharmacy guild who are studying everyday.

Falma created this sparfloxacin using substance creation beforehand.

Because its structure is complicated, it made him use a lot of concentration, and while getting exhausted, even so, he still prepared the amount that 1000 patients would completely heal.

Immediately, he conducted a prescription workshop for the new drug, and instructed the pharmacists on how to look at the patients and how to prescribe. Although he

could not do it with all of the pharmacists. The pharmacists that had just joined the guild, and has immature knowledge and skill were forbidden to handle it.

In case that the plague would appear, he strictly ordered to offer the new drug sparfloxacin for free. For strong infectious diseases like the pest, it is important to not mind the value of the medicine and use it without hesitation.

Right now, he is currently leaving it to them the division and distribution of the medicine to the related pharmacies. Even if the pest does not occur and it was not needed for this time, it is a drug that can be used for other epidemics, so the drug would not be wasted.

The pharmacists of the dispensing pharmacy guild were filled with trepidation, hearing that the black plague that was once a nightmare would reoccur.

“We have prepared the cure, in the pharmacy stores in the imperial capital. Not letting anyone be infected, that is our first fight”

Falma and Bruno summarized the preventive measures and advised it to the Empress.

- . Restrict the San Flueve imperial capital's castle gates, and limit the merchant caravans entering the imperial capital through land to several places.

- . Establish a quarantine station equipped with a microscope microorganism inspection testing department in the castle gate.

- . Thorough enforcement of cleanliness by distributing water that is created by water divine arts users to the citizen of the imperial capital, and let them use that for washing hands and showering.

- . Exterminate rats and fleas in each household, and stores.

It was probably because Falma and the Empress have trust relationship from every day. The Empress promptly issued a decree, just like “Let's do it, let's do it now”. The

hygienic environment of the imperial capital that was gradually being improved, due to public health lecture of the different world pharmacy where Ellen was the instructor, that made citizens enlightened, it was improved further at the last minute. The extermination of rats was done even cleaning out the underground waterway. The kids and cats were catching rats very vigorously.

The quarantine station, it was done by rotation of pharmacists of the dispensing pharmacy guild that has been taking classes everyday. They are temporarily hired by the empire, and using the simple inspection kit and microscope that Falma prepared, they were trained on how to discover Pestis. There are already 19 stores participating to the dispensing pharmacy guild. They would inspect the cargo that peddlers have, and would continue to prevent the invasion of pathogen in the imperial capital. The guild master Pierre leads and supervised them, helping the inspection.

The temple who had heard the situation from Falma; Head Priest Solomon of the diocese in the imperial capital gathered wind divine arts user who is excellent in purification techniques from Guardian Temples in various places, and thoroughly purified the imperial capital.

And Falma and Ellen, they were in an intensive watch in Marseille region.

Only the port of Marseille would have vessels from the country of Nedale entering, but many ships with cargo that came from all over the world would gather to make it in time to San Flueve Market.

In that port of Marseille, the discontent of the ship owner and crews were exploding.

It is because Falma kept all vessels that were about to enter the port of Marseille stop on the sea, and quarantined them without letting them approach the pier.

It is the sea quarantine that is common sense in Earth.

Falma rides in a boat to the large sailing ship that comes from various countries and places anchored at sea. He examined all of the crews if they were infected by the pest using his diagnostic eye, and Ellen and a first class apothecary who are wearing clothes with an antibacterial agent, and his father's subordinate that is a flame techniques user wearing a protective clothing carried out microorganism tests on the cargo.

And, with the ships registered as the country of Nedale's, it was detected that about 2% of the ships were infected by Pestis. There were even infected crew, and people who had died. Falma immediately sent a carrier pigeon to the imperial capital, and informed Bruno this message. "Strengthen the quarantine".

When the Pestis was found, the flame techniques user incinerated it, and Falma annihilated the Pestis relying on the Medicine God's Staff's divine powers.

The carriers were isolated, and were given an antibacterial drug.

"I cannot believe this, to think that the black plague would really resurrect"

Ellen couldn't help herself shudder that if they did not have Falma's antibacterial drug, the port of Marseille would have become a port of death a long time ago. And that, they were able to stop it in the waters like barely crossing a tightrope.

However, despite their struggles, the sailors was not even able to understand was the quarantine was for. The ships that have anchored for even two days, and the ones who were impatient to unload were showering jeers and complaints to Falma and the rest.

"Hurry up and let us unload. There wasn't a quarantine until last year right, the Lord of Marseille is crazy this year"

"I need to unload by today. I had arranged a carriage"

"Let us go first, its fruits, our cargo will rot"

"Why the heck is a kid with the apothecaries who quarantine, what he heck is going on in the San Flueve Empire"

"Wait for your damn turn!"

Falma and the rest had quarantined with almost no rest, but it would be the best if

they were able to quarantine 20 ships, and even so, the vessels aiming for the San Flueve Market comes one next to the other. The ships that want to enter the port of Marseille had gone up, and the discontent of the sailors, had now become something uncontrollable.

“How noisy you are..... should I make you shut up for a bit”

Ellen readied her staff, and when she was about to show the selfish and stubborn ships the water divine arts they needed, cannon shells bombarded the sea, raising a large water column. Ellen has yet to shoot her divine art.

“He?”

Ellen fixed her glasses. Falma also covered his ears to the loud sound.

“Stop fussing around! If you want to enter the empire’s port, follow the empire’s rules!”

A loud threat. Looks gathered to the direction of the bombardment. And then, four beautiful large sailing ships, with a flag with the emblem of the Empire and the letters S.I.O in their flagship, appeared with an air of composure. There was a sniper with his muzzle aiming from the mast, and the porthole is open.

From the bow of the flagship where tens of portholes were loaded, the San Flueve Empire Chartered East Idun Company (S.I.O) Combined Fleet Admiral, Jean-Allan Gabin was looking down with crossed arms.

A regular customer at the different world pharmacy, a lover of the “sailor’s candy”, old man Jean.

He is the Admiral of the East Idun Company that would even make crying kids shut up. When he heard that the child store owner of the different world pharmacy Falma, was doing his best against the sea roughnecks for the sea quarantine of San Flueve’s port, he brought a battleship.

“Listen you bastards, clean your dirty darn ears and listen!”

Old man Jean's voice echoed very well on the top of the sea. Falma who was looking at him from a boat, looked at old man Jean who was wearing admiral clothes differently. It's because the regular customer who he knew, usually wearing one tattered shirt and who was kind and friendly, had changed into a devilish admiral.

“The ones who want their loads thrown to the sea, name yourselves damn it——!! Fire ——!!”

The portholes blew fire again, and water columns raised.

It's just exactly, to the ship carrying tea that Falma was about to quarantine. If this continues, it would be like the Boston Tea Party, or you could say Marseille Tea Party.

There were no longer ships who shows rebellious attitude to the large battleship's admiral.

Just like that, with the imperial fleet glaring at them, the small and medium-sized ships from various countries tamely received the quarantine.

“Jean-san,..... no, Admiral Jean. Thank you for helping”

In a timely moment to take a break, Falma got on Admiral Jean's ship, and said his thanks.

“Well, don't worry, it's nothing at all. Rather than that, how long will the pharmacy be closed. I am, oh I'm a little lonely”

It looks like Admiral Jean wants to buy the sailor's candy not on the cooperating stores, but on the different world pharmacy.

“Thanks to your place's candy, the sailors that scurvy had decreased. Next time, I'm thinking of buying candies on bulk, for the crew of the ship that is going in a long voyage”

Admiral Jean who said that with a great smile, doesn't seem like he was just buying candies as a hobby. He gives them to some sailors who would go on a long voyage, and

tests their preventive effect.

“I will be waiting for your order”

“Can you please make that after the San Flueve Market ends”, Falma added.

When the sea quarantine of the ships that are entering the port of Marseille had passed its peak,

“Falma-sama, I have reports that there are numerous villagers of the Estherk Village that have a high fever”

There was a report that came to Marseille’s Lord deputy Adam in the lord’s manor.

Taking notice that entering from the port of Marseille would be slow, Nedale ships entered, and unloaded their cargo on ports of small fishing villages.

At first, every villager thought that it was only a regular high fever, but deaths started to occur, and the epidemic started at once. It has been two days since the first death, and the village chief came to report to Adam.

Were they pricked by the flea of the rats that hid within the cargo. The infection route, was now impossible to trace.

“We knew it, but we couldn’t prevent it, huh.....”

Falma felt very frustrated. Even Ellen who had supported him with all that she had, couldn’t find words to say to Falma who was exhausted.

“I’ll go immediately”

“You’re going? To a village infected by black plague?! You might also die after being infected you know?!”

Ellen, she raised a surprised voice to Falma who was going to enter the village with no hesitation. Falma answered silently.

“I will. I probably won’t get infected, and..... even if I did, I could cure myself”

“I will also go, I only need to use the medicine just as Falma-kun said right?”

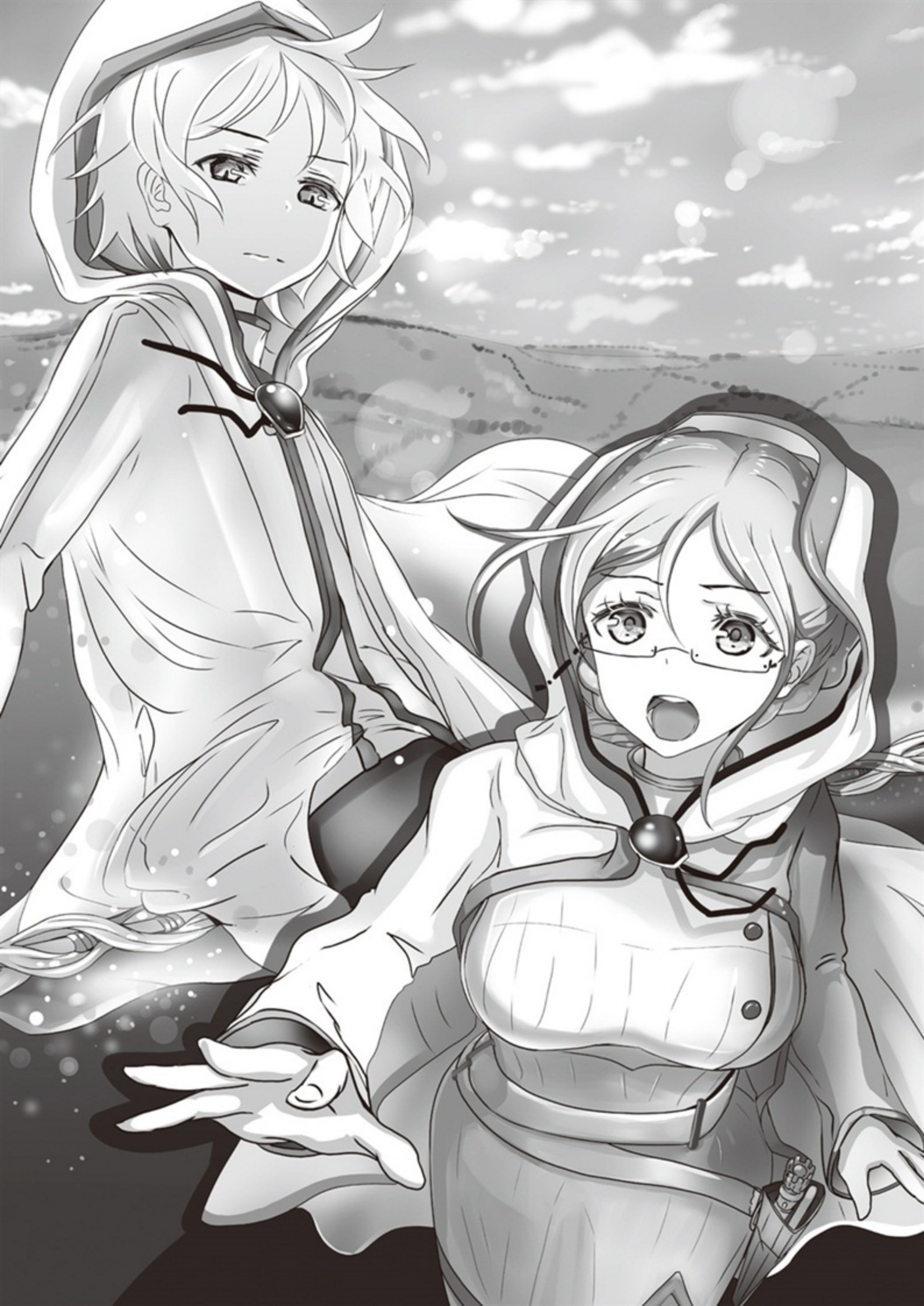
“In this great calamity, as an apothecary, I do not want to turn my back and run away.” Ellen thought of that. The only one who could tell the black plague, is only Falma. That is why, it should be him who is going to need to quarantine.

“Ellen should continue the quarantine here, please protect the entrance of the sea. It would take time, but I will find it if I would inspect step by step. I’m counting on you”

After Falma had left those words, he placed his divine powers on the Medicine God’s Staff and flew to the sky.

“Falma-kun! Don’t!”

Ellen’s voice calling out to him, echoed through the blue skies of Marseille.



And thus, the plague has landed on the continent.

The first epidemic, was on a fishing village in the Marseille region with a population of 524 people.

Apothecary Falma de Médicis went to the Esthark Village.

Episode 13

Actinomyces brought into limelight and Estherk Village's Miracle

This is a few days before Falma and Ellen have found the first black plague patient in the sea quarantine.

Bruno de Médicis is in the San Flueve Empire's Pharmacy School.

He is writing letters and guidebooks for quarantine inspection and prevention towards the black plague overnight, to be sent to the cities of the Empire and the Medicinal Universities around the world. It is because he is changing the contents according to the situation of the different places while considering the topography, race, living culture, customs, religion, and etc. Using Falma's words as the core, what would they need to do if there was an outbreak of the black plague, how to isolate a region, how to treat a patient, how to identify the black plague in the case where a microscope is present, how to euthanize a patient, how to take care of the corpses, etc.

In addition to these black plague prevention recommendations, he had strongly requested that all of the excellent divine art users regardless of their attributes to positively participate too. The work of writing guidebooks is something that only Bruno who had built trust relationships with the influential people, hospitals, research institutions and knows about the medicinal situations all over the world, could do.

Falma said that he does have the medicinal cure; however, the limit that he has was only enough to supply the imperial capital, and he does not have the production ability to spread it all over the world.

That is why, the countries other than the Empire needs to prevent the outbreak without the medicine.

"Falma has said it like that, but will the black plague that had ended 210 years ago really come"

He also has those doubts. However, the sense of crisis that Falma was showing was something extraordinary. Bruno decided to believe in Falma.

He knew that Falma, Ellen and also his disciples are continuing the quarantine in the Marseille region, and he wants to help them as much as he wants to, but the original job of a Royal Court Apothecary is to stay in the imperial capital during the times of emergency, and take care of the country's backbone in the case that they would become diseased to not let the country be in ruins. Bruno cannot move from the imperial capital.

"President, Professor Casper has come to meet you"

Bruno's secretary speaks from outside of the president's office.

"Umu, enter"

Bruno called that eccentric old lady professor into the president's room.

It is Professor Casper Louise who is researching about fungi and spores, and also a wind divine arts user who looks like a witch wearing black from head to toe. People pointed fingers at her claiming that she was doing useless research and does not have any achievements, and she was only given only a few research funds within the university. Without making her research results seeing the light of the sun, she was about to reach retirement age next year.

Her research was fieldwork collection and taxonomy, centered in fungi. However, there was a more sophisticated fungal research laboratory in the Norbatz University, so her research laboratory only has a few students, and was being treated as a field that does not have any future. Right now, she only has a small 2 students.

The one who barely made her research laboratory continue by somehow placing funds for it, even though the other professors and managers wanted to end it, was Bruno.

It is a research that is being thought to have no use, but he had believed that it might create an unexpected result.

"President-sama, am I going to be fired. I would ask for at least a month, to take care

of my research laboratory starting from now”

She was afraid that she would be told to immediately leave her research laboratory, and tears were showing in her eyes. She puts together both of her hands that already had wrinkles, and seemed to shrink while waiting for the judgment.

“No. It is not something about that. I want you to do a significant task”

“For me..... work starting from now?”

The old lady fixed the position of the reading glasses on her nose. Who in the world, would like to leave a significant job to a window side professor like her. Bruno strongly encourages her.

“It is an important task to save the world, that only you can do in this Empire!”

“Ohh, ohh..... that is”

The old professor was taken aback to the scale of the word “world”. Bruno has always worked while being conscious of the world, but she, when was the last time she researched while being conscious of the world. All of her sights were only concentrated to the fungi within the Empire.

“I want you to search for a certain new type of microorganism. And I would like you to increase them as much as possible, and extract a medicinal component from them”

The microorganism that Falma searched for but could not find, the microorganism that would produce antibacterial medicine.

Actinomycetes.

It grows like a fungus that had extended like rays, a bacteria that was named because of that.

Bruno called out to her to bring out her aspiration and intellectual curiosity.

“A species of that organism, will become a medicine that kills incurable diseases, the black plague and infectious diseases”

“Ehh?”

“Please read this”

He showed the sketch of the characteristics of the actinomycetes itself that Falma left behind. There was also a sketch of how it would look under a microscope. The information that Falma left continued to enlighten Bruno.

“Which great professor did.....? S-Something that would be the ingredients to an important medicine like that.....”

Professor Casper read Falma’s sketches and notes carefully. She fixed her glasses up and down, and whispered to her self a lot of things many times. As if to compare it to the knowledge that she had accumulated over the years.

And finally, she gulped, then answered with a trembling voice.

“I-I-If it is t-this fungi, i-it is in m-my research la-laboratory for many years, I ha-have kept it in a..... f-flask”

The unappealing old professor who was about to enter her retirement age, has already gained the savior from a long time ago.

“You did great, Professor Casper!”

It was decided that the university would use all of what it has to create a new medicine from that microorganism.

Professor Casper’s research laboratory was immediately given the highest possible research funds that can be given by the university, three research laboratories equipped with organic synthesizer facilities were secured for Professor Casper, and a large number of scientists, alchemists, and engineers were mobilized.

From this day, test production of the antimicrobial drugs was done, and it was decided that Professor Casper would lead that project.

“Professor Casper’s retirement address might become something grandeur”

Bruno gave her words of encouragement.

“To make it so, I will do my best”

If the overcoming of the black plague came into reality, the day that she would be showered with cheers from the academic society that she had seen within her dreams, might not be too far away.

It was a one in a lifetime chance. Professor Casper decided to bring out all that she have to answer to the expectations of Bruno.

Even if she were to start right away, its production might not be possible immediately.

However, if she does not start researching right away, the lives that might be saved will be disregarded.

It was around that time when Bruno received a messenger pigeon entrusted with news that “the black plague was found” from the Marseille region.



Falma placed medical examination tools, medicine, and mask inside a bag then carried it on his shoulder, and flew at a high altitude to Esthark Village that is west of the port of Marseille.

Creating propulsion through giving divine powers to the Medicine God’s Staff and controlling the buoyancy as he wished while controlling the posture requires considerable concentration, so Falma almost hit high trees and birds many times.

The people on the ground were surprised towards the unidentified flying object that flies with high speed and was raising screams. Falma’s Medicine God’s Staff is transparent, and is transparent to visible light, so the staff cannot be seen from the ground, and they could only see a person flying. “I wonder who was the owner of the Medicine God’s Staff before”, Falma doubted.

A person flying in the sky might be reported to the temple as a heretic, but he is

wearing white protective robes, so as long as he was wearing its hood properly, no one will know who was flying. Minor things like standing out or not should be dealt later.

Fishing Village of Marseille, high in the air of the Esthark Village.

Falma who have arrived there, was still floating in the air in a high altitude. Looking towards the sea, there are only yachts and small fishing boats in the pier. The large vessels that have smuggled, were not offshore. They are either hiding in a rocky terrain, or returned to Nedale country.

It is bad as well if they had returned to the country of Nedale.

There is a high possibility, that all of their crew would be annihilated and be in a shipwreck.

(Damn it! Where's the ship. I need to sterilize the whole ship, and save the crew members inside)

"The sanctuary for this, huh....."

Falma asked Head Priest Salomon to translate the Medicine God's Staff's user manual from ancient letters, and although he could not use everything, he had learned divine arts that were easy to use. And one of those, is the creation of a sanctuary.

He filled the staff with divine powers, held the staff by its end, then swing it several times like hammer throwing. And doing that, purification divine arts have spread from the whole staff, and had radiated concentrically.

When Falma had activated the sanctuary, it looked like the blue shockwave have bent the air, and spread out like an explosion.

"Sanctuary's quite convenient huh"

What Falma used was the "Disease Destruction Sanctuary" that is unique to the

Medicine God's Staff. By the way, within the divine arts, advanced techniques that have names and requires activation spells are called God Skill. Falma can use divine arts and divine techniques without distinction because he can omit the incantations, however, normally, it would need very long chants to be activated.

Within the Disease Destruction Sanctuary, pathogens would not be able to float in the air, and the spread of pathogens from infected people would become very difficult.

Right now, Falma has covered the entire Esthark Village with the Disease Destruction Sanctuary.

On top of that, Falma jumps off the Medicine God's Staff, and landed on the Esthark Village while controlling the speed.

“W-What.....?!!”

To the white-robed boy that fell from the sky carrying the sunlight, the villages were robbed of their eyes.

In the Esthark Village, serious patients were gathered at the clinic, and most of the villagers were just about to run away from the village to escape from the disease, leaving most of the patients behind.

“Please wait!”

Falma stood in front of the village's entrance, and blocked their way while

Then, when he stands his staff on the ground, the divine art was activated, and the Esthark Village was completely surrounded by a thick wall of ice.

A divine art of this scale, there was not many opportunities for rural villages to see.

“Uwaaaaa——! It's a wall of ice! What the heck are you!”

“H-He was flying in the sky! Are you a monster!!”

“We’ve been trapped inside the ice wall!! We can’t go out!”

The villagers who have misinterpreted it as if a monster have come to massacre them fell into a panic.

(I was seen that I was flying in the sky, but, it can’t be helped, I should show my face)

He wanted to hide his face because he was seen flying in the sky, but under his current condition, it was too suspicious. Falma removed his mask and the protective clothes’ hood, then called out to them.

“I am a Royal Apothecary from the Imperial Capital. I have come to save you”

“It wasn’t a monster, but a human?”

“I-Isn’t it just a child”

“Y-You, please tell us, what in the world is this disease?!!”

“It is the black plague”

Falma answered immediately. Firstly, he needs to get them have a maximum sense of crisis.

“It was like that after all! We’re gonna die! All of the villages will!”

When the villages who knew about the nightmare from 210 years ago was about to fall into panic, Falma encouraged them with a loud voice.

“If you want to live, please listen to what I am going to say right now!”

While taking a look through the villagers, Falma continued his words with a clear voice.

“The black plague is a disease caused by small organisms that cannot be seen by the naked eye. If it were let alone, the fatalities would only increase. Even if you run away from here while infected by the black plague, you will still die. Even if you leave the village, if you were stung by fleas that carry the black plague, it would cause the black

plague”

“What should we do! We’re still going to die whatever we do! And why the heck are you enclosing us?!!”

The male hunter that was in a frenzy, shouted at Falma while pointing a knife.

“That’s why I’m telling you, I have come with a strong medicine to fight the black plague”

“Medicine for the black plague, does that exist.....”

The third class apothecary who was the first to try and run away from the village, walked in front with unreliable feet, seemingly to be unbelieving.

“I cannot promise that everyone will be saved. However, let us fight together to minimize the fatalities. The reason that I enclosed this village with an ice wall, is also to save you. Anyone would be afraid of a deadly disease, but please do not run away, and receive treatment”

Falma asked help to the village official to grasp the number of people within the village.

The population of the Esthark Village is 524 people.

There are 93 people who were carried into the village’s clinic.

15 people who have died.

8 people who have already left the village.

18 people who were coincidentally not in the village.

390 villagers in this place right now.

Falma divided the ice walls that covered the village with three areas. He removed a

part of the ice wall, and created a small entrance.

“Divide the infected and non-infected, we will divide them with section with serious conditions, infected, and non-infected”

He made a triage. He looked at the 390 villages in that place using Diagnosis Eye, and divided them into their sections. And during that, he handed out masks, and urged them you wash their hands with generated water.

The ones who have entered the non-infected sections became happy, and the ones who were placed in the infected section had their shoulders low.

“The division of the sections is a measure to prevent the spread of infection. I will hand out medicine to everyone”

Falma handed out sparfloxacin that he prepared beforehand in parts to the villagers with the help of the village’s official and pharmacists according to their sections, and started to instruct how to use the medication according to the manual that Falma handed.

“Those pregnant, children, and toddlers, please come to me”

Falma gathered the villagers who need to be careful about the use of the medication, and personally looked at their conditions to give the appropriate amount of medication.

Thus, when the prescription of the medicine began, there was a situation where there was a commotion and a was even knife was taken out to receive the medication first.

“You fools, the pharmacist-sama is even giving us medicine, so give him a break! Who wants to die right now nn!!”

The village official who was irritated pulled out a sword so the commotion has ceased.

“Please calm down, I have prepared enough fro everyone. I will also let the people who have yet to be infected take them too”

Falma encouraged them, and made them calm down.

He finished giving out medicine to everyone who was present, let them take it, and asked to grasp the number of villagers. For a while, it looks like they have felt alive again after receiving the medicine. Falma created generated water using divine arts and stocked water in water jugs, and asked them to wipe their bodies using that water. And then, he incinerated the clothes they wore that was infected with the plague, and asked them to change into old clothes that they have in their closet, the ones that do not have the plague.

Next, Falma went towards the clinic where the seriously ill were gathered, and started to treat them. The beds were aligned in a wide space, and the patients are laid down there. Even the floor was filled with patients. Some of the temple's medical priests and priests who was doing charity have stayed, but they were unable to do anything for the patients who were suffering a high fever, and the patients that had started to have bloody spots.

They were wearing weird bird shaped masks in their face, and was wearing thick white protective clothes and gloves. In the beaks of the bird, herbs with strong aroma for chasing away evil spirits were packed, and the eye part is covered with glass. Holding a staff, they were looking at the patients without directly touching them. It was a strange appearance similar to the plague doctors in Earth during medieval times.

These clothes, although they were not completely enough, Falma thought that they were somewhat reasonable costume as a countermeasure against the plague. However, there is no meaning unless it was used once, then thrown away afterward.

When Falma entered the clinic, he filled the Medicine God's Staff with powers, filling that place with sanctuary, and stops further air infection. There were also priests who have reacted to the sudden appearance of a sanctuary.

"It feels like the air is being purified....."

"Ah!! Isn't it the Medicine God-sama!"

One of the inquisitors that have fought in the hill near the imperial capital before was coincidentally in this place. It seems like he was dispatched from the Marseille Parish hearing that the disease has appeared.

“Child, do not come, leave right away!”

“You insolent, this person is not a child!”

Thanks to him, the situation progressed smoothly.

They did what they had to do accordingly to what Falma had instructed, and made all of the patients take medicine. Falma let the patients who would not be saved just as is drink medicine with high effects using the water created using divine arts. Immediately after treating the seriously ill patients. For the septic patients, a number of measures must be taken with antibiotic administration. A large amount of infusion, and surgical resection of the necrotic tissue must also be done. Various state conditions must be managed as well.

Patients who are deranged, patients who do not have the enough will to struggle, patients who have lost their consciousness. Groaning voices and sobbing voices could be heard from here and there.

It was like a picture of hell inside the clinic. Despite having a sanctuary, it was full of signs of death.

Looking at them with the Diagnosis Eyes, they would seem like a blue flashing soul that have covered their whole body.

Falma used water creation to make infusions, and started to infuse a large amount in patients with sepsis. The water created is sterile, and the infusion's solute is created by material creation. Falma has forbidden himself to inject needles into his patients, but he would do everything he could in this place. Even so, even in the hospitals of modern Japan where equipments were modernized, 30% of the severe sepsis patients would die.

(No..... I cannot save them with my powers!)

It was not a problem that can be solved by medicine prescription. It was already out of hand for a single pharmacist.

Falma knew his own limits as a pharmacist.

However, he had forgotten something.

That he has the Medicine God's Staff, and he is an inhuman divine arts user who can use the Medicine God's powers.

(I should, do that)

He raised the Medicine God's Staff using both of his hands towards the patients, and casted the secret technique "Relief of the Origin" that the Head Priest Salomon had translated for him. It was a cheat God Skill that would call out the immune systems of that the patients have originally, raise the effects of the medicated medicine to its utmost limit and erase the side effects, but he does not know how would it heighten the immune system at all. This God Skill, he had heard that it would not activate if a medicine is not given first, and cannot be used without medicine.

Falma has thought that its effects were dubious, so he had never tested it, and did not have a situation to use it too.

Even so, as a last resort, he would cast the secret technique on everyone using the Medicine God's Staff.

When Falma has released the God Skill towards the patients, the insignia of the Medicine God appeared in the bodies of the patients, and the patient's whole body started to shine as if it was protected by a white veil.

(The God Skill looks amazing, does it have effects?)

The effects could not be seen, so he could not tell with a glance. It might only have the effects of a shoddy magic trick too.

(I hope that there would be some effects. Even so)

Falma was impatient. Even while he is taking care of the seriously ill patients like this, the smugglers and their cargo are heading towards the imperial capital while spreading the plague. He had sent his father a report that the black plague was found. Even if it were not able to get through the imperial capital's quarantine, the pathogens

would pass through the villages, towns, and mountains that connect to the imperial capital.

A lot of people and animals would become infected.

The priests did not know how to react to the miracle that was happening in front of them, and was petrified.

The priests who have been exposed to the God Skill that Falma used, the one that seems to be a technique that is unable to be done by a human, they have completely believed the what the ex-inquisitor have said that Falma was the Medicine God. And, for them who have reached the highest limits of their faith and loyalty,

“Medicine God-sama. Is there, is there anything that we can do”

Like that, the have called out to Falma.

“Thank you, I want to ask you. Is there a water and flame divine art user”

“I am”

“I am also one, please tell us what to do”

Two priests stepped forward. They were non-infected.

“Smugglers and their cargo which has been infected by the disease are moving towards the imperial capital. If you see an infected, catch them by surrounding them with ice walls, completely incinerate their belongings, and let the infected drink this medicine. I will also follow as soon as the patients in here are treated”

They will be exposed to the infected and the source of infection, but they are wearing protective clothes.

4 units to chase after them were created, with the flame divine art user and water divine art user as a center.

Half a day have passed then.

The boy pharmacist has left the clinic together with the priests very exhausted after midnight. The villagers have prepared a large number of graves, but the corpses that were carried out from the clinic within the 96 people, were only three. They were patients who had a cardiac arrest, and were not in time to be given medication. There were also patients whose blood spots have disappeared, and begged for food and water.

The modern medicine and Falma's god skill had qualitative effects, making the fatalities at the minimum, saving many patients.

"I will come again"

Do not leave the sanctuary within the ice walls for a few days. Even if the ice walls have thawed and you are able to go outside, do not touch rats and small animals as long as possible. The exterminate the vermin that had entered the village, starting from rats and fleas.

And after he finished telling them other things to be careful of, he took the Medicine God's Staff with his hand, and flew away towards the next land that waits for his help. The villagers placed their hands together towards the direction where Falma have left.

All of the people who have received Falma's god skill in the clinic started to show signs of healing, their blood spots became thinner, and there were no more seriously ill that were fighting for their lives. Even the patients who were about to die, had their lives saved.

The villagers who have returned from outside the ice walls through the small entrance have returned, so they were given antibiotics.

"The Medicine God-sama in the form of a human have appeared"

The tragedy that hit that small fishing village turned into one myth.

Episode 14

Targeted San Flueve Imperial Capital

“Do not forgive any smuggling vessel! Sink all of those smuggling ships to the bottom of the sea without mercy!!”

Admiral Jean put out his battleship, and patrolled the coast. Also, he ordered to strengthen the coast security by sending several messenger seabirds, using the branch offices of the East Idun Company in the places across the Empire. Because captured crew members and workers got sick, he sent out messenger seabirds carrying medicine.

Offshore, continuously drifting large sailing ships that are registered to Nedale was also found with a disastrous situation. It is what Falma could not find out. It was very unexpectedly out of the ocean.

Crew members who were inside the ship, they were inflicted by the black plague, and they were collapsed here and there, some lost their strength and died. They probably tried to return to Nedale Country, but they could not steer the ship properly anymore.

“Is this that smuggling ship?”

Admiral Jean towed the wrecked ship further offshore, loaded a large amount of gunpowder, and blew off the ship itself. He sank the ship to the bottom of the sea.

“If you have obediently received the quarantine, most of you were probably saved. You fools”

“It is not a quarantine to steal the freedom of the merchants, but a quarantine to save lives”, Falma said. They were too ignorant and pathetic.

The mast that raised the flag of Nedale Country tilted greatly, and finished its long journey through the sea.

Admiral Jean took off his hat on the deck, and gazed intently at the origin of the epidemic, making a whirlpool on the sea.

And just around that time, Ellen who was left behind at the quarantine in the Port of Marseille was continuing the quarantine together with her disciples and the flame divine arts users carefully. She compared the quarantine results that were raised by the technicians, each sample that was collected from the ships.

“Everyone has passed, until number 20 can dock”

“Master, you have already become accustomed to the quarantine huh”

Ellen’s disciple who was following her was impressed. Ellen took a breath, wiping her glasses with a cloth.

“We don’t know about that, we might have let some of the escape. I do not have special powers like Falma-kun, so I cannot see through them perfectly”

Each one of the ships, even if the inspection would take time and make it later for them to dock to the port, to not let anything escape. They continued to follow the inspection method that Falma had taught them, and inspected each sample of the cargo. When an infected person is found, they would be isolated and given medication. The ones who were administered during the initial stage were saved, but those who were already in severe conditions were not saved. However, that is what the black plague is. It is impossible for everyone to be saved 100%, so let’s do what we can, Falma said.

The quarantine with Falma’s special ability was quick, but the discovery rate of the black plague pathogens did not differ a lot with Ellen’s manual inspection.

“Master Falma’s medicine, it really has effects”

“Just as you can see, although we are wearing protective suits, we are not getting sick although we have physical contacts with the patients after all. It is very frustrating but, from the past up until now, I have never felt my life being so protected by a single medicine just like how I feel right now”

“Master Falma also said that it is possible to extract things with the same effect from microorganisms”

“Yes, that also makes me very interested. Let’s do our best, I could finally see the end”

There are only 6 remaining vessels.

“Falma-kun is doing his best after all..... I wonder if that boy is okay”

Ellen was worried about Falma who went to the village infected by black plague by himself. She could not help herself be frustrated, being unable to leave this place. However, Ellen was able to do something for them.

At that day, the Lord’s deputy Adam and Ellen heard about the miracle that happened in the Esthark Village.

“I also want to be treated like that”

Ellen strongly felt her lack of ability and helplessness as a pharmacist. After all, recently, she was all reliant on Falma’s newly developed medicine, and his knowledge that could only be described as otherworldly. And because of that, there was a huge burden on Falma by himself. He is trying to do everything by himself. Even though the situation became like this, Ellen could not do anything for him.

“I need to, I need to learn the basics of the basics from Falma-kun’s pharmacology, I need to be able to support him”

Ellen thought of that once again. Before, Ellen was Falma’s pharmaceutical and divine arts master. Just because she had the standings as her master, she could not step forward and ask him to teach her.

That is probably the same with Bruno. Bruno has his own status, and it is hard for him to tell Falma “Please teach me”.

(After the crisis of the black plague leaves, I can only learn as an innocent student)

And once again, Ellen realized, that spreading his teachings not only within the Empire but also to the pharmacists from different countries, is a job that she can also do.

Knowledge is power(Scientia est potentia)。

That is the school lesson engraved at the main gate of San Flueve Imperial Pharmacy School.



It became midnight, and the atmosphere of the night became dense.

After leaving the Esthark Village, Falma found the 8 family members who have escaped from the village inside a deserted house along the way to the imperial capital. Among them, three had a high fever, and the children there could not move, they could only make their bodies closer to each other. The children were fast asleep. They were the ones who escaped from the village, frightened after the fever began.

He(Falma) created a divine field inside the mansion. The territory that was purified even drove out mosquitoes and small insects. They woke up due to Falma's footsteps.

"Y-You chased us, you chased us who have started to get sick right?!"

The father stood up staggering with his frightened voice, he asked Falma while panting due to his sickness while pointing a short sword.

From how they saw him, Falma was shining with light. Especially when holding the Medicine God's Staff, they could see him shining in the dark. Falma also knew about that, but he cannot hide it.

"Did you come to kill us?! Am I right?!"

The mother protects her children.

"No, no, I don't wanna die!"

When their nerves reached its max, the intruder said.

"I came to save you"

"He?"

"You are, Herman-san of the Esthark Village right"

Falma gives the medicine together with the water he created to everyone, and to be sure, he casts "Relief of the Origin" to them.

After casting the spell, Falma staggers, and sat down on a decaying chair.

“Drink the medicine, and after you feel better, please return to the Esthark Village. Also, as much as possible, please do not touch humans or animals. If you started to have a hard time walking, borrow a wagon at the highway”

Falma says “as travelling expenses”, and gives them gold coin.

“What happened to Esthark Village?”

“18 have died. However, everyone have taken the medicine, so I think that they would calm down after a few days”

“Y-You, who are you!”

“I am just a pharmacist”

Falma answered quietly.

At that time, the sound of an explosion echoed throughout the forest in the night, and a fire pillar created by flame divine arts have appeared several kilometers away.

Leaving the deserted house, Falma quickly rose in the air with the staff on one hand, and when he have reached enough altitude, he narrowed his eyes towards the flames.

The patients who were left in the forest could only look at each other.

“A person? H-He flew.....”

“There’s no way that a human could fly right”

“Did we have hallucinations due to the high fever”, someone said.

And just like that, they fell to sleep. Even so, the medicine that entered their bodies continued to show eminent effects.

“It’s there”

Falma descends with the Medicine God’s Staff, and ran towards there. The third chasing unit of priests that have left Esthark was surrounding wagons and the ones

who pulled them, incinerating them. The corpses and cargo had already started to carbonize and sparks were rising.

“They were already dead?”

“Yes, Medicine God-sama, they were already dead. It was, they had just died when we came. That’s why, we are incinerating their corpses together with the cargo. Their nationality is Nedale Country”

It looks like the porters of the Nedale Country have been infected by the black plague, dying while leaving their load on this place. The documents of their transportation were left, and the priest shows that to Falma.

“What was their load?”

“According to the documents, high-class woolen fabric and rare dyestuffs from colonies. But, the load inside was removed from here. It must be placed in another wagon”

“This should not be the end, there must be other porters. I will go ahead of the chasing units”

“We will take care of this”

Falma floated to the air, and uses the divine technique “Disease Destruction Sanctuary”. Activating the spell, a blue wave runs through the sky as if it was an aurora. With this, it should cover a radius of several kilometers.

When he finishes activating the divine technique and descends to the ground, Falma fell to his knees. His breath was also rough.

“Are you feeling bad somewhere”

“Ah, no, that is, probably, no..... I think.....”

(The degree of fatigue is rising? It’s somewhat different from usual”.

He could not catch his breath. Even if he casts divine techniques using the Medicine God’s Staff, he had never got tired like this up until now. However, something is different. “Did I get infected by the plague”, he worried. Just in case, he has taken the

preventive medication against plague but.....

“Are you out of divine powers”

“Eh? I wonder if it is so”

The female fire attributed priest Kiara noticed something, and touched Falma’s back with the portable divine power gauge. The divine power gauge is something that every divine arts user would bring with them, and divine arts users would use divine techniques while taking a look at the remaining gauge. The best way is to grip it with their hands, but it could measure wherever it touches the body. The gauge was transparent, it was well over the gauge.

“n? Did you do something?”

Falma doesn’t notice that his divine powers were being measured in secret, and gives a strange look at the female priest whose expression was frozen.

“Excuse me, your divine powers are not exhausted at all. Please take some rest. You must be tired”

He had never felt that his divine powers have decreased at all, so Falma thought that his divine powers are infinite.

(Thinking of it again, there’s energy that is being used, so it shouldn’t be infinite huh)

Thinking of it in physics, it was very natural. If powers are used, some other things would be spent.

(I should ask help to the Head Priest in the imperial capital, and start seriously experimenting about divine arts. I might even die, if I would use it without planning at all)

“I have died from overwork once, would I die like that once again”. Falma thought.

(Well, assuming that I die)

He was spending all his time and effort on spreading medicine to the commoners of the imperial capital, the study of divine arts, and he had always left his own affair aside. He had learned today that if combined properly, Falma could heal people who

cannot be cured with just medicine if his healing effects would be added. "It is worth trying after this difficulty ends." he thought.

"I am very ashamed to offer this humble thing to Medicine God-sama but, please"

Bread and water, and an apple were placed in front of Falma. For almost a day, he had not taken anything through his mouth, and have not rested at all. It was a hard bread, but the person's kindness added to the flavor, and the bread tasted delicious.

"Is it okay? Thank you"

Too much fatigued, Falma could not fly anymore, so he rode the horse together with Kiara, and advanced towards the imperial capital.

"This is, for humans, well, assuming"

Kiara calls out to Falma who riding on her back and was very tired, leaning his body on her.

"Great divine techniques could not be used consecutively. The divine techniques would exhaust divine powers, but it would also exhaust one's mind. This might be rude but, firstly, children cannot cast great divine techniques, you must make your body rest. Today, how many times did you use divine techniques?"

She is young, but she is a priest who talks in a tone of a mother. "I used "Disease Destruction Sanctuary" a lot of times, and also used divine techniques to assist the healing of the patients", Falma remembered.

"Around, a hundred, I think. I might've used more, I don't remember though"

"Did you use it so many times. Oh really! That is absurd, child, what are you thinking! Who told you that you can use it that much, you might die you know?!"

And, when she heated up that much, the surrounding priests scolded her, "don't be rude to the Medicine God-sama".

"Thank you, Kiara-an"

"Her words are strong, but she's just probably worried about me", Falma thought and got thankful, and took a nap on the horse. Kiara held the rope that was binding her

and Falma properly.

After making the horses run for a while, a new fire occurred far ahead. Falma felt the fire and woke up.

“It looks like they found them”

Making the horses hurry, they saw the scene where 4 porters who survived were caught by the 2nd chase unit, and their loads getting burned. The porters were obediently tied up. They were already infected with fever, and doesn't have any strength left to resist.

“W-We were just hired with a contract!”

“We don't know a damn thing about the load”

The porters who were tied up started to say their excuses.

They were men from the Nedale Country.

Falma went off the horse, and approached them. They made a dubious face because of the appearance of a child.

“How many cargoes are going towards the imperial empire? What are their loads? If you answer, we will give you medicine, if you won't, then just die”

He threatened them with an emotionless tone.

“There are 4 more wagons going to the imperial capital. Two wagons are woolen fabrics, one is spices, and the last one is animals”

They must have wanted their lives, they started to talk. They bought a horse that would pull the load along the way, so they expected that it would arrive at the imperial capital tomorrow.

“Animals.....?”

Falma felt a bad feeling.

“It’s the white squirrel from the Pante Island”

(A rodent. It could be a carrier of the pest)

Falma’s intuition was raising alarms. Humans would get infected by pest bacteria through the fleas of rats and rodents like squirrels. The load this time might be a main source of infection.

“The Pante Island’s inhabitants have been annihilated. You knew about that right? Why would you bring animals from an infected island. You, you guys were infected by that, your comrades died from that right!”

Falma asked the 4 porters while silently holding back his anger.

“I-I dunno, what’s the connection with that. Those guys, they just couldn’t endure the long voyage, it doesn’t have anything to do with us after reaching land!”

The porter rebuked. It is a world where diseases are caused by miasma and evil spirits.

The idea of small pathogens infects animals to animals, unless they are the commoners of the imperial capital, the commoners of other countries could not have them.

“We just carried products that might be sold at a high price”, they said. Even if they were told that 18 people had died because of them, they would not understand. They were also just victims.

“How many went towards the imperial capital”

“There are 24 porters, and 5 holy knights”

“Holy knights?”

Holy knights, generally, they are divine artist knights who have become a master-servant with nobles.

“There are 3 wind attributed, and 2 water attributed. They are the Kingdom’s knights”

“Why are the Kingdom’s holy knights guarding a small caravan!”

The ones that guards porters are normally commoner bodyguards. It is impossible that divine arts users, or in other words, nobles, would guard merchants.

“I dunno, they came with in the port along the way.....”

“This is..... there is something. Normally, people would not forcefully sell shady products taken from an infected island. Because the next year after they do that, they would not be allowed to enter San Flueve Market. It would be a problem of trust”

Kiara felt the conspiracy. Falma also agreed.

(The mission of the holy knights that are with the Nedale Country, is to spread disease to the Empire?)

“Thinking about it carefully, I have thought that there was something strange. Elizabeth, the Empress, she has been infected by tuberculosis alone. Normally, getting tuberculosis alone is unnatural. The source of infection cannot be found.” Falma doubted. He thought that there might have been tubercle bacillus that came together with the tributes given to the Empress. He felt that because that plan has been destroyed, this time, they are trying to completely spread epidemic throughout the imperial capital. A huge number of squirrels infected by the pest bacteria, if they were released in the imperial capital.....

“Don’t tell me, Nedale Country deliberately spreads the plague, and tries to destroy the Empire using that.....”, when Falma started to get very agitated because of that,

“We already said enough right. Give us medicine, please, you have it right?”

The porter begged for his life. They are just bullets. Bullets for carrying the black plague.....

“Medicine God-sama, would it not be better to not give medicine to scum like these”

Kiara loathed.

Falma, it would be a lie if he did not have the feeling of not giving them medicine. But even so, he had decided to himself that as long as he is a pharmacist, he must heal people equally. That is why, Falma will give them Medicine.

Their testimony might be of help to grasp the logistics of the infected cargo, and to

prevent the occurrence of smuggling countries.

“After they recover, pass them to the empire, and punish them with the empire’s rules”

After saying that, Falma gripped the Medicine God’s Staff. He had taken a nap on the horse, so he could already fly.

“The imperial capital’s in danger”

The priests pray with gratitude to the boy who floated in the air, disappearing in the sky with the rising sun.



The two carrier pigeons that carry the first report of Falma who was in Marseille arrived at Bruno who was staying in the imperial capital.

Cargo of ships that are infected by the black plague and sailors who were infected has been found.

The black plague is being prevented from landing by the quarantine in the waterfront, but it is certain that it would invade through land connected to other countries.

Strengthen the quarantine of the imperial capital, isolate the ones who have returned from outside of the wall for a few days in isolated areas.

The instructions from Falma were written.

“It finally came! Falma, Eleanor..... are you alright”

“Was Falma and Ellen infected by the black plague”, Bruno was worried about their safety. But, however, even if the two collapses, Bruno needs to continue his duty as a servant of the country in San Flueve Empire.

When Bruno reports to the Empress the occurrence of the black plague, Elizabeth in the palace says,

“The nightmare, it became a reality. Together with your son, good job on preparing”

She praised Bruno's work.

"What shall we do, Your Majesty. Shall we close the gates to the imperial capital right away"

The secretary of national affairs Philipp asked the Empress. There are three rivers flowing in the San Flueve Imperial Capital, there are twelve gates, and eight waterways. There are quarantines in all of the castle gates, and strict examinations are being done. There are also strict limitations on the ships that go through the waterways.

"Please excuse my rudeness, but if the gates and waterways were completely closed, there would be an outbreak outside the castle gates"

Bruno was reluctant. If the gates and waterways were closed, the imperial capital would escape the plague, however, the merchants and their shipments would be stagnated outside the castle gates. If the infected people outside the castle gates increases, the logistics of the imperial capital will halt. Most of the food provisions in the imperial capital are coming from outside. If the gates were closed, it cannot be opened.

Having the plague spread in populated areas is not good as well. Everything within the imperial capital's castle gates is being purified, ones that we know that have not been infected by the plague should be let inside the imperial capital. Bruno had said.

And that command, it was immediately sent to the quarantine station.

The personnel of the Different World Pharmacy 2nd Shop, 3rd Shop, and the pharmacist guild franchise members are working in the quarantine station. Lotte and Cedric, and those other pharmacist helpers are giving masks for protection to the merchants who are entering the imperial capital.

"Everyone～! Let's protect ourselves～! Against the ba～d disease～!"

Lotte raised her voice.

"This is a mask that would prevent you from breathing in small living organisms"

"Small living organisms?"

The merchants does not understand, but in front of the guards of the imperial capital, they obeyed obediently.

“nn.....?!”

Pierre, the guild master of the dispensing pharmacy guild, who is in the central quarantine office, is checking the report results that have come from the sixth quarantine station.

“Here..... Mr. Pierre, this is”

Tension runs through the technician’s voice.

“There’s no mistaking it, it’s positive!”

They said that a merchant caravan that is carrying white squirrels have been caught in the quarantine.

The black plague pathogens that no one has ever seen.

However, with the inspection method that Falma has given, it shows as positive.

Pierre did not hesitate, he believed Falma. All of the merchants were positive, and the guards were divine arts users, but they have high fever.

“Isolate them! Isolate them immediately——!! Hurry to the sixth quarantine station ——!!”

However, when Pierre and the others have arrived abruptly to the quarantine station,

“Water Spear(Spear van water)”

In the sixth quarantine station, they saw the Nedale Country’s Holy Knights releasing their divine techniques.

Episode 15

Story of a Certain Wicked Man

When the Dispensing Pharmacy Guild Master, Pierre had reached the possibility of pest victims, the sixth quarantine station which was set up in front of the sixth wall gates was blown away by divine arts.

“Enemy attack!! Close the gates!!!”

The gate guard shouted, the gates closed and the drawbridge was about to be raised, but failed. Even though portcullis was dropped, the water attributed holy knight created a boulder size ice block blocking the shutters, and entered through the gates by sliding. Although the five holy knights were infected by the black plague it seems like they have considerable skills, the armored knights that tried to block they were were blown away by wind arts, crashing into the walls to their deaths. The amount of their divine powers and proficiency as a unit could be distinguished as royal guards of the kingdom.

“These guys, they’re strong!”

The imperial capital’s guardsmen held their gun, San Flueve’s holy knights pulled out their staff, and casts their divine techniques with each of their attributes according to command.

“Ready! First squad, fire!”

Although the musket squad fires from above the gate, an ice wall was created and could not hit them.

“Second squad, fire!”

Actually, bullets and shells cannot pierce even through normal ice, so the thin ice created by an advanced divine arts user has enough defense.

“Damn it, a high tier water attribute huh!”

Three of Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights have finally brought in a covered cage within the castle gates, and when they opened the cages, a horde of small white critters was released to the imperial capital. Half of them have died unable to endure the black plague, but those who had survived has scattered in the capital’s market very quickly.

“The squirrel, it flew?!”

People screamed because of the unexpected movements of the squirrel.

Some of them climbed up the gutter, and flew away, jumping from roof to roof.

The Nedale Kingdom’s merchants said that they were white squirrels, but they flying squirrels. Flying squirrels are also rodents. The first item to be sold in San Flueve’s Market is fabric.

When the fleas of the flying squirrel infected by the pest enter them, it quickly becomes a medium of infection.

“This is bad, emergency!! Close the second gates!”

The imperial capital is a vast fortified city, and although it is not as clearly separated as it was with a castle town, the administrative area where emperors, nobles, and military personnel live is clearly divided from the common area where commoners live. There are nobles who has their dwellings in the suburbs, but the military personnel lives in the imperial capital’s administrative area. From the standpoint of defense, the alleys are purposely created in an echelon shape so that every place could be observed. Even if the first gates in the outer layer were broken through, the second gates would block the enemy’s path.

The second gates leading to the court and administrative are were immediately shut down.

“Enter your houses and close the doors! Don’t let the infected squirrels go inside!”

Signal fireworks that are used to announce enemy attack were launched to the sky from the towers in the sixth gate, and the court of San Flueve Empire and the Imperial Capital Land Army was informed immediately. The watchmen of bell towers in various parts of the imperial capital began to ring the alarm bell loudly.

As soon as the alarm bell rang, all of the stores within the imperial capital closed their doors, and people started to hide inside the stores. It was arranged that passerby and beggars would also hide inside the stores. The people moved quickly to evacuate.

“Damn it!!!”

Guild Master Pierre who crawled out under the destroyed quarantine station tent opened the medicine box that he had kept very carefully although he was full of wounds.

“It’s now!”

The time to open the divided special medicine, sparfloxacin has come.

Falma had said.

No matter what color their blood is or what their status is, even if they are prisoners, give all of the patients that are still alive equally. If even one of them were not treated, or if those infected were allowed to move freely, they would become mediums and scatter the black plague.

“All of you! Everyone! First! Drink the medicine!”

Pierre shouted at all of those in his surroundings.

He gave all of them medicine, the gate guard, the crowd, the merchants, he soaks a brush in the ink-pot in his tool box, and marked everyone’s cheeks with ink. It is an unerasable ink that was supplied by Falma, and would identify those who are infected. And all of those who are marked must be taken to the quarantine zone.

“Make a wall of ice using divine arts here! It’s a defense so that it would not spread more than this!”

Pierre gave commands to the divine arts user, and creates isolation measures according to the manual.

He fixed the defensive line that was destroyed once again.

Rather than the enemy attack, the infiltration of the black plague is the one that must be stopped. It is an enemy far more frightening than a human enemy. According to what Falma expects, if even one of the people in the imperial capital were infected, 60% of those who were in the imperial capital would die.

“Don’t get beaten by something like the black plague! We will survive!”

That was the shout of Pierre’s soul.

Most of the rats and fleas that would become a medium of the pest within the imperial capital were exterminated. The people have also started to be hygienic. That is why, the interior of the imperial capital is the cleanest in the world if it is compared to other cities.

The residents washes their hands, gargles, and masks were also distributed. The black plague would not spread so easily. The spread of infection must not be allowed. But even so, it is a terrible epidemic.

“We’re now in the critical point! Hurry up and do the countermeasures!”

Pierre used the medicine unsparingly, and medicine for 91 people was consumed in the sixth quarantine station.

“The medicine would not be enough, stop it to the minimum!”

Pierre did not forget to drink the medicine himself, and wore a gas mask-like equipment.

The porters of the Nedale Kingdom that were left behind outside the castle gates took advantage of the confusion, they threw away their luggage, and tries to escape to where they came from.

“Stop right there!”

However, the Temple’s first chasing unit that had departed from Esthark has caught up and stopped them in their tracks.

The merchants whose escape route were blocked by horses makes frightened expressions.

“Hii, save me!!”

“Surrender you damn smugglers!! Surrender and I shall give you your life, however, if you would not, we shall kill you without mercy!”

The priest’s voice was firm and determined. The merchants who were terrified and kneels to the ground were captured, but a few merchants who have lost their reason due to being infected by the black plague raises their voices and swings their knives, only to be killed by the priests. The doctrine of the temple is to condemn sinners but save those who repent.

All of them have a high fever, so the merchants who surrendered were given medicine and immediately isolated by the priests, and the luggage that they had were burned together with the corpses of the merchants who had resisted.

“Move!!! Open the way!!”

The holy knights of the Empire’s land army and the Imperial Guards directly under the Empress had arrived, eager to take down Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights that had invaded through the castle gates.

They launched a pre-emptive attack while riding horses towards Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights.

“Scorching Combustion (Enfer de brûlure)”

The fiery red flames attacked the elites of Nedale Kingdom and their surroundings were covered with fire pillars. The flames of the divine arts entangled the attack target.

“Wind Barrier(Barrière van wind)”

Negating that with a wind divine technique, the invaders delivers a counterattack.

Both sides fought with death just by their side without stepping back. The Empire’s order of knights also gave their all, shooting great divine techniques without thinking of the damages inside the city.

With the Empire’s pride on the line, they must take down Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights.

However, being cornered, surrounded by the Empire’s army at all sides, Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights had prepared for their death, and tries their last resistance. And,

“Raging Windstorm (Storm van woede)”

Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights released all of the flying squirrels in the cages, and all of the wind attributed holy knights releases a wind great divine art towards the remaining carcass. The rotting carcass of the flying squirrels flew far up in the sky.

A blast of wind with the pest bacteria blows through the imperial capital. The blast of wind broke the doors and windows of the houses and the wind entered the house. A merchant company collapses to the ground.

It looks like they planned on fanning a blast of wind, infecting the whole imperial capital with the pest.

“Cleansing Wind (Vent de la purge)”

“Purification of the Land (Purification de la terre)”

The order of knights from the temple area of San Flueve imperial capital who were late had counterattacked with wind attributed and earth attributed purification divine arts with Head Priest Salomon’s command. The wind full of divine powers bellows, creating a whirlwind. The imperial capital’s alley, spanning several tens of meters, became a purified land that wards off epidemic.

“Thou shall not use the art of the gods. Thou shall be deprived of your divine pulse!”

They were convicted by Head Priest Salomon’s dauntless voice.

The privilege of the temple. That is, the privilege that presides over the opening and closing of the divine pulse of divine arts users. It is a secret technique only to be passed to the head priests of the parish, and although the divine pulse cannot be closed if they do not know the target’s name, it is possible to one-sidedly disenable a target’s divine arts with a simplified method. Divine arts users whose divine pulse were closed will become ordinary commoners.

“Ohh!!”

The armed priests forms a formation, and encloses the holy knights.

The Head Priest started the long chants for severing the divine pulse. And seeing that, Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights attacks the Head Priest. But in return, the temple’s elite troops and the Empire’s order of knights covered the Head Priest’s incantation.

“Imprisoning Flames (Prison de la flamme)”

The Empire’s Imperial Guards’ high-tier flame divine arts user activated a great divine technique and surrounded Nedale Kingdom’s holy knights with a wall of flames.

“Drought of the Holy Spring (Fermez le Puits sacré)”

Head Priest Salomon’s secret technique was completed.

The ring of light that was shot from the staff attacks the invaders and were absorbed into their body. And countless ice arrows pouring down to them as if to follow it.

The invaders that lost their divine arts could not defend, and were pierced through.

One of the holy knight who advanced the black plague the most, tragically fell down to the ground, and took his last breath.

The flames created by the firewalls devoured the corpses, burning them not leaving a bone intact.



“Your Majesty! The sixth quarantine station was broken through, the holy knights of Nedale Kingdom has attacked”

“How many are they?!”

The Empress asked excitedly. Hearing that there was an enemy attack, it seems as if she was enjoying.

“There are five of them”

One holy knight is equal to about a hundred of common soldiers. However, the Empress was disappointed.

“It is not a huge commotion that the warning bells are needed to be rung”

However, the warning bell rung for a very long time. The Empress who got impatient by that was,

“Let me see, shall I go to crush them directly”

When she pleasantly smiled like that, she raised her hips from the throne.

“Y-Your Majesty, that is.....”

“What, I shall not kill them I will let them off with half their life”

If Elizabeth who is the continent’s strongest flame arts user comes out, it would be finished in an instant. The aids and ministers did not doubt that. The Empress, hearing that there was an enemy attack, rather than being afraid, she has a bloodthirsty personality that she would want to personally “clean” them up herself. However..... ,

“Please wait, Your Majesty”

Bruno stopped the Empress.

“It is very dangerous if the Empress, Your Majesty would go to the front lines”

“To think that someone would worry about me that much, am I not being belittled”



It looks like the Empress got her fighting spirit burning instead with Bruno's words. The divine ki around her sparked, and the layer of divine powers looked like a mirage.

"Marseille's black plague, it must have entered the imperial capital"

"What did you say"

The mortality of the black plague is especially high, and it is being called as the king of epidemics. "How many casualties will there be", the Empress thought and got pale. Even the strongest Empress does not have a way to defend against pathogens. She herself almost died because of tuberculosis.

"Nedale Kingdom's intentions are unknown, please just stay at the palace"

The secretary of national affairs Philipp also followed what Bruno has said.

"I ask Her Majesty to take the preventive medicine for the black plague"

If the Empress became infected by the black plague, the nation could not stand.

Bruno prescribed the medicine that Falma has given him to the main ministers. The ministers who trust Bruno and Falma drank that without hesitations.

"Even so, why does Nedale attack our imperial capital"

After the Empress had drunk the medicine, she closed and opened her fan with annoyance. It has been a long time since the country of Nedale became the vassal state of San Flueve Empire. And it is bounded to the Empire with an alliance as a protectorate, it is not an enemy country.

The previous king's demise was just recent, and Nedale Kingdom's current ruler is 4 years old. Even if the regent aids of the young king started a rebellion, conspiracies, or power fighting, and resulted to rebelling against the Empire, they would not send 5 soldiers for a surprise attack.

If that is so,

"Who is the mastermind?"

“They understand the nature of the black plague very well..... it would not be designed by uncultured people. They would either be alchemists, doctors, pharmacists, or scholars”

“Do you have one in mind”

“Yes.....”

Bruno dug up from his memory of the past.

Three years ago, he had heard that the Nedale Kingdom has welcomed an excellent commoner pharmacist. He did not know the name of that pharmacist, but the characteristics of the pharmacist and the way of his treatment were exactly the same with a certain wicked person.

That was a pharmacist who claimed the title of the Norvatz Medicine University’s genius, and gained fame by establishing numerous way of treatments just like Bruno. However, he was particularly lacking humanity and morality, and repeated numerous brutal human experimentations.

Before he was chased away, he received a huge sum of money from a certain great noble from the Nedale Kingdom, and experimented with a poison that would efficiently kill a huge number of humans. And, it is being said that the poison substances that he developed were used to assassinate numerous heads of states.

He would do whatever it is for the sake of his experiments. He even used a huge number of prisoners of war in his experiments.

He was so wicked that the Temple severed his divine pulse and was dropped down to a commoner, that was the story of a scholar in the past.

Bruno was one of those who uncovered his crimes and helped to banish him.

“It might have a connection with the demise of the previous king as well”

That is why, it is not very strange that that person who has experimented for strong poison substances would destroy a country using a poison that would magnify by infecting people, or in other words, an epidemic.

Infectious diseases are caused by bacteria. It would infect animals to animals, it would

infect humans to humans, it is a pathogen, and how to use that pathogen. Each of those, although it might only be a portion, he might know what's ahead better than Falma.

And, the microscope must have given the confirmation to his hypothesis. Did he see it, the bacterium that stirs within the moribund or in the body fluids of the dead? Did he observe that with a creepy, and ruthless smile?

『Médicis, can you still not understand. The beautiful truth of this world』

Bruno would never forget the words he heard from him the day that his divine pulse was severed, branded by the mark of never being able to use divine arts, and banished as a commoner.

『Even if they were healed and healed, humans die. However, even if they die and die, humans will regenerate』

The wicked pharmacist's name, it was called Kamyu.

If the knowledge Falma disseminated with good will, the letters sent by Bruno across the borders,

Returns dyed with the color of evil intents.....

『The world shall not get destroyed, so easily』

An evil spirit possesses Kamyu, Bruno thinks so.

“That man, we should have killed him”

Bruno regretted not crushing him at that time.

“The Nedale Kingdom and its citizen, what happened to them?”

The Empress asked Bruno a very simple question.

“I believe that they might be under catastrophic situation”

Bruno answered. The Nedale Kingdom must have also been attacked by surprise, or in the middle of a coup d'état.

He kills humans very easily and simply. And, he would be amused that they would simply increase in numbers again.

“I see”

This time for sure, the Empress stood up. Short words, even that voice of hers were releasing the solemnity of an emperor.

“Send a campaign to the country of Nedale. Dispatch scouts. And while that happens.....”

“We need to do something about the imperial capital”, the Empress said, called Noah, and carried the Crimson Imperial Staff.



“Cedrick-san, what should we do. The sound of the bells, this is for the first time”

Lotte doubled the mask she was wearing, and looked towards the direction where the fire was raised together with the other pharmacists in the triumphal arch in the first quarantine station.

“The way the bells are sounded, there must have been an enemy attack. Their numbers

are, wait..... ahh, there are not that many. There are only ten, more or less”

Cedrick was able to grasp the number of enemies and the forces that intercepted them and the destruction of the city from how the bells were being rung.

“But, they are divine arts users. They are well-trained”

He grinds his teeth. Thinking that, “If this body were not have aged, I would’ve able to run and help”. Honestly speaking, Cedrick would not be of any help even if he went there. He knows the difference between their skills as well.

“Does everyone there, needs medicine? Would there be people who are injured?”

The flashy battle with divine arts that occurred inside the city made the commoner’s area suffer great casualties. The roofs of the wooden houses were blown away, some were crushed, and a fire broke out. And it even seemed that the screams and shouts of the commoners and merchants could be heard riding the wind.

“There is the Different World Pharmacy near the sixth quarantine station. There are many of Falma-sama’s dangerous medicine there. There are also ones that would cause explosions”

Lotte seemed to be very nervous and worried.

“I want to go to see if the Different World Pharmacy is not burning”, Lotte desperately begged to Cedrick.

“No, you shall not. No one must approach them when a fight between divine arts users occurs. You will become a hindrance”

Commoners would only be an impediment, they would only be a meat wall or taken as a hostage by the enemy.

“But! When Falma-sama returns, I think that he would be very sad seeing the pharmacy burning!”

Lotte’s eyes were full of tears.

“It would be when anything happens to you, that Falma-sama would be very sad”

Lotte could not say anything back. And all that she could do was to look up to the sky where the sparks spread feeling frustrated. She thought that right now under the same sky, Falma and Ellen were fighting to save lives in Marseille.

“Ah!? A-re”

Lotte suddenly pointed to the sky. A flying object rushed from the sky far away at tremendous speed, and made a sudden stop above the sky of the imperial capital.

“A bird? No, it looks like a human..... who is it”

Hearing Lotte’s words, Cedrick dropped his jaws.

Falma returned to the sky of the imperial capital, and landed on the highest spire of the Guardian Temple in the imperial capital.

The bells were ringing with deafening sounds all throughout the imperial capital. He thought that he would have a headache.

(Don’t tell me..... it’s already?!)

He returned at full speed, even reducing his mental power to its limits. Even so,

(Did it already break through?! The pest, did it enter the imperial capital?!)

The place around the imperial capital’s sixth gates was noisy. It is the direction where the main road connects the Esthark Village to the imperial capital, and it is the direction where the Different World Pharmacy is.

He looked at the whole imperial capital with Diagnosis Eye from the sky.

Doing that, he saw that a chunk of light-emitting bodies that glowed with the color blue had concentrated around the sixth gates.

There are also many small light-emitting bodies that were moving at decent speed and unpredictable movements.

Falma kicked away from the spire, flew with the Medicine God's Staff towards the sixth gates. When he got close, he noticed that "that" which was jumping from roof to roof of the imperial capital was flashing with a bluish white color.

"It isn't a squirrel. It's some kind of a new species of flying squirrels....."

Falma received a shock. "It was a rodent after all. And, because the flying squirrel could fly, it is worse", Falma thought.

(Does the Nedale Kingdom know that the pests infect through the rodents and their ticks?)

The flying squirrel that was brought was infected by the black plague, and become carcasses inside the cage. There must be airborne infections occurring at present progressive form. Most probably, the main infection route is through airborne infection.

The airborne infection is the most vicious infection route of the pest, and it would cause a pneumonic plague with 100% mortality rate.

"It started....."

The flying squirrels that were released in the imperial capital were being hunted and exterminated by the divine arts of the divine arts users and the archer squad. The disposal team wearing masks and gloves gathered the carcasses in one place, and incinerated them.

However.

One, two, three, four.

The blue light shines down on the people of the imperial capital, and it spreads out.

The light that shines the people who got infected was like a sea of fireflies. With just a quick glance, the number of infected has reached a few thousands.

A disease that when one gets infected, one would surely die.

If it would not be taken care of here, sooner or later, the black plague would quickly cover the whole continent.

Millions shall die, just like how it went in the history of Earth.

However..... , however! That light,

“It’s still blue!”

The blue light is a disease that Falma could heal.

If not, he would be seeing a red light. This means that this is a disease where Falma’s hands could reach.

It looked like a trial for Falma, passed down from the heavens.

“I’ll heal it! As far as my powers reach!”

Exceeding the universe and the world, he reincarnated, and received inhuman abilities.

It is an ability to save the people in this other world that do not have a way to fight.

(If I won’t use it now, then when!)

(/) Even if I used all of my divine powers and lose my life, the price of receiving my

second death is enough if many people would be saved.

With those thoughts in his heart, feeling the thing that make all of his hair stand, he grasp the staff, and waved it hugely once, spreading the holy field throughout the entire imperial capital. Using the amount of divine powers that were unheard until now.

“Disease Destruction Sanctuary!!!”

It covered up to the horizons. With this, the airborne infection would be avoided. The speed of the blue lights encroaching have decreased, and finally stopped increasing. However, the light from the people who were once infected did not disappear.

“I know, I knew this”

Decontamination, next to that is the source of infection, then the treatment of the infected. Decontamination must be done all over the city.

The first thing that he came up with is the aerial spraying of disinfectants. If there were no people, it would be fine. However, there are people below, and the is the concern about the harm to the human body.

“I see”

Most of all, there was something that exhibits a very strong disinfection effects.

It is the creation of water using divine arts.

The water created by divine arts users using divine arts does not easily decay, but the water created by Falma completely stopped decaying. Not only it would stop the germs to reproduce, but it would also be killed. He knew about that because of the bacteria test that he did when the water server in the pharmacy was installed.

When he thought that the customers would have diarrhea when even the beneficial intestinal bacteria were also killed, he did not. The disinfection effects might not be working against the beneficial bacteria. Though, it was not as if he had confirmed it.

“If it’s the water created with the Medicine God’s Staff.....”

Falma swung the Medicine God’s Staff, and hold it up to the heavens. He called out powers coming from another world, creating a huge amount of water, and launched it into the atmosphere like a mist. The mass of steam that was cooled at high altitude creates water droplets, gathers rapidly, turned to raindrops, and became a downpour that poured onto the ground.

The old texts that were passed down in the Temple were very difficult that the Head Priest was not able to translate, and Falma does not know as well, but it is a hidden technique called “White Purification Rain” that was unique to the Medicine God’s Staff.

Those who are alive, those who are dead, those who are young, those who are old, humans, animals, plants, all of them were showered by the rain of purification.

The people looked up to the sky, narrowing their eyes.

The white human-shaped light-emitting body illuminates the sky above the imperial capital.

The divine technique that Falma released became a beneficial rain outside, the fire that broke out from the houses quickly dispersed, inside the houses, it became a mist, those water droplets enclosed the pest bacteria killing it, and the air in the throughout the imperial capital was purified.

Falma glared towards the sixth gate with a strong gaze.

Next is the eradication of the source of infection.

Episode 16

The Thing He Could Not Heal

The San Flueve Empire Imperial Capital, in the corner of that city.

The many Empire order of knights and armed priests surrounds the Holy Knights of the Nedale Kingdom who had brought in the black plague into the imperial capital.

They had received arrows of ice, infected by the pulmonary plague, and seriously injured.

Their huge blood loss had started and the pool of blood started to dye the stone pavement dark red. They are close to their death.

“If you bring the black plague into the imperial capital, the Nedale Kingdom is just beside the Empire. The Nedale Kingdom shall perish as well!”

The Empire Army’s major general scold the Holy Knights.

“It is..... black..... plague?”

While sobbing off from the intense vomit of blood, one of them widened his eyes.

The Holy Knights looked like they are surprised. And, it would seem that they do not know how the black plague infects. Right now, the public health guidance in the imperial capital has even reached the guards, and have the knowledge for infection prevention. However, the Holy Knights did not have that.

“We are just doing, what that man said”

“We do not know his aim.....”

One of the Holy Knights falls.

“How ridiculous!”

Falma who have descended from the sky above the imperial capital stood up on the roof of a low store, where he could look down on the surrounded Holy Knights of the Nedale Kingdom. He wore the hood of his protective clothing deeply.

When he used Diagnosis Eye on the Holy Knights of the Nedale Kingdom, all of them were red. And just right now, one of them have died and only two of them remains.

He was too late.

“Our mission has ended”

While the two Holy Knights were coughing out blood, they started to talk.

According to them, all of the strategies was devised by a certain person.

“We have our countrymen as hostages.....”

They said that he claimed that he has powers to control diseases that could kill thousands of men within a month, and to show that, he destroyed the colony.

“He told us that if we want to avoid getting a massacre of the people of the Nedale Kingdom, we must throw in those animals and their corpses into the imperial capital, and create a wind disturbance”

What that means, it would seem that the two of them does not know. They only thought that as long as the imperial capital would be a little infected, and as long as all of the citizen of the Nedale Kingdom would be saved, they could only do what they were told.

They already unable to have calm judgments, with their King and the other royalty poisoned to death and their government not functioning.

“We, we have only carried the load as we were told. While that happened, the carriers died one by one and.....”

Because of that, the Holy Knights became impatient on executing their plan. The nobles who have divine powers, they have higher immunity than the commoners. But even so, the black plague infected them.

While getting pierced by ice arrows in their body, while roughly breathing and about to die, the Holy Knights, the elite of the Nedale Kingdom spoke out with frustration.

The black plague has yet to spread in the Nedale Kingdom.

However, if they do not do what he says, the fate of the people of the Nedale Kingdom will end. They said that there was nothing that they could do.

“Why do you not kill that man! You, as skilled as you are?! Why, why did you follow what he said!”

The Imperial Guards Division Division Captain presses that question frustratingly.

“We can’t kill him..... we can’t..... he, that guy, he’s possessed by an evil spirit”

“Humans can’t kill him”, the Holy Knight said an ambiguous thing.

“We tried to kill him, we tried many times”, they said.

“The instant when we tried to kill him, he is already dead.....”

“Good God, did the Guardian Temple in Nedale not exorcise the evil spirit!”

The Head Priest Salomon asked irritatingly. In the first place, the devastation in the Nedale Kingdom has not been reported to the Great Temple. Help was not called.

“The temple..... it has been sealed off since two months ago. All of the priests were killed, all were killed, including pigeons and horses”

It is information that Head Priest Salomon did not know.

“To think that such troublesome thing is there.....”

“Tearing off a Great Evil Spirit that the temple is no match, an evil spirit that possesses even a country, that is not an ordinary feat”

The priests showed vigilance.

“What is the name of that man”

It was a question by a voice filled with pressure. It is Bruno who appeared. He hurried in a horse to personally confirm the situation.

“We do not know his name”

Bruno speaks out characteristics.

“Kamyu de Sado. Blue hair, has a huge burn scar on his left cheek, a one-eyed, cunning and evil man”

The Holy Knights widened their eyes to surprise.

It was bulls-eye.

“That’s right..... we do not know his name, but that is right. We did what that odious man said. With this, the Nedale Kingdom..... is..... saved”

The last breathing Holy Knight left those words of a will, made a satisfied expression..... and perished. Their corpses were immediately incinerated carefully by the flame divine arts users on the spot.

(It was like that.....)

Looking down on the start and end of that scene, Falma finally understood the situation. He did not understand what an evil spirit is, but he thought that there might be a reign of terror by a very heinous person in the core part of the Nedale Kingdom. Bruno seems to know something so I must ask him the details later, Falma thought inside.

Although countermeasures are needed towards the Nedale Kingdom,

(I must first, stop the pest in the imperial capital. If this goes on, the medicine would not be enough)

That was needed to be done first. He needed to have a priority list.

Only Falma could create the medicine(sparfloxacin).

(First, I must grasp the number of infected, and next to that is production of the shortage)

Falma places divine powers into the Medicine God's Staff, and silently flew up while being careful not to be seen by the people who gathered.

Because there are no more worries for enemy attacks, the warning bells that rung throughout the imperial capital started to stop as if the waves pulled back.

However, Bruno who stared at the flames burning the Holy Knights of the Nedale Kingdom noticed a very important thing. While his eyes continue to stare, Bruno whispered silently in his mouth.

"This is bad"

That man, his heart is broken. He does not believe in people at all.

"He should be checking in his own eyes, whether the Holy Knights of the Nedale Kingdom did their job....."

For him, humans dying, infected by disease looks beautiful.

Weakening, despair, death, and the start of regeneration by the few people who endured the disease.

In there, Kamyu feels beauty.

He likes to see the scene of people getting infected and dying from the disease.

—on top of that, he likes to do it closely.

“Bastard!”

Bruno grips his staff tightly, and exploded with anger. Strong divine powers gushed out.

“Do not stop the warning bells!! Continue to ring them!”

He shouted.

“Kamyu is within the imperial capital!”

He must be defeated as soon as he is found.



The people working in the first quarantine station watched how the situation progressed, while listening to how the inside the city seemed from the watchman soldier on top of the triumphal arc. The noisy warning bells that rung gradually calmed down, its sound stretches out, and finally stopped ringing.

“The warning bells stopped! Would you like to return to the pharmacy?”

Lotte invited Cedrick.

“I agree. The guards of the imperial capital seem to have defeated the enemy, for the meantime, the danger has left”

From the first quarantine station, Lotte and Cedrick hurried to the Different World Pharmacy while passing by the imperial capital’s guards walking in a hurry. Within the imperial capital, because of the divine arts battle, things have collapsed, ground have subsided and places here and there were wasted, and the citizen of the imperial capital showing their faces from the stores and their houses have fallen to confusion.

When they finally reached the sixth quarantine station’s direction, they saw the huge

gates of the Different World Pharmacy in the corner of the imperial capital's ally, standing just like it did before.

“Thank goodness, it did not burn! Thank goodness～”

Lotte leaped up and down to her delight. And as if to shower her with cold water, the warning bells started to ring again.

“Ehh?! Warning bells again!”

“This is strange. Is there a new enemy? Let's enter the pharmacy until the warning bells stop, it is safe inside the pharmacy”

The shrubbery and the standing signboards and etc, were damaged by the wind. However, Lotte who carefully looked at the outside appearance of the pharmacy felt something strange.

“A-re, the east side's window is open.....”

“It must have been opened because of the wind art user's blast of wind, it might not be locked properly”

Cedrick also looked up to that.

“I'm sure, I locked it properly though. I'll go and close it”

When entered inside the pharmacy, winds were blowing in from the opened window, scattering the documents around. Cedrick and Lotte closed them one by one, and tidied up the scattered things.

Lotte climbed up to the third floor. *Gatan*, there was a sound from the fourth floor.

“Ah, Falma-sama have returned!”

Lotte called out to Cedrick who is on the second floor.

“That is strange. The doors and the walls were locked, is it an animal?”

Lotte climbs the stairs in a hurry towards the laboratory in the fourth floor while Cedrick was speaking.

“Wait, Lotte! I will check it! There might be a remaining black plague squirrel!”

Cedrick who had a bad feeling followed Lotte. His knees have started to heal so he is now able to climb up without using the elevator, but he could not help but be slower than the young Lotte.

Lotte who ran up full of the feelings of wanting to meet Falma and did not even catch her breath did not hear Cedrick’s voice. When she reached the fourth floor, the door of the laboratory was open.

“Falma-sama!”

Lotte happily runs into the laboratory.

She had completely forgotten that she was told not to enter inside the laboratory because there are many dangerous chemicals inside.

“A-re..... Falma-sam?”

Falma was not inside. *HyyuHyyu*, wind entered inside from the opened windows. The things inside the laboratory were numerous chemicals and kinds of medicine, glass instruments, experimental tools that may be used for something, and a huge number of experimental notes.

“Was it just my imagination. But, I need to close here too, the important medicine might be damaged if dust enters the laboratory”

Lotte stretched out, and tried to close and lock the opened window.

However, before that, she heard the door closing behind her.

“Eh?”

She defenselessly turned around.

“Charlotte! Wait”

When Cedrick finally reached the fourth floor, there was Lotte who collapsed on the laboratory's floor.

"W-What happened!"

When Cedrick entered the laboratory and puts his hand on Lotte's shoulder, he felt a person's presence from behind.

When he turned around, he felt an impact on his back from behind.

"?!!!"

The hot blow directly hits Cedrick's back. And following that, a hard something was plunged into his back.

The invader was lurking behind the door. Cedrick tried to pull out the staff but his hands shook to pain, and soon after, his hands started to clearly cramp.

".....ugghu!"

He could not breathe.



At that time, Falma stayed above in the sky of the imperial capital. It is to grasp completely the numbers of patients infected by the pest.

When he looked around the city with his Diagnosis Eye, he saw the blue light dwelling in the patients even penetrating through the buildings.

They are infected, but it is all in the latent period. There are no symptoms yet.

The pest bacteria, as long as the medication starts at an early stage, it is not so frightening.

If medicine were given to everyone who is currently in the latent period within 1 to 2 days, with the Disease Destruction Sanctuary, and the quarantine stations functioning properly, the imperial capital's black plague could be terminated within a month.

The casualties too..... although there might be some, it would be kept to a minimum.

“I’ll end it before the outbreak starts!”

It should not become a pessimistic situation, theoretically. Although wishful thinking is also included.

“n?”

He felt a cold shiver that it was as if his body was pierced and uneasiness, and Falma looked towards the Different World Pharmacy.

There are blue lights intense flickering on the fourth floor, one big and one small, and from there, a thin human shaped light had oozed out.

It was just right now.

“Why, in the fourth floor?!”

He tried to hurry to that place without leaving a second, and Falma became speechless.

In the fourth floor, he saw that there is a completely black shadow lurking.

It was the oblivion abyss, as if all of the world’s shadows have condensed, it was as if, one would get sucked in by merely looking at it.

“What, what is that.....! Dark, shadow.....”

(Is that, my elder brother, little sister, and the priests call as, evil spirit?)

Falma flinched. Let’s say that evil spirit exists, but he does not have the knowledge to banish them.

That is the work of priests.

However, the blue light of the patient who has stopped moving in the pharmacy’s fourth floor turns to violet, and gradually turns to red. It was a dangerous sign that it would be too late in minutes.

“Why is it this fast! This isn’t the pest. What?! Is it poison?!”

It is true that there are a lot of toxic substances required in the experimental synthesis process in the medical storage in the Different World Pharmacy’s fourth floor. But even so, he did not leave immediately potent poison in the case where there is an emergency or robbery. He placed the dangerous ones in the locked, sturdy medical storage.

The evil spirit with a dark shadow, did it make the patient drink something in the laboratory.

Ridiculous, although he is still thinking of that, Falma asked the Diagnosis Eye. It is foolish to get close without thinking.

“Poisoning!”

There is a reaction from the shining blue light. As he thought, it looks like it was poison.

“Potassium Cyanide”

He doubted that it might be cyanide that has an immediate effect, but it was wrong. He started again.

“Inorganic Compound”

Wrong.

“Organic Compound”

There’s a reaction.

“Alkaloid”

Classifying it roughly from a huge cluster and narrowing it down, he will be able to find it for sure, but there are numerous varieties of poison. It is not something that he could guess by luck. Because he could see the blue light from a wound, he could guess that it's a poison arrow, or the poison entered through the wound.

Falma continued to narrow down the alkaloids. He is not making a random guess. He is mentioning the deadly poison of quick-acting alkaloids(naturally derived organic compounds), as far as his memory knows.

On top of that, it is mostly from ones that could be easily obtained in this world.

“Aconitine”

The blue light became thinner. Aconitine is the toxic component contained in Aconitum(wolf's bane). It is a deadly poison that Falma's father have used exclusively to patients as an antipyretic drug, but it is something that isn't in Falma's laboratory.

And, there is no detoxification method for this poison!

“Damn it!”

He cannot make an antidote. It is also too late for gastric irrigation. It is too late for symptomatic treatment.

“If so.....!”

He used the erase ability on his right hand.

“Erase Aconitine(C₃₄H₄₇N₀₁₁)!”

Erasing the deadly poison from faraway.

It would be too late to heal the patient from the poison after defeating the evil spirit. The patient will die.

That's why after Falma had detoxified it from far away, he planned to exorcise(?) the evil spirit.

The structure of Aconitine is very complicated, but fortunately, unlike his creation ability, he only needs to chant the chemical formula or the name/alias of the compound the erase ability will erase it. However, the blue light has yet to disappear. Although, it has become thinner.

“There's still something!”

It looks like it was a combination of several poisons.

He mentions mainly those which are used in poison arrows. He was doubtful, but he still mentions one of them.

“Batrachotoxin”

The neurotoxin of the poison dart frog matched. This poison, it is not known in any medical book in this world.

After all, there is no poison dart frog in this world.

(Why, something like this. I cannot even think of it, and I cannot do something like that.....)

Falma felt cold shivers. There is only a fine line between poison and medicine.

If the correct knowledge of medicine is misused, it could be poison as well.

The dark shadow, it might be an evil spirit that exceeds the common sense of the people of this world.

“Erase Batrachotoxin(C₃₁H₄₂N₂O₆)!!)”

The detoxification is finished. The human shaped blue light disappeared, and only its

position was lighted. One of the two lives were saved although there is a small wound.

Falma prepared himself, and this time for sure, he charged towards the evil spirit.

He entered crashing through the laboratory's open window on the fourth floor.

The tall intruder who is clad in black robes and covered his face with a hood was there, turning away from Falma.

『I feel a bad presence. There is the presence of strong light』

After the man had turned around with awkward movements that were as if his body would creak, he opened his mouth. It was a viscous voice, one that would stick in one's ears. He is releasing an intense odor reminiscent of a rotting odor.

『Did you come to interfere? What a fool, all humans die』

The man asked a disturbing question. The man took off his hood with one hand.

The skull of the man could be seen from the left half of his face, and his skin was rotting blue. It is a blue-haired man without a left eye.

With that appearance, Falma guessed.

“You..... don't tell me, are you Kamyu”

It is the person that Falma's father kept an eye on as the culprit. The one that the Holy Knights of Nedale Kingdom unquestionably believe as an evil spirit.

『Indeed, I am』

He pointed towards Falma with joy with his finger that was almost just a bone.

He is not a human, he is a corpse in the shape of a person.

“Uu..... uu”

The ones who have collapsed on the laboratory floor are Cedrick and Lotte. Cedrick has collapsed as if to cover Lotte. Groaning could be heard. Falma was able to detoxify from a far distance, but there is a small stab wound on his back.

It is not a fatal injury. After Falma defeats the evil spirit, he can begin treatment for the two.

“What have you done.....”

The next instant when Falma looked at them, Kamyu is holding a vial with its lid open.

『This laboratory is amazing. There are these many unknown toxins..... what is this? How interesting』

There is plenty of liquid and crystal in the vial. It is the powder of white phosphorus that Falma prepared for synthesis, it is something that Falma made with substance creation and stocked in the locked medical storage. White phosphorus ignites spontaneously when exposed to air, so it is immersed in water in the vial.

『I came to see the death disease diffusion experiment in the imperial capital, but in passing. Let’s “experiment” what happens when to skin with this poison』

He held the bottle containing white phosphorus above the face of Lotte. If he tilts that vial, Lotte’s face would burn with the white phosphorus, and that flame would not disappear. The burns of white phosphorus are deep and difficult to recover. She will have severe chemical burns.

It seems that Kamyu wants to try it quickly to see how toxic it is.

While, she is still alive.

And that, Falma did not let him.

Before Kamyu’s hand moves, Falma reaches out his hand towards the white

phosphorus.

“Erase White Phosphorus (P4)”

The crystal disappeared. There are no more toxic things inside the vial.

“Do not hurt people with my reagent! That kind of thing..... people do not call it as “experiment””

Using toxic chemicals, just to try the effects on people.

That is only a horrible cruelty, blasphemy against science and pharmacology.

“It’s impossible. Only you.....”

Silently holding his anger, Falma’s voice trembled.

Lotte who raised her eyelids after her consciousness returned with the poison was removed from her body was startled with Falma’s voice.

“I cannot heal you”

Lotte fell into the illusion that an unseen power manifested. The weight of the air increased. Lotte is unable to let out her voice, all that she could do was to swallow her breath in prostration. It was because it seemed like it was not Falma’s voice. It was a kind of voice, that another person made. One with sadness and anger compressed to its limit.

Lotte has never seen him angry.

But even so, right now, she clearly felt it. She clearly felt that he was angry.

『So wha..... ubhu?!!』

After Falma had clenched his fist, he charged with godly speed. Faster than Kamyu swinging his poisoned knife, quicker than he thought, he smashed Kamyu's face.

Falma felt that he needed to eradicate this evil existence with all that he had.

The evil spirit who was punched with a fist with concentrated divine powers without warning lost his face.

Towards the evil spirit, Falma's left hand of erasure ability worked automatically.

Kamyu was sent flying at high speed crashing through the window on the other side of the laboratory on the fourth floor, and was blown out of the pharmacy with many rubble and debris.

Falma flew using the Medicine God's Staff and left himself to that acceleration.

In the sky, Falma focused strength on his fist once again.

The instant Kamyu received that fist, this body was destroyed by the impact, making its shape warped.

Falma's right hand pulsates and throbs.

The torso was crushed.

The body became, hot, acquiring heat, and with that fist, another strike.

He crushed him with his fist. The rotten meat became fragile and scattered, became ash, and disappear wrapped by white purification light.

“Disappear!”

Falma brandishes the Medicine God’s Staff which was clad with a shock wave high to the sky, and pierces the air at once.

The evil spirit was unable to attempt any resistance, the essence of its existence was penetrated, rupturing thoroughly from the inside.

It was skewered while it fell down, impaling to the ground.

『Ughaa..... hiii!..... 』

The ground gave in to the Falma’s divine powers making waves, and finally, it could not bear the pressure, making a giant crater in an instant.

The Medicine God’s Staff shines sharply and the rainbow colored ultra-high temperature flame completely enveloped Kamyu.

Even the bedrock in the alley was burned bright red.

『..... this is death, huh』

While being enveloped with flames, Kamyu said his last words.

That was something that the man possessed by an evil spirit, waited for so long.

The shadow inside Kamyu was pierced by the Medicine God’s Staff and struggled for some time, but gradually disappeared.

Together with the disappearance of the black mass, the man’s body breaks apart and became ashes, and scatters in the wind.

“Stupid..... bastard”

After sending him away, Falma felt emptiness.

Kamyu's brains and talents far exceeded the standard of this world. If those knowledge, information, and discoveries were used, he wondered how many people might have been healed.

He should have become a pharmacist whose name is written in history.

However, he did not.

He was too wicked. And that wicked heart, a more wicked existence was called upon.

The townspeople who have evacuated to the stores when the warning bells rung again fearfully opened the windows due to the loud sound earthquake-like impact that they felt very near, and saw a child whose face cannot be seen, hidden by his hood, holding a transparent staff, standing alone in the middle of the crater.

"W-What the heck just happened?"

There was no one who determined the truth.

The sun's rays of light peeked between the clouds, and the sky became clear. The kind and warm wind, it flows down from the heavens as if to heal the San Flueve imperial capital.

"Falma-sama"

While enduring the pain from her stabbed back, Lotte went down the stairs of the pharmacy. One step at a time, as if to ascertain her gait, she approached Falma. *Pota*, *Pota*, the bloodstains followed her steps.

Falma had his head drooping.

And, Lotte looked up to him with her eyes almost overflowing with tears, and embraced him.

“Welcome back”

No more words were needed right now.

Episode 17

The End of the Black Plague and Each of Their After Days

After Kamyu had been sent away, a huge crater was opened on the main road of the imperial capital in front of the different world pharmacy.

Townspeople gathered and looked from afar to see what has happened, but they did not know the identity of the child wearing a hooded robe with a glance, and there was no one who called out to him as well.

“Move, move, it is dangerous!”

“Get out within the restricted lines!”

The priests from the imperial capital’s diocese made out a restricted line and chased away the crowd.

“Thank you very much, Medicine God-sama. We would have not been a match for it”

Salomon who came first bowed his head deeply towards Falma. Falma is embracing Lotte who was wounded. Lotte seemed to have been relieved and slept while standing.

“Evil spirits, they existed huh”

(Priests, they regularly fought against this kind of things huh.....)

Falma thought whether he took away Kamyu’s ‘life’. “No, Kamyu was probably dead a long time ago, at the least, he was not alive”, Falma convinced himself.

“You did not know”

“Taking care of evil spirits is a daily routine”, Salomon added.

“Recently, thanks to Medicine God-sama’s sanctuary, we have been having so much

leisure” (TL: sanctuary as a holy field)

“I did not know. I have never seen one after all”

Falma had an understanding about their, the priest’s jobs.

“Yes, that should be the case. There is no way that minor evil spirits would get close to Medicine God-sama. However, it was a great evil spirit that was not afraid of the sanctuary”

“If possessed by that, the imperial capital might be in ruins”

“The Nedale Kingdom is worrying”

While the priests scattered holy water to purify the insides of the crater, they said their gratitude to Falma. Measures are probably needed even after exorcising evil spirits.

“What a strong strength it was”

“About this hole huh, I went too far. I am sorry”

When Falma bowed his head, the priests waved their hands to appeal that they did not mean it like that. They could only chase away evil spirits from the person it possesses, and the evil spirit that escaped would enter a different human.

It looks like they wanted to say that the divine powers that could completely eliminate it was very strong, that it is not a work of a human.

“Well, well, this evil spirit shall not resurrect anymore”

While looking at the shadow that was pierced to the ground, Salomon was amazed that the Medicine God’s Staff could even do such thing. In there, not even Kamyu’s corpse remained.

“Uhm, can you carry this girl to the second floor of the pharmacy. Also, there is a person who has collapsed on the fourth floor so please carry him as well”

With Falma’s physique, it is difficult to carry Lotte who was completely unconscious and Cedrick who is on the fourth floor.

“Yes! It is an honor, Medicine God-sama”

The priests lined up and answered Falma with their maximum loyalty.

“Please stop it, that way of calling me”

Feeling difficulty on how to treat the situation, Falma wore his hood deeply, minding the surrounding eyes.



“Ah!”

Lotte who had her back bare raised a short voice. While smiling, she is hiding her front with the apron she took off. This is the treatment room in pharmacy’s second floor with curtains closed, and the place where priests carried them to.

“I treated it with local anesthesia after all”

Falma made Lotte drink painkiller and treated her by applying local anesthesia. Lotte closed her eyes and did not move. Cedrick is sitting on the bed at their side.

“How is it, Cedrick?”

“I do not feel pain at all”

“Well then, the two of you, lie on your stomach. I’ll wash your wounds. Your wounds got a little dirty after all”

Without resting, Falma treated the two in the treatment room on the second floor of the pharmacy with them lying on their face.

“What happened. We, after getting stabbed from the back, I lost my consciousness.....”

Cedrick did not understand why he collapsed.

“The two of you were stabbed with a poisoned knife with lethal poison. I think that you lost your consciousness because of that”

(Two lethal poisons, it was atrocious. Thank goodness that their wounds were not

deep)

Falma started to get frightened now.

He desperately detoxified them, but if he was not able to specify the type of poison, it was a poison that they would have died from within minutes. It was the proof that Kamyu had researched poisons.

“Oh, was that so”

Hearing what happened, Cedrick had a pale face, thanking that he survived.

“You saved us.....”

Lotte stared at Falma intently with a gaze of gratitude.

“But, I’m sorry, I, I was told to not enter the fourth floor, but there were sounds so I completely thought that Falma-sama have returned, so..... I’m sorry for not protecting the instructions!”

Lotte who was reflecting on her careless action dropped her shoulders and seriously reflected.

“I also tried to stop her, but I did not make it in time. Despite of being a divine arts user, I was attacked by surprised and could not even hold my staff.....”

“How incompetent”, Cedrick said frustratingly.

“The two of you, I’m sorry for letting you be in such danger”

“That is not something that you must speak. I am very sorry too, Falma-sama”

“I am also responsible for it, so I’ll thoroughly manage the reagents on the fourth floor. The two of you should focus on recovering”

“Thank goodness that I have the ability of erasure”, Falma thought deeply. “If I only had the ability of creation, the two might have already died. Also, it was a problem that there were toxic substances in the laboratory of the Different World Pharmacy inside the town. Next time, other than times when I would have experiments, I should leave the laboratory after erasing the toxic reagents”, Falma engraved in his mind.

Ellen who has returned to the imperial capital from Marseille by making her horse run even through the night hurried to the pharmacy.

When Ellen hurried to the second floor, Lotte and Cedrick were lying on the bed, and Falma is watching their condition.

“Falma-kun, you’re alive! Thank goodness that you’re alright..... this, what happened to Lotte-chan and Cedrick?”

“They were stabbed by a knife. I think that their life is in no danger. What about the port of Marseille?”

“Ahh, if it’s about that, it already ended”

Ellen quarantined the ships that had the San Flueve Market as a destination, and completely blocked the plague from the entrance of the sea. Adam who was acting as the agent of the Lord restricted the port of Marseille to only the domestic ships. Furthermore, her disciples were staying in the port so that they could do a quarantine anytime in the case where a ship enters the port out of the schedule.

“Thank you, Ellen. It’s because it’s Ellen, that I thought that I could leave that place to her”

Even if he have so many abilities, Falma cannot do everything by himself. Falma needs an existence who understands him, and a skilled pharmacist that he could trust. Ellen has both, that is why Falma is grateful towards Ellen.

“U～un. It is nothing much. I mean, what was that crater in front of the shop? Did Falma-kun?”

The priests who crowded in front of the shop was saying that a huge divine powers spring was created when the great evil spirit was eradicated.

“I could only remember hitting him. There’s such a huge hole, it’s dangerous for the passers-by right, I should also pay repair expenses too”

Enraged, Falma could not remember mostly what he did to Kamyu.

“Come to think of it, were there no one injured by the rubbles. I also destroyed other stores with the divine powers, I should reimburse them”

Towards Falma who started to worry about the surrounding residents even though his own life was in danger, Ellen was,

“You, you’re really thoughtful of other people. Although you are not thoughtful to yourself”

She had her hats off. And, she once again respected this boy.

“It still, hasn’t ended”

Falma regained himself so that he would not ease up.

“Let me help too”

Falma and Ellen carefully washed Lotte and Cedrick’s wounds, and the two of them spread white vaseline on their wounds, and plastered a clean piece of film.

“Would it really heal with this? Isn’t there something more, like, shouldn’t we put clean cloth or bandage it?”

“Isn’t there a more treatment-like thing?”, Ellen had an unsatisfied face.

“I’ll say basic treatment to wounds that are not that deep after hemostasis.

Number 1. Do not use disinfectants and do not make the wounds dry. Because it will only kill the cells in the wound.

Number 2. Wash the wounds with clean water, thoroughly remove foreign substances. Because that will reduce the number of bacteria in the wound.

Number 3. Do not put a cloth on the wound and absorb the body fluids. The body fluids contain substances that are healing the wound and immune cells so do not remove it unnecessarily.

Number 4. Keep the wound moist so that the immune cells can act so that there would be no scabs”

Falma folded his fingers one by one, narrowed the points and told it to Ellen.

Ellen was stunned with her glasses shifting.

“It’s not like this way of treatment must be used at all times. You need to look at the condition whether it is infected or not”

“The things that you are saying, I can hear them with absurdity. That was like, an unskilled doctor. They do not do anything to the wounds, and sear them with hot iron you know?”

“I can understand if the wounds were shallow, but if it’s like that, when the wounds are deep, the bacteria will be trapped inside the wound. Also, the burns would increase, you don’t need to do it unless it is a massive bleeding”

“I see.....”

Ellen, she got convinced although indistinct. It is true that in this world, that even if the wounds were burned or not, the wounds would suppurate, and sepsis would always occur.

In some cases, some lose their lives because of their wounds.

“But, wouldn’t it not heal if there was no scab”

She still had some doubts.

In fact, it is being thought that the wounds had healed when scabs were made properly.

“The scabs, it’s true that they would protect the wounds from the bacteria, and they would also stop bleeding, but it is not an indicator whether the wounds have healed. Rather, it would heal slower if it is there”

Finding that out, was also recently even in Earth's Medicine.

"If the wounds are washed and the body fluids coming out from the wounds were not removed, as long as it is moist and protected, the wounds would heal"

This is called as moist wound treatment, it is a 21st-century method of treatment.

For once in Earth, the wounds would only be disinfected and dried until Falma's era in his past life, but rather than killing the bacteria, it would only kill many cells of the wound.

In most cases, disinfectants are not necessary for wounds.

It is not to say that disinfectants are completely not necessary for wounds, but it is used in limited cases such as when bacteria entered a wound in large quantities or preventive disinfection.

It does not apply in this case.

"To prevent the secondary infections, maybe I should let them take the black plague's medicine"

Falma took out the sparfloxacin which has been prepared as a medicine for the black plague from his medical bag.

"The black plague's medicine, it also helps to prevent infection of stab wounds?!"

"Un, this medicine has a broad antimicrobial spectrum so you can also use it to prevent secondary infections of trauma"

"That knowledge, where in the world does it come from"

"Is it because you're a Medicine God after all?"

Ellen as asked the question that she had told many times.

"It's probably my past life's knowledge. Also, I'm not a Medicine God or something"

However, Falma is starting to lose confidence to saying so. But even so, Falma felt that if he admits that he is not human, his heart might change into that of an inhuman so he wanted to continue to reject.

In both this life and his past life, he is thinking of the wounded and sick people that need him.

“You, you’re really an uncertain existence huh”

To Ellen’s words that almost started to be standardized,

“I’m also uncertain”

Falma replied just as usual. After having their treatments finished, Lotte and Cedrick fell asleep.



At that day, Falma created an additional sparfloxacin for seven thousand people.

Whether it is because he used his powers too much or it is because his fatigue reached its peak, and for one hour after Falma activated his substance creation, he lost consciousness and would not wake up all.

But when Ellen was worried about him like “He might not wake up anymore.....”, Falma suddenly woke up, and instructed the pharmacists of the dispensing pharmacy guild and the merchants selling by weight who probably have free time to measure the amount and divide it.

“He~, we are not medicine peddlers, but is it okay”

“Please, it would be of great help”

To help the child store owner, even the paper craftsmen who fold medicine envelopes gathered to volunteer.

“We need to finish distributing it today”

“Here’s the counting of the medicine that was made!”

“The imperial capital’s fate, it is all up to this medicine”

“Bastards, don’t pilfer the medicine! I’ll kill y’all thieves”

From the pharmacists of the dispensing pharmacy guild, MEDIQUE and 8020’s pharmacists, the free distribution of the new medicine to the residents have started. The Different World Pharmacy and the affiliated pharmacy employees and pharmacists created a strategy headquarters for the eradication of the black plague, playing a central role in the Empire.

The imperial capital is divided into Clean District, Infected District, and Severely Infected District and the Severely Infected District had entry restrictions.

Most of the people who had taken the medicine did not get infected but even if they did, it ended mildly.

Even most of the infected merchants of the Nedale Kingdom were saved due to the eager treatment.

Of course, the pharmacists of the pharmacy guild were also given free medicine. And it is the work of the dispensing pharmacy guild to bring those to them.

“I do not want to say this but, I do not want to give them”

Pierre told his true feelings. He had his store destroyed and showered with jeers.

“I understand Pierre-san’s feelings, but if we don’t give everyone, that will be a source of infection”

Falma had so many obstructions from the pharmacy guild, but he thoroughly separated emotions from reasons.

“It’s really like that so, it can’t be helped”

Ellen also agreed while letting out a sigh.

However, it is the same for the pharmacy guild, they did not want to take it. The pharmacists who looked down at Falma or the pharmacists who do not want to take medicine from the child store owner. That was really miserable.

“Drink this. There’s enough for your family”

Pierre came to the store of the pharmacist who has once scoffed at him and gave them the medicine bag. He did it while suppressing the urge to throw it.

“Something like that, I don’t need! I’ll heal it with this store’s medicine!”

However, even if the pharmacist refuses, the new medicine’s effect was already certain.

After all, it worked on the merchants from the Nedale Kingdom who was almost dead.

“Do you really think, there’s medicine in this store that is effective to the black plague?”

Pierre looked around the dirty store and asked him silently.

“Ku……!”

“Which is it”

Pierre waited patiently but the answer did not come.

“If you understand, drink it. It’s not only your problem. Don’t kill off even your family”

The pharmacist of the pharmacy guild was red up to his ears. Is it from embarrassment, or is it from anger, it could be taken from both.

“Live”

Pierre placed down the medicine and left the store without waiting for a reply.

The pharmacist took the medicine bag with guilt.

The reconnaissance that the Empress sent to the Nedale Kingdom has returned.

According to their information, the black plague has yet to spread in the Nedale Kingdom.

Because with the extermination of Kamyu, the enemy forces have disappeared, so the superpower, San Flueve Empire that has the greatest military, politics, and economy in the world, informed the nearby countries the temporary occupation of the Nedale Kingdom to rebuild its state administration. The Empress sent 5000 from the Imperial Army to the Nedale Kingdom. The nobles and royalties were killed by Kamyu's poisoning and officials and military personnel were suffering due to unknown poison. Kamyu has thrown poison into the wells of government-related facilities. And with that, the administrative agency collapsed, the logistics were interrupted, and the function of the country was paralyzed.

With the Empress's order, the Imperial Army entered and occupied the Nedale Kingdom, creating a temporary government, and started restoring the government from a lawless situation.

The exhausted Nedale Kingdom citizens welcomed the occupation of the protectorate, the Imperial Army. There are also extremists who wished that they would be annexed by the Empire, but the Empire did not wish for that. It is because the Nedale Kingdom is important as a trading partner with many colonies that has many specialties.

After a while, there were rumors that the Empress sent a skilled pharmacist with the Imperial Army.

"What kind of treatment would be done, where is that pharmacist", the ones who were addicted to drugs had high expectations, but from that day, drug addicts have disappeared from the Nedale Kingdom.

"This is strange", many of them doubted, but they thought that good luck was brought upon them by the Imperial Army.

Going around the Nedale Kingdom and the Empire, going to many places, Falma had spent a very busy daily life.

And on a certain day, the pharmacists of the pharmacy guild who have evaded the threat of the black plague gathered in front of the Different World Pharmacy. And even their apprentices, they came with a depressed face.

The gate guard knight called Falma who was inside the store. “What did they come in such a busy time, did they come for some harassment again”, Falma went out of the store while thinking of that.

“What is it?”

“Please let us..... help”

With a voice that was almost unheard, they said to Falma.

“Eh? What?”

“Please let us help!”

“I understood. Well then, please take care from now on. We need a hand”

“A-Ahh. We’ll do anything”

They followed Falma’s instructions and started to help decontaminate the town.

The stores affiliated with the pharmacy guild who did not do anything for those infected by the black plague have received criticism and boycott from the citizen of the Imperial Capital, and went bankrupt. The Guild Master Belon and the executives refused use of the medicine that Falma distributed, and tested all kinds of conventional herbs, but only created miserable ends due to the pest sepsis starting from those who were isolated.

However, Falma had given their families medicine before they were isolated.

Their families who have survived gave grief.

Professor Casper’s experiment of taking out useful antibiotics from actinomycetes, with the addition of Falma’s instructions, it steadily progressed in the hands of many researchers. They found the antibiotic streptomycin and other antibiotic-producing bacteria and are currently separating and culturing them.

Professor Casper who was once a window-side professor but leading the entire project now,

“When the next black plague comes, I should make the San Flueve Empire’s medicine academy able to distribute medicine”

Said with confidence.

Well then, the San Flueve Market that has been thought to be spoiled.

It is the big event where merchants from the all over the world would gather, and also the time for the imperial capital’s commerce and industry traders.

“It will be a problem of the country’s trust if we do not start it although the merchants have already gathered”, with that opinion of the Empress, after a thorough quarantine was done, it was held although in a small scale, starting from the approved merchandise.

Merchants who spread their tents and raise huge voices in front of their goods. The traffic of the buyers and customers who checked their goods. Voices shouting injustice. The sounds of large amount of coins being traded. Abacus that are being used. Suffocating smell of spices. Fights that had started here and there. People gathering in pubs.

Slowly but surely, the imperial capital started to recover its original vigor.

“Starting today, the Different World Pharmacy will resume business”

The Different World Pharmacy, it resumed business after a whole month.

“We closed too much huh. It’s true that it was not the time for that, but. Everybody, I just hope they haven’t forgotten about this pharmacy”

Ellen who wore her crisp white coat seemed happy.

“Un, I just wish we won’t have to take a temporary closure in the future”

Falma really wished. The pharmacy doing its business means that the imperial capital is at peace.

As to follow the main store's resume of the business, the stores who are affiliated with the dispensing pharmacy guild also resumed business one next to the other. The stores affiliated with the dispensing pharmacy guild started selling small amounts to foreign pharmacists and brokers.

"Ah, Admiral John"

Wearing a dirty shirt, old man John showed his face casually. He is the first in line.

"Can you stop it with the admiral"

"I have been in your care at that time"

Today too, old man John bought the sailor's candy and came to drink the created water.

"Everyone, it has been a while!"

"Lotte-chan, I wanted to meet you~"

"Cedrick you, I have heard that you were stabbed, are you alright"

The regulars also returned.

"Haha, it is all thanks to everyone. These bones although they are old, I am still far from dying!"

Lotte and Cedrick's wounds already healed and busied themselves in the store front.

The Head Priest also, he came to the pharmacy every day as if it was his work.

The peaceful and busy days have returned.

And after two months, there were no more casualties of the pest appeared in the San Flueve imperial capital.

With that, the Empress declared the end of the black plague, and the San Flueve Empire, it gained the great achievement of exterminating the black plague, the worst plague in the history, the first in this world to exterminate it with minimal casualties

with the creation of the black plague's medicine.

And in the shadows of that glory, there was the activity of a single boy.

The small savior's identity that flew down from the sky to the main road of the imperial capital that day, and the identity of the shadowless store owner of the Different World Pharmacy holding the Medicine God's Staff, no one still knows up today.

"Falma, Her Highness is considering rewards for you again, which territory do you want next?"

With the Empress's instigation, Noah came to the pharmacy. It looks like they already decided to directly ask Falma what he wants.

"I don't need any more territories, Father and I cannot take care of it"

In the first place, the House of de Médicis has a vast territory. "Having more than this is too much and its management would be sloppy, so I don't need it", Bruno said unlike a noble must be.

"Then, money huh"

The Different World Pharmacy has abundant funds. Even without doing anything, its sales would go up, and the contributions would gather to the House of de Médicis from places.

"I don't need money"

"How boring. Then, let's forget about work. Where do you want to go if you have a vacation? I'm planning on hawking in the next vacation, you want to go too?"

"I want to go leisurely enter hot springs"

Falma said with emotion.

"I see, you want a public bathhouse, there"

“Ah!!”

“Idiot~, idiot~! You’re still naive, idiot~!”

He was caught in the induction interrogation. Noah said that again to the Empress, and it was decided that grand public bathhouses would be built in five places in the imperial capital. It probably says, “We’ll be troubled if you go to foreign countries to find hot springs”.

“Well, whatever, thermaes for the cleanliness and healing of the citizen of the imperial capital..... it’s good for preventions of infectious diseases too”

“I’m excited about the thermae! It’s embarrassing to be naked in front of everyone though. Ah! Is it alright if commoners enter it. I wonder if there is a thermae for citizens too, it is alright even if it’s just on the corne”

Lotte got excited to the thermae that she had not seen yet and started dreaming of it.

“I’ll ask Her Highness, to make it that both commoners and nobles could enter”

“Yay~!”

Falma had more things to look forward to.

That is, for a Japanese who love hot springs such as himself, it was a happier reward than territories or money.

In the Esthark Village, the unveiling ceremony of a golden statue of the boy God that they do not know its origin is have started. It is the monument of the end of the black plague.

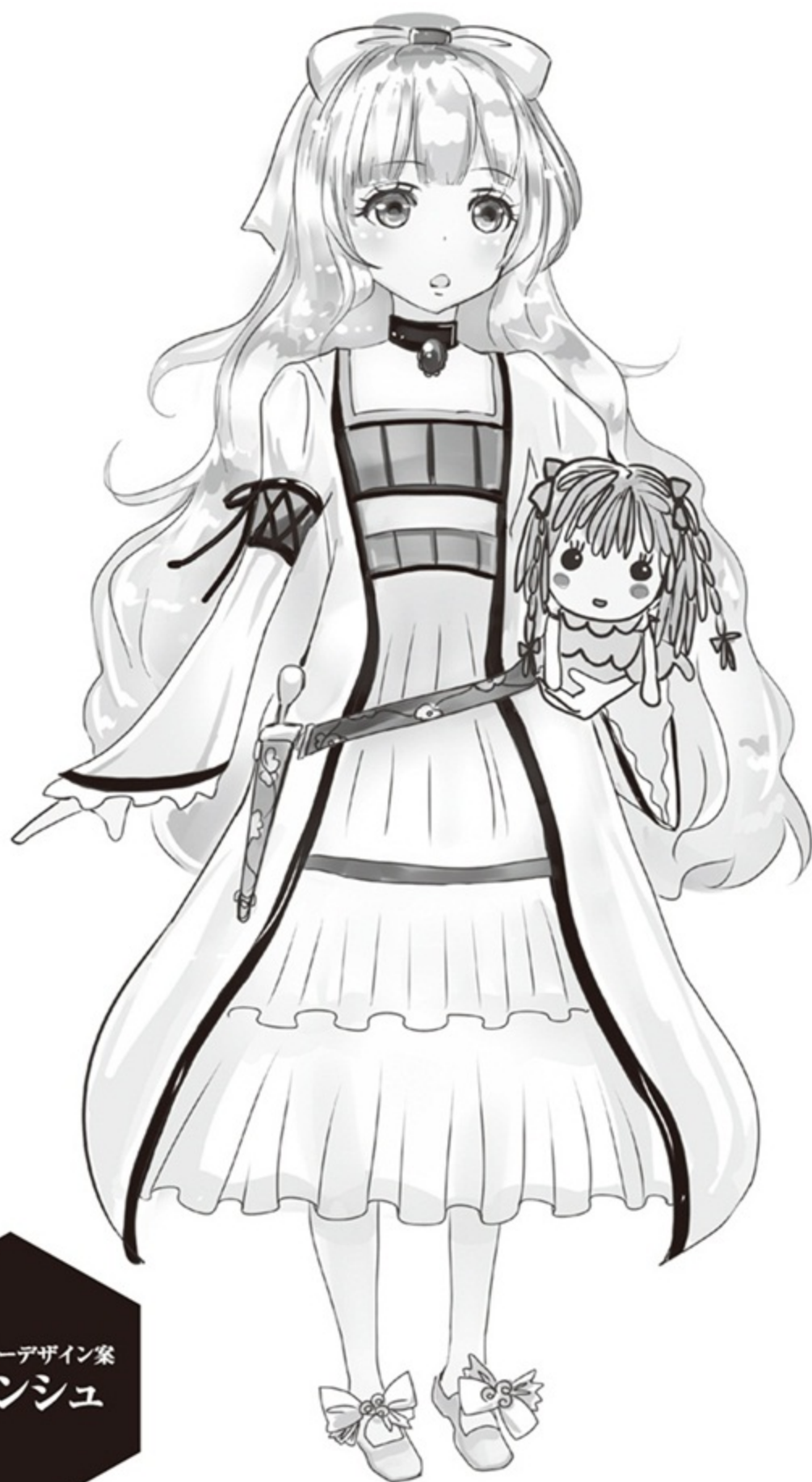
It was said that Falma has seen that later on and became very embarrassed.



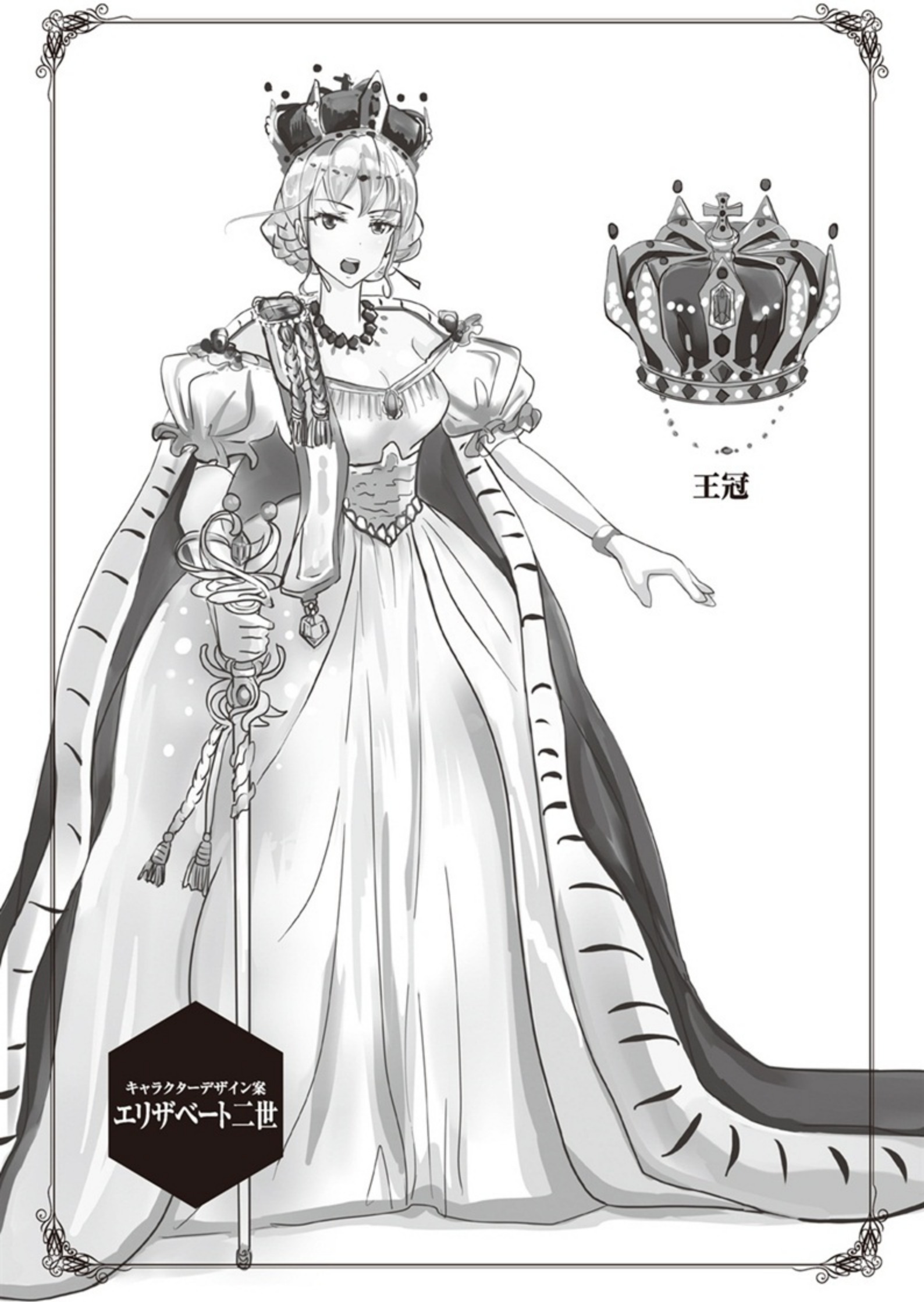
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キャラクターデザイン案
パツレ





キャラクターデザイン案
ブランシュ



王冠

キャラクターデザイン案
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